

BRITANNIA

and EVE *for Men & Women*

A Monthly Journal

VOL. I, No. 7

NOVEMBER

1929

In this issue :

WHY the PRINCE
does not Marry
By Evelyn Graham

May EDGINTON

Cosmo
HAMILTON

Beatrice
GRIMSHAW

Eden
PHILLPOTTS

Baroness Von
HUTTEN

Emil LUDWIG

The Earl of
BIRKENHEAD

F. MATANIA, R.I.

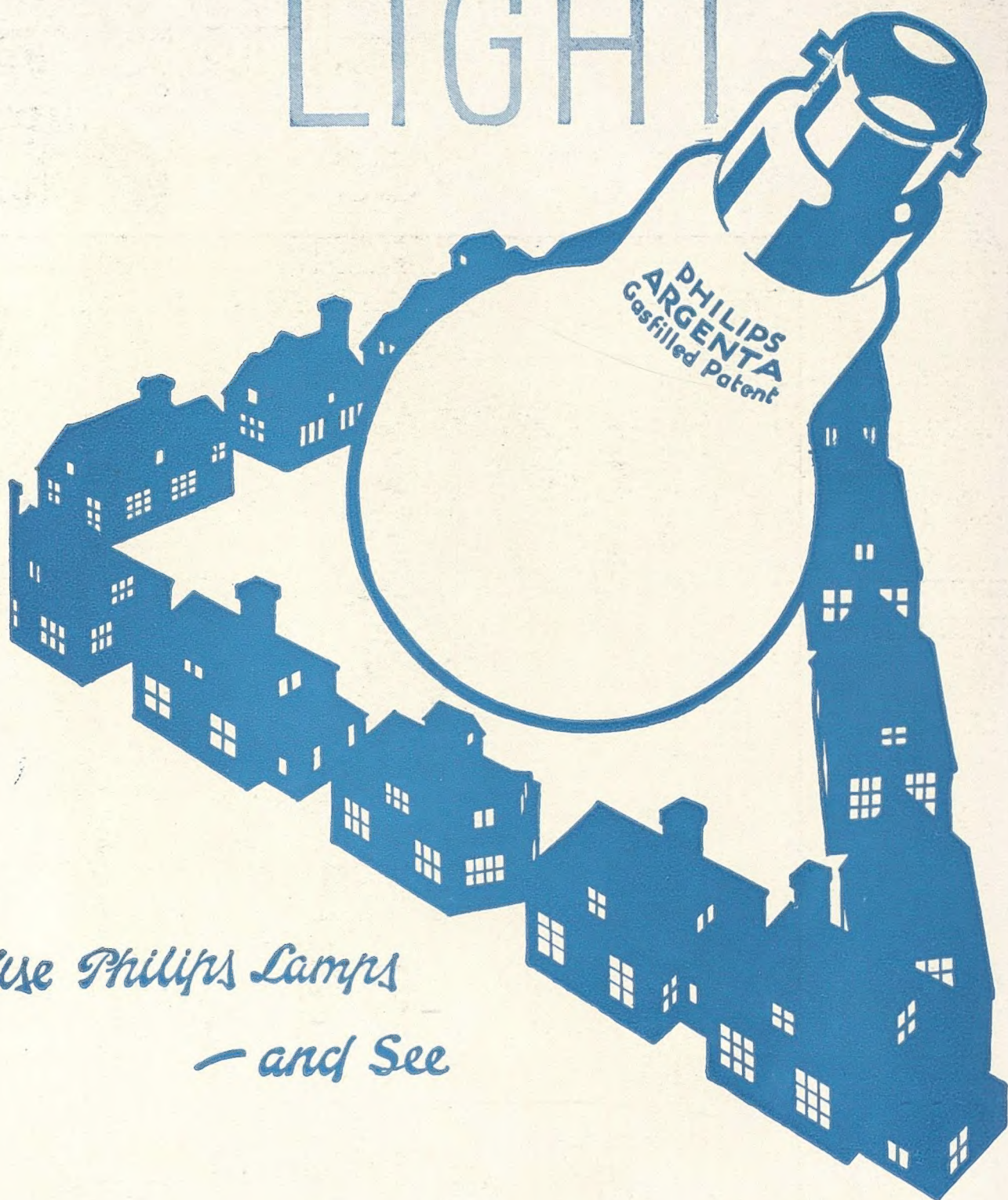
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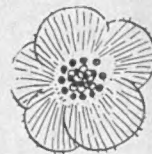
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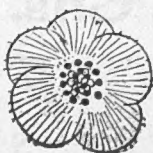
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BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men and Women

NOVEMBER, 1929

VOL. I—No. 7

IN THIS ISSUE—SPECIAL FEATURES

Evelyn Graham on "Why the Prince does not Marry"
"Give Us Back Our Dead"—Shaw Desmond's dramatic call to Spiritualism
The Short Stories by Beatrice Grimshaw, Eden Phillpotts, Achmed Abdullah, the Baroness von Hutten, and Guy Gilpatric

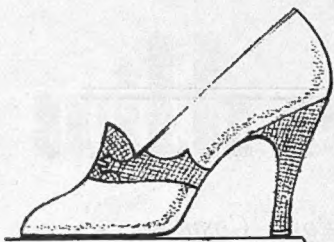
The Articles by May Edginton, Cosmo Hamilton, Rosita Forbes, Lord Birkenhead, R. H. Wilenski, etc.
The Photogravure, Housekeeping, Golf, Sports, Motoring, Health and Beauty Sections
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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 208. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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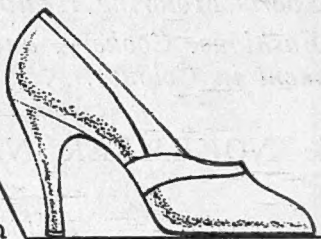
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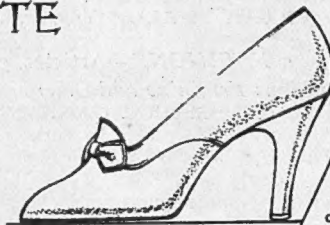
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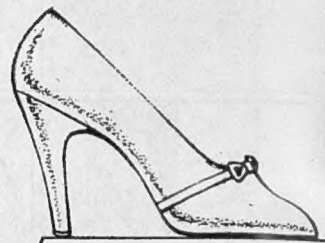
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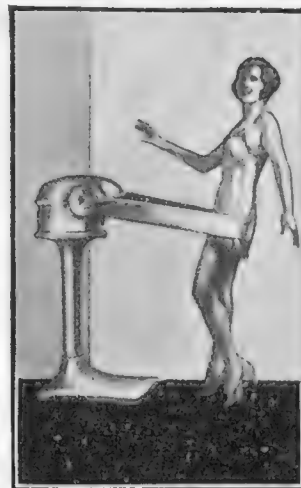
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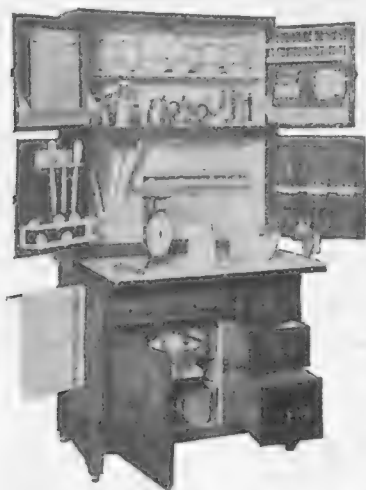
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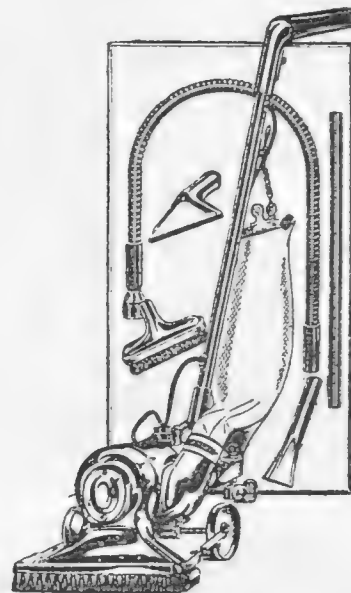


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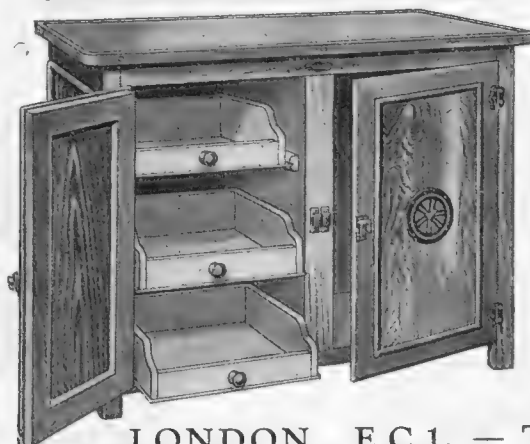
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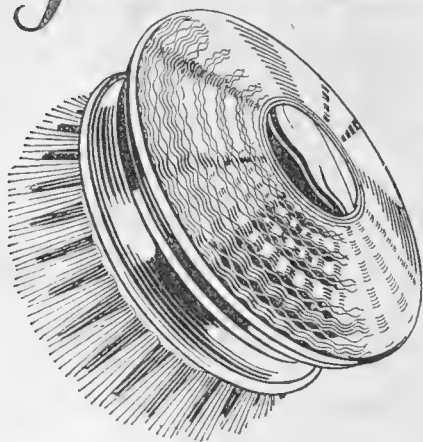
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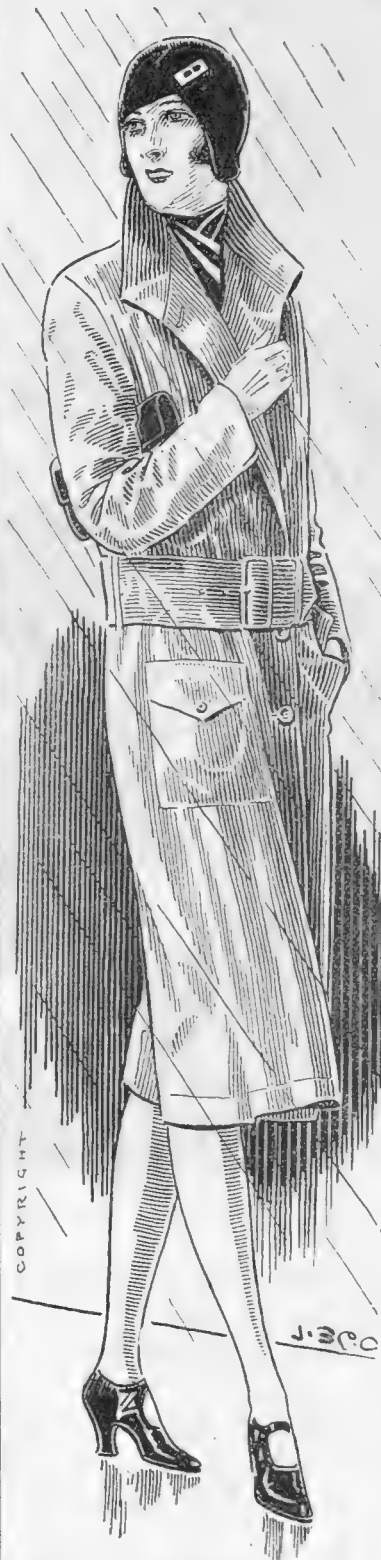
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A Man of the World @ Abdulla



EXCELSIOR.

"On, on Old Horse ! Thish path ish stheep !"
Sighs Jerry as he strives to creep,
And stubs his toes against the rocks
Ascending Everest in socks ;
What can he do but slip and slide
Meeting a moving mountain-side ?

'Twere sweet to slumber on the mat
Where everything is safe and flat,
But though his limbs are sadly weak,
He's sworn to reach the topmost peak
And bring Amelia—on all-fours—
The Cigarette that she adores.

—F. R. HOLMES

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

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IN GREAT VARIETY FROM 5/- per 100 UPWARD.

Evelyn Graham

Biographer of many Royal personages

explains

Why *the* Prince *does not* Marry

IN France there was, and, to a large extent, there is now, a fine old system whereby the parents chose the wife for their son. In England we are generally content to allow the young people to make their own choice, but for a few moments I am going to try the French system on the Prince of Wales.

It must have been a good ten years ago that the newspapers first started asking when and whom the Prince of Wales was going to marry, and suggesting quite respectfully that it was time that he looked about him for a suitable wife. The Prince of Wales took no notice. Eligible princesses visited England and left as eligible and

*... And the
kind of Girl he will
choose for his Wife*

"DURING twelve hours of every day, I have to be what other people want me to be. The rest of the time I can be myself. If I married, I should have to spend the rest of my time being what my wife wanted me to be . . ."





The Prince in Scout's uniform. He attended the recent jamboree at Birkenhead

The Prince at the Empire Eve Ball. With him is Lord Hawke



The Prince at the Football Cup Final shaking hands with the Portsmouth team

The Prince of Wales alone stood firm, a convinced and convicted bachelor. A friend of mine once told me of a conversation that he had with the Prince on this subject. I do not think that it would be breaking a confidence to record it here, for the public is always sympathetic to his Royal Highness's point of view. My friend had been talking with the Prince about marriage, and eventually asked him point blank why he had not married.

"Well," said the Prince, "during twelve hours of every day I have to be what other people want me to be. The rest of the time I can be myself. If I married I should have to spend the rest of my time being what my wife wanted me to be."

.....There you have your answer why the Prince has not married yet, and there I have my chief guide in my present task of finding a wife for him.

THE first and greatest qualification of the Prince's future wife is that she must want him to be himself in his off duty hours.

Now, at first sight you would probably think that that would be an easy qualification to fulfil, but then you do not know the Prince personally. I myself am almost (but not quite) baffled to find any name among those of the eligible matches who would be suitable for him.

I must therefore content myself with a sketch of the character of the kind of woman who would do, if she exists. If I were allowed to choose his wife from the pages of history, there is one woman above all others whom I would choose, and that is Disraeli's "Mary

Ann." She was one of the few outstanding examples of a woman who, married to a really great man, kept his love the first thing in his life, and at the same time interfered in no way with his career, save, perhaps, by curbing his extravagances unknown to himself, to improve it.

But then Mary Ann would not have been an eligible wife for the Prince of Wales. And though we have gone a long way towards allowing the Royal Family to make democratic marriages, yet to marry a woman with no claims of family or distinction at all, is a thing that the country would never allow the Prince of Wales to do.

It may be for this reason that I have heard so many people, who know the Prince no better than that to which a mere claim to having seen him in a night-club entitles them, keep on telling me that the reason that H.R.H. has not married yet is because he is in love with a woman whom reasons of state prevent him from making his wife. Very frequently they mention her name. Very seldom do two of these rumour enthusiasts mention the same name.

ICAN state here and now with the utmost confidence that there is not a word of truth in such a rumour. The Prince of Wales, if he is nothing else, is at least heart-whole.

Yet a bachelor of his long standing need not necessarily be a misogynist. He has danced and mixed with more members of the fair sex than has any son of the Royal House since its inception, for that is the meaning of democracy, but his attitude to them he has expressed himself. "Give me a game fox," he

as unwed as they entered. Daughters of the English aristocracy had their short moments of hope, and then married someone else. Other members of the Royal Family made their choice, were cheered by the nation and settled down to married life contentedly.

The Prince decorates Life-boatman Henry Blogg at the Central Hall, Westminster

The Prince opens a Convalescent Home at Barrow-in-Furness



The Prince at the races. Walking in the paddock at Epsom on Oaks Day

has said, "and a stout-hearted horse, and I shall enjoy my morning. Give me a good band, and a high-stepping partner, and I shall enjoy my evening."

Farther than that he has not gone for many years. As a younger man he was human as the rest of us, and he had his attacks of calf-love, but, like the best of us, he knew all the time that they were but calf-love. He has never forgotten the words of advice given to him by one of his mother's ladies-in-waiting when he was just nineteen. "David," she said to him—for they were firm friends and she always called him by the favourite name of his family—"David, if ever you feel that you are in love, go and talk to the woman you like next best, for half an hour, and unless you are really in love, you will be cured."

NOW, since the Prince has, by reason of his duties, to spend the greater part of his life speaking to a number of people in quick succession, he has never had time to forget that there are other women in the world, and remembering the adviser of his youth, he has come

through all his bouts of calf-love unscathed.

Now we have a clear field before us; we have no old affections to consider, and thus in our selection of a partner for him we need only consider those qualities in her that will, be necessary for a successful marriage.

Now, we may as well take the superficial qualities first. She must be good-looking, and, speaking personally, I am prepared to back a brunette, other things being

The Prince at play. An excellent picture of the Prince's drive



equal. Most men when they are young insist on a good-looking wife, and when they grow older are keener on the more homely virtues. The Prince is different. He has preserved enough of his youth at the age of thirty-five to appreciate beauty in a woman as much as any man, and the consort of his future years must have a good claim to good looks.

It is not the doll-like beauty that he likes. There will be no need for his wife to be ten years younger than himself. He has too much sense for that. What he admires is a type of matured and dignified beauty that is found at its best in Englishwomen of the upper classes, a beauty that lasts well into middle-age, and a beauty that suggests that there is something behind it in the way of intelligence. If you look round at his closest women friends, you will find that they all approximate to this type.



The Prince in the uniform of the Welsh Guards at Bisley



*(Below)
The Prince in Highland clothes attends the Braemar Gathering*



The Prince visits a miner's home at Durham

*(Left)
The Prince wearing overalls, having descended Haig Pit, Whitehaven*



with the life of ceremony that he lives, she must be ready to be unconventional with him. She must be prepared equally to dress up in her most fascinating frock and go off to a night-club, or to put on an apron and accompany him on a raid to the kitchens to find eggs to make a surprise omelette in the small hours, and, furthermore, she must be able to make an omelette that they can both enjoy.

At the same time, she has got to live up to a husband who can appear in public at a function where dignity is required, and lend to it an air of dignity as great as any mediæval sovereign. She must wear her robes of state as if she were a princess carved out of marble, accustomed to the obeisance of the respectful multitudes, as if she had never done anything but look regal in all her life, when really but twelve hours before she had been sitting in front of the fire with her husband, with his comfortable slippers on, and his pipe drawing well, reading Edgar Wallace, and presenting as pretty a picture of domestic bliss as can be found in any respectable suburb.

Then, at the next moment, she must be democratic. She must talk with sympathy to mothers about their babies, to miners about their work, to housewives about the washing. She must remember every face that she has seen before, and

WITH regard to her age. I think myself that she should be a trifle older than he is. The Prince of Wales is thirty-five, but he has a temperament that has grown less quickly than his years, and the woman who is going to marry him should act more as a curb than as a confederate, when, tired with his official duties, he has one of his wilder schemes for amusing himself.

But there we come up against the difficulty. This curbing has got to be done very tactfully, so tactfully in fact that H.R.H. will be under the impression that he is following his own inclinations alone. Such things can be done. They have been done by hundreds of women with hundreds of men, but for them to be done successfully the women must have the great gift of sympathy.

She must be capable of understanding his every mood, and of living up to it. If the Prince feels suddenly disgusted

*"Give me a game fox and a stout-hearted horse and
my morning. Give me a good band and a
high-stepping partner and I shall enjoy
my evening"*

she must remember where she has seen it before and comment on it. She must look interested when laying foundation stones, wakeful when hearing addresses by the mayor, affable when introduced to the social climbers of some small town.

This, you will say, should be the duties of any princess, and has got little to do with the Prince of Wales any more than any other prince.

Yet it has. We are a business nation now, and the business of H.R.H. is to be Prince of Wales. It is his job, and it is a job in which he has a great deal of pride. In the same way it will be the business of his wife to be Princess of Wales, and her husband will be sufficiently keen on his job to insist that she does it well.

A WELL-KNOWN statesman once, when the Prince was a younger man, shortly after the War, had a talk with him about that very subject. He had been trying to drag H.R.H. into a political discussion, for the Prince is allowed to have no politics. After a long talk which was very nearly a monologue on the part of the statesman, he suddenly asked him what he thought about the situation. "My only politics," replied the Prince, "are that, through no fault of my own, I am Prince of Wales. What I have got to do is to make a dam' good job of it.".....And I venture to predict that when he takes a wife, her politics must be, "to make a dam' good job of it" too.

We have already had some pretty difficult conditions for his future wife to fulfil. We have not come to the end of them yet. My next is one that would also come under the heading of sympathy with the Prince. It is that she must be a good sportsman. She must be ready and able to ride straight across country to hounds, and in at the death, after a gruelling run, as fresh as a daisy and as

*The Prince in holiday mood
on the links at Le Touquet.
H.R.H. is a keen and
much improved golfer*



*The Prince,
who has sold
his hunters,
at a meet of
the Fernie
hounds*

*"Show me a good man to
hounds and I'll show you
a good friend"*

pretty as a picture. She must take pleasure in good hound work, and be prepared to sit all day on her horse in the rain on the chance of a run. She must, in fact, be the best type of hunting woman, and if she is the best type of hunting woman she will be the best type of sportsman. At least, that is the Prince's opinion. "Show me a good man to hounds," he once said to a friend of mine, "and I'll show you a good friend."

(Continued on page 168)

Give

"I am absolutely convinced of the fact that those who have once lived on earth can, and do in some cases, communicate with us who are still 'in the body pent.'"

SIR WILLIAM BARRETT, F.R.S.,
the eminent scientist.

"I tell you with all the strength of the conviction which I can muster that we do persist. . . . Why do I say that? I say it on distinct scientific grounds. I say it because I know that certain friends of mine who have died still exist, because I have talked with them."

SIR OLIVER LODGE, D.Sc., LL.B.,
the distinguished physicist.

"The new religion will have its communion with the spirits of the departed."

PRESIDENT ELIOT,
of Harvard University.

"I have shaken hands with a friend from the other world."

PROFESSOR ZOLLNER, one of the greatest of the scientists produced by Germany.



A life portrait of the son who is seen in spirit form in the above photograph

A materialisation photograph of a mother and her son who was killed in the war

balanced man, now living on the Tyneside, who holds regular communication with his two boys, both passed over some years ago, I am only speaking of three out of many thousands of existing cases.

When, further, I say that this speech is not made through any medium, professional or amateur, but is "direct communication" with the "ghosts," if you will, of the dead son and husband, I am saying something that is known to hundreds of intelligent men and women throughout the world.

But I will go farther.

I will say, without possibility of effective challenge, that after twenty years of patient personal investigation of the facts, I have reached the conclusion that there is no science existing to-day which has behind it a more carefully and conscientiously built up mass of evidence than that of what I will call "the science of the dead."

At the outset I wish to explain why it is that it is only now that evidence of high quality is coming over to us.

The plane which lies next to this of the physical world upon which we live is a plane seething with entities of a low type and order. These entities are often the "playboys" of the world invisible. It was easy to contact with them—hence the stupid and often contradictory evidence received.

Little by little, the explorers in the world of spirits, the most difficult and sometimes even most subtly dangerous of all human exploration, have begun to reach through to the higher and more remote planes where the higher and more developed spirits dwell.

Hence the extraordinarily valuable "Writings of Cleophas" given through the

Ectoplasmic rod playing zither. Note extension of ectoplasm from medium's facial orifice

THERE is no excuse to-day for parting the "dead" and the living. There is no excuse because of the strongly evidential character of the scientifically accumulated data now coming over "from the other side."

This evidence is to-day, to my personal knowledge, known to thousands of scientists, writers, clergymen of eminence and of every denomination without exception, as to soldiers and statesmen. The time has come for the average man and woman to be given the evidence and the facts for and against the supreme discovery of our day—that the dead live; that they are eagerly waiting to speak with us; and that some of us can and do speak with them as freely as if they were still in the body.

So I venture to make this appeal to the Churches as to the scientists: "Give us back our dead!"

Lady "X" with the "extra" of Lt. W. McK—, and a life portrait of Lt. W. McK—, who died of wounds in the Great War



When I say that I know a lady, the wife of a pathologist of position, who habitually speaks with her son who was killed in France; of another lady who over a period of some years has met and spoken with her "dead" husband; of a doctor, a sane,

us back our Dead

Mr. Shaw Desmond, the well-known novelist, presents in this striking article the evidence in favour of Spirit Communication. Readers of "Britannia and Eve" will find it interesting to compare the views embodied in this article with those of Mr. A. A. Milne, author and playwright, whose contribution to this widely discussed subject, entitled "I Don't Believe in Spirits," appeared in the June issue

By SHAW DESMOND

Author of "The Isle of Ghosts," "Echo," etc.

playwright, Mr. Geraldine Cummins, affirmed by leading exegetists to be of the highest possible value as interpretation of the history of the Early Church. Hence, also, the valuable communications in archaic Chinese and Assyrian, of value to philologists. And hence the curiously beautiful verse and prose now beginning to come through untalented amateurs from the world invisible, now becoming every day more and more visible to human eye and intelligence.

Some of the epigrams which have come through Mrs. Travers Smith from an entity claiming to be Oscar Wilde are of the very essence of Wilde. Some of these communications have been written before witnesses at a tremendous rate and for long periods at a time. The same holds good of some exquisite Elizabethan verse which, at the time I was making my investigations in America, came through a quite ordinary medium, incapable of writing half a dozen lines of such power and beauty.

For this is the particular evidence that you cannot "fake."

There are in the Church of England to-day, again to my knowledge, increasing numbers of clergymen who, having been convinced of the power of communication with our dead, wish this to be made one of the main pillars of Church teaching.

These men, like myself, are not members of any spiritualist society, and I may say that I am here largely confining myself to evidence from non-spiritualist sources,

if only because so many have read the latter evidence.

I COULD fill to-day the Queen's Hall with men and women engaged in scientific pursuits who have reached the conclusion that the dead are alive and that we do really and truly communicate with them.

How the scientific world laughed when the



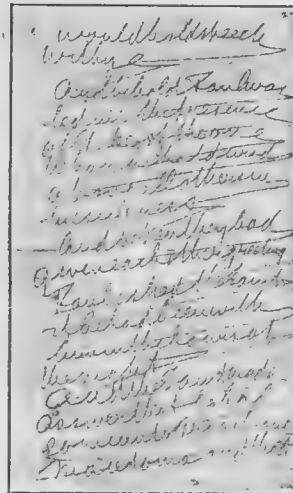
A photograph showing the recognised "extra" of a brother of a sitter well known to Mrs. Mackenzie, and a life portrait of the "extra"

"They are yours to-day, and you are theirs, the bond is unbroken . . . ; unseen spirits speak to yours ; close by, though hidden by a veil . . . These heroic sons and brothers of ours are still alive."

BISHOP OF LONDON, at St. Paul's Memorial Service.

"The spirit world is filled with intense life and action, and the inhabitants are busy workers."

PROFESSOR LARKIN, Director of Lowe Astronomical Observatory, California.



A reproduction of a page from Chapter I of the 3rd parchment of "The Scripts of Cleophas"

"I have a still stronger incentive [in being present at a meeting in the Westminster City Hall], in the knowledge that the son whose loss I shall deplore as long as I live bids me come, in a message . . . telling me that he would wish me to be here. . . ."

MR. WALTER LONG, (afterward Viscount Long), former Colonial Secretary.

"I hold that the fact of survival after death has been proved up to the hilt and is being demonstrated still to thousands of bereaved ones."

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

greatest living chemist of his day and the discoverer of the electron, Sir William Crookes, declared that a

materialised spirit, named Katie King, had actually sat upon his lap in the presence of others! But the scientific world laughs no longer!

It failed to laugh when Sir Oliver Lodge, only one of a body of distinguished scientists who know that life persists, told the British Association in his presidential address a little time ago that the dead lived. Before twenty years have run their course the scientist who laughs at the evidence that the dead speak with us will laugh himself out of court as a bad scientist.

I HAVE before me as I write a photograph, one of a series, taken under the strictest conditions, conditions inhibiting fraud (though why fraud in this case or in any case of one's friends should be assumed is hard to see). This photograph shows, standing amongst and above the heads of those gathered around the Cenotaph in Whitehall, the spirits of the dead for whom the commemoration was being made.

They are plain, unmistakable, a mighty company, hundreds of them.

Now either the plates were "doctored," or the people who took the photographs all frauds, collectively and individually, or the photographs were genuine. The theory of "collective hallucination" does not here apply.

I, with many others, know of a case in which nearly fifty photographs were taken by one of the greatest of all physicists (not Sir Oliver Lodge) of a spirit which was able to materialise, to show affection, and to entrance those who listened to her. In this case even the pulse of the spirit was felt beating, and a lung test was also taken.

(Continued on page 148)

Illustrations by COLLIER

IT was the deep ivory eyelids of Margaret that made her remarkable; these, and the vividly contrasting China-rose coloured cheeks. Eyes grey and wide, light hair "permanently" rippled, mouth not too large or too small—any girl may have these. But the natural white and rose of Margaret drew attention; that, and the fact that she had come out from England to the Far East to marry the Bishop of Singalaya. There is still enough of the Elizabethan spirit left in the English race to make a bishop's marriage especially interesting.

The supercargo from shore, watching the passengers go down the gangway, said to the third officer: "Gosh, His Lordship seems to have done himself well." He laughed, sniggeringly. "You know," he said, "the old boy is fifty if he's a day. These holy men!" He knew nothing about holy men, but he seemed to sense a delightful flavour of naughtiness—mediaeval naughtiness—in the wedding of an elderly bishop with a beautiful girl. "If it had been a district visitor of forty, now," he added, leaving the third officer to suppose that the spirit of asceticism thus expressed would have met with his entire approval.

The third officer spat, suddenly, over the rail. He was staring at Singapore as if never before he had seen that riot of jazz made visible, those shrieks of vermillion and verdigris poinciana, springing out of a flame-blue sea; that crush of gharries, motors, rickshaws, making its way through the yellow and lime-green and purple and geranium crowds towards the bridge and the shining palaces beyond. Warehouses and offices these palaces were, in reality, but in the early light, in the setting of blue sparkling water and red flowers, they seemed enchanted, wonderful.

Not to Hugh Halloran. The day was hateful to him because of the bishop's fiancée, bobbing about in a rickshaw on her way to the Stamford Hotel. And, because he was a typical sailor, he spoke out to the man beside him, who at least was in the company; not stranger or outsider.

"Higgins," he said, "I've read about the Mexican people who lived in those old places called something ixl and atxl, y'know?"

"Never," said the supercargo with finality.

"I did. They used to take a young chap, and give him a hell of a good time with the girls and wine and feasts and all that, for a year or so, and then they used to lug him up to the high altar before all the people, and bend him back across the stone, and cut out his heart with a knife."

"Filthy beasts. Where's the purser's cabin on this new boat? I . . ."

"Well, I want to tell you," said



The Castle in the Wood

Halloran seriously, "that I understand exactly how he felt. That's me. I can just feel them cutting it out—with a wrench that'd make one sick to think of."

"You're making *me* sick," commented Higgins, exercising patience; after all, he rather liked this lump of a fellow. "What are you getting at, anyhow?" he demanded. "Did you have the wine and the feasts and the girls and all that on the way out?"

"The old man did put on some extra dances, because it's her first voyage," answered Halloran, referring not to the bishop's bride, but to the ship. "And they had champagne at his table; none at mine, except when one of the passengers won the sweep. But the girl part was all right. I don't mean—I don't want you to think—"

"Of course I don't think, you being the potted angel that you are." Higgins grinned satirically, looking up at the third officer's long, broad-shouldered figure; at his hawk-like features, his compressed mouth, his roving, amber eyes. There was something about the whole physique of Halloran that made one think of danger. Danger delighted in, by himself. Danger—perhaps—for others, because of him.

HIGGINS, irked by the indoor fellow's (most of them felt that, in the Line, and none of them acknowledged it), found himself obliged to congratulate himself on his excellent prospects, ashore. "The sea is a mug's game," he thought. "I'm

Of course she was mad, but to be mad was glorious . . . Half golden dream, half nightmare . . . Then back through the magic glass again, back from passion, and danger, and wild beauty and wild seas and death . . .



"Pink Daisies," he repeated, "suits you down to the ground. Daisy, will you come with me?"

By

Beatrice GRIMSHAW

glad I stopped ashore. Safe, comfy. Halloran, now—he looks for trouble. I'll outlive him. I'll have pounds for his pence to spend—or save. Beat him all along the line, be alive when he's dead." And he said, suddenly, driven by that intolerable smart of envy—"Well? Who was the girl this trip? Did you go and get soppy on the Bishop's bride?"

"The chief will blow my head off in another minute. . . . Yes, I did. And she did. And I'd like to boil the Bishop in oil—what does he mean by Yes, sir; at once!"

Higgins watched him running along

the deck. "He moves like a tiger," thought the clerk. "Sort of tawny beast all round. Liable to do anything any time, do it with a jump or bang. Imprudent. Careless. He ought to be higher up in the service, at nearly thirty; he's no kid now." Going down to the hot main deck, through the whine of the high-powered electric fans, he thought of his own advantage, yet again; and then wondered, inconsequently, if Miss Margaret Rose (pretty name! pretty creature!) had really fallen in love with Halloran. "He's only got to raise a finger . . ." ran the thoughts of James Higgins. "Fools women are!" Then

he took a bundle of accounts from his attaché case and went into the purser's cabin.

The ship resumed its quiet, took on its shore personality. Stewards reckoned up their fees, forgetting the givers as completely as they forgot the bells of foam that broke about the ship's long bow, at sea. Officers, harrying the deck hands, busying themselves about stores, about painting, about the thousand little duties that fall upon a ship's company in port, had only one thought in their minds—when to get ashore.

ASHORE, Margaret Rose, in her big stone room at the hotel, sat upon a half-acre or so of bed, and cried.

So this was the end of her voyage to the splendid East, affianced to Albert, Bishop of Singalaya—she, who had lost home and income, had been obliged to go governessing, had, amazingly, captured her rich, handsome, saintly, widowed employer, Canon Rivers: had promised to follow him to the East, and share his increased glory out there, when he became bishop, not long after their engagement. This was the end of the run of luck that had lasted so long; the sunset of her happiness. For this, she had fought down her poor little heart on the long, enchanted voyage, refused to listen to the proposals, honourable but absurd, of the ineligible, darling Third Officer; clung to her loaves and fishes, and her prospects of a dignified, honoured existence with Albert, who was "amazingly young for his age" (as all men of fifty are), who treated her like a little queen. . . .

Or had treated her like a little queen, up till to-day. To-day. . . . What had happened? Why hadn't he sent to meet her? His episcopal palace was up country, but she knew he had arranged to have her met at the boat and taken charge of till the train next day. She had, in fact, expected quite a little

deputation; the ladies of Singapore, he had told her, were prepared to take her to their bosoms at once. . . .

There wasn't a soul. Alone, she had landed, seen her baggage through the Customs, engaged a rickshaw, driven to the hotel. And now she was sitting on that enormous bed, in the huge stony room that smelt of baths and damp cement, crying and asking herself at the same time if she was really sorry, if, perhaps, in spite of everything, she was not almost—glad.

Glad.

The word would out. The voyage had done something to Margaret that puzzled

her still. It was not only a question of having met with Love, capital-lettered; she could have dealt with that, if it had been all. She knew what her Duty (also capital-lettered) was. No. It was more; if anything could be more than love. During those six weeks of changing skies, she had encountered the world.

Margaret, daughter of a quiet country rector, had never realised the world existed, though for three years she had taught its characteristics and habits to pupils even less interested than herself. To her it meant two things: the planet that revolved round the sun (with certain variations tiresome to remember); the set of people among whom she was born, and with whom she was quietly, deeply determined, at any cost, to stay. These things were, the world, physical and moral.

But on that journey half round the globe, she had met with the World of travellers. The World of wanderers, sailors, adventurers. The world enormous, incalculable, on which she and her class floated negligible as the plankton of deep sea (she had taught the tale of that plankton, but it had not taught her) in which all sorts of things, all kinds of wild adventure, could and did happen, every day.

Hardly needful to say that she had seen it as most women do see the World incalculable, through the eyes of a man. But something in herself had answered, swiftly, almost alarmingly, to the new knowledge gathered through the windows of those tawny eyes of the Third. Margaret owed her intriguing fairness and her sea-grey eyes to no accident, no ancestor buried deep in centuries past. It was only sixty years since a certain Countess Thora, daughter of a Norwegian noble house, had married Margaret's prosaic merchant grandfather. The sea-king strain thus introduced had for a long time made no visible impression upon the orthodox, pious, and peaceful Roses. Now, it was awake at last, and asking for its own. Margaret, bewildered by herself, by her new love, her new desires, her new outlook on a world she had never fairly realised before, was weeping, there on the lonely bed in the big hotel, for at least three reasons; and the neglect—if it was neglect—of Albert was not the greatest of the three.

A Chinese "boy" came up with tea on a tray. It did not seem to matter that he saw her tears, so obvious was it that they, and she, meant nothing to him. Setting the tray down, he observed dispassionately: "Gentleman in the drawing-room," and disappeared.

Margaret flew to the looking glass. Albert? At last?

Her heart beat sickeningly while she smoothed her satiny head, dashed powder on her cheeks, used not without trembling, a lipstick, and then wiped it off. Albert wouldn't like... he had a grey moustache and beard.

Would it be Albert?

It was no well-preserved grey-bearded lover of fifty. It was an upstanding, leonine fellow of twenty-nine, with ruffled tawny hair, and eyes like the splendid, formidable creatures one remembered

seeing behind bars, in the Sunday Zoo. Hugh Halloran, come for her!

"The bright face of danger," she thought as she saw him: He had always meant that. ("Always" was six weeks long.) He had meant the line about magic case-ments and perilous seas. Something she ought not to think about, trouble over; no prudent girl would, with an Albert in the background. But—stabbingly sweet. But—luring. Oh, the whole world, the gipsy, mad, bright world, behind that smile that was suddenly quenched upon her mouth!



"It looks to-day just as it looked then, except for the broken walls. And the fellows in-tights and armour loved their girls, and the girls loved them, just like you and me"

off, in the circle of his enormously long arms, and looking at her as Albert never had looked. "Well, Pink Daisies, how about me?"

She experienced a shock. He sounded so casual. He couldn't understand what he was saying. And—Pink Daisies! Did she like that daring paraphrase on her dignified name, or didn't she?

"Pink Daisies," he repeated, "suits you down to the ground. Daisy will you come with me?"

"To where?" asked Margaret, instinctively grammatical. He made her so giddy, staring at her thus, that she hardly knew what she was saying. His tawny eyes seemed to burn.

THERE was no one else in the stuffy, over-furnished drawing-room. Margaret found herself, by and by, seated on Hugh's knee, as if that place belonged to her. Hugh's cap was lying on the sofa; the white, peaked cap that marked him off from landmen, linked him with strange perils and wide seas. She looked at the cap tenderly. She would have liked to take it up and kiss it, at her leisure. There was no leisure about the kissing of Hugh himself.

"So the bishop didn't turn up," said Halloran, setting her a little way



"To a castle in a forest. A castle by the sea," answered Halloran, quite as if he had been saying "To Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo."

"A castle? To whom does it belong?"

"Whose is it? Mine. On a spice island, about three days off by 'prau.' I and two others bought it once for sixpence or so from the Dutch Government, and the rest of the syndicate died. We meant to make a tourist show of it; thought we had private information about a new branch of the K.P.M. that was going to make calls, but it didn't come off, and we were left, and I've never been there since. Ruin, y'know. Four hundred years old. Lots of 'm about these seas. Worth nothing to anybody. Just the place for a honeymoon, though. Let's get married this afternoon," he said it as he would have said, "Let's have tea"—"and a splendid chap I know, Malay chief who has a ripping 'prau,' will sail us over. Could you pack up your prettiest and be ready to sail at four?"

"I—I—" she paused. She wanted to ask him why one could not stop in Singapore, a day or so at least; but shyness restrained her. Hugh Halloran solved the puzzle, coolly. "We've got to clear," he said, "one time, pretty muchee dam quick, as the Chinks say—because I'll be jailed if we don't."

MARGARET bit back a startled exclamation. So she was going to run away with a man who might be taken to jail. This was the deep end with a vengeance. She did not even ask him what he meant. "If I've dived, I've dived," she thought. But Halloran, casually lighting a cigarette, said "They won't let you cut off in the middle of a voyage, you know. But we shan't be

caught. I'll get Malay rig for both of us; less noticeable. Is it a go, Pink?"

And Margaret, throwing away the language she had spoken all her days, said "It's a go!"

"About your bish," said Halloran when he had done hugging her. "It's only fair to tell you there's some kind of a mess-up. If you wait, you'll probably hear from him. Sparks told me: Something gone wrong at Colombo—message or something—but there was always the wireless."

"He doesn't like wireless for personal messages," explained Margaret. Faint, faint and very far seemed the image of the Bishop now; that stately, kindly figure she had worshipped, once, or at least she thought so. You could not think about Hugh. You could only feel drowned in light, shaken. . . .

Did people ever resist this wonder? History, fiction, seemed to suggest that they did. She knew it was so, but could not believe it. She would have left the Bishop at the very altar had Hugh come striding up the church and beckoned her away. Of course she was mad. But this new world, in which people went mad, did things unheard of, ran away to castles in forests—how glorious it was!

"Some kind of a mess-up—a message gone wrong. . . ."

What could have happened? It did not matter. What mattered was that the "mess-up" had brought Hugh; Hugh, who saw his chance, and took it.

He was ruining his prospects with the company. He was leaving his captain in a hole. He was running the risk of arrest—for love of her. The sea-kings in her blood rose up to make swift answer. He should have her. Just so, in centuries past, some maid of Norway, ancestress of hers, might have fled with a rude Viking chief, leaving all, risking everything, to a castle by the sea. Just so she would go.

"Well," said Halloran, jumping up, "I must get a move on. Pack, Pink Daisies, and have your lunch, and I'll be here quarter to four. Write down your name in full, and give it me." She wrote it "Margaret Mary Wilson Rose." Once

again the storm of his embrace swept over her, submerged her, loosed her and let her go. The door closed. She found herself sitting, alone, on the sofa, hair disordered, cheeks and lips burning. She put her hands to her face. "It's a dream," she thought. "I'll wake up, in the boarding house at Yorkbury, with the rain beating on the window, and half a mile to walk to teach Albert's children. These things can't be happening to me." She remembered the children: Berenice, ten, pallid, gentle, a shade malicious; Ann, thirteen, affected, but a dear; both upheld by their Duty to their father, as limp muslin is upheld by starch—both nobly resolved to accept

the new "Mummy," who, as everyone said, was just what a Bishop's choice should be. Ann and Berenice were still in Yorkbury looking forward to spending the cold weather in the East with Dad and dear Miss Rose. What would they think of dear Miss Rose now? What would the District Visitors' Association, and the Mothers' Meeting Society think? And the Cottage Hospital Committee? Their wedding presents seemed to be burning holes in Margaret's mind, as she thought of the teapots, the travelling rugs, the fitted cases; of the formal, kindly send-offs that had accompanied these goods. She, Margaret Rosé, who had accepted the parties and the presents, was dead or dreaming. She was dreaming that she was stately Margaret no longer; Pink Daisies was her name, and she was running away with a handsome crazy sailor, to a castle in a forest by the sea.

"If it's a dream," said Pink Daisies, rising to her feet, and stretching out eager hands, "I pray" . . . she faltered, one could not say "pray God. . . ." "I pray Good Luck," she substituted, "that I may never wake."

LONG afterwards, she was to wonder how her lover had been able to think and plan out everything in so little time; to find herself chasing away a persistent, dreary question that would get itself asked again and again: Had practice, in his case, made perfect? But on that magic afternoon of dreams come true she could not criticise; she could not wonder, she could only follow the sweep of the dream, and let it—and Hugh—carry her where they would.

She dreamed, by and by, they were standing together before a bored official with a couple of paid witnesses professionally unmoved. She dreamed of a curiously brief exchange of questions and answers; of a signing of names, during which Hugh's quiet whisper in her ear "Mary Wilson only," guided her

(Continued on page 150)



The

MEN

IN the good old restful times, when "the haves" were content to sit about in gardens, or drawing-rooms, and ruminate on the superiority of their lot, and the "have-nots" watched them from

the other side of a paling, without ever trying to get over it, it was enough to have an inelastic three per cent. income, which represented the upkeep of house and estate, with little left over for personal pleasure or extravagance. But, nowadays, nobody wants to contemplate what they have got, however beautiful or comfortable it may be. They want to go out and get something else, or do something just a little more difficult than the last thing A or X did yesterday, and all this costs money.

I presume a duke used to represent the highest award in the Matrimonial Stakes, but to-day, unless his strawberry leaves are backed by a satisfactory income, they would be insufficient for a consolation prize.

It's no use blinking the hard and disillusioning fact that the majority of women to-day want men who can make money. They want them as husbands and lovers for obvious reasons. They want them as business employers, because every woman likes to be connected with success, and success these days means the power of selling something material or mental—brains, muscles, experience or a signature, as well as dry goods or options!

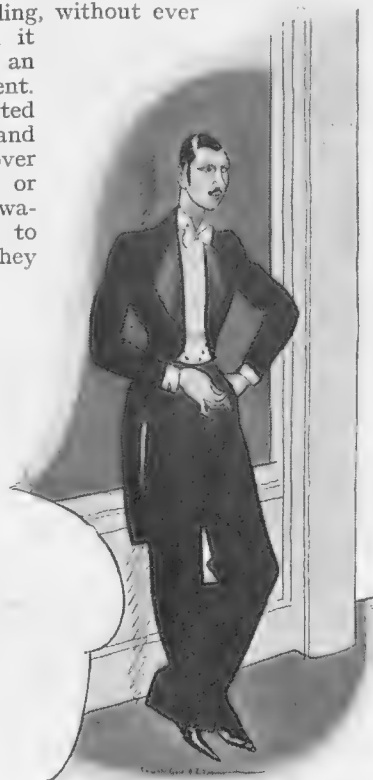
OF course, there are lots of women nowadays who have inherited money,

or who are capable of making it for themselves, and most of these, at heart, don't really want men at all, or they only want them spasmodically and superficially. Hence the success of the gigolo, who can be relied upon to be there when wanted and absent on all other occasions.

So-called modern woman is naturally much maligned because she is, or appears to be, something new. She comes in for the same sort of distrust and opprobrium as was levelled at the first bicycle, the first motor-car, train or aeroplane. I am sure there are still many who would like to see her preceded, at four measured paces, by a man with a red flag. But in one particular respect she is grossly libelled, and that is in her supposed affection for the genus gigolo. Doubtless she finds him as useful as any other pliable material with which she can distract herself in idle moments. He is amusing and adaptable, and he makes no claims on mind or body. If he is there, so much the better, but I never met any woman who imagined she *needed* him.

Selfish women, stupid women have even drifted into marrying him, be-

cause he is so understanding, and it is the basic illusion of every one of my sex that she would like to be understood. This oughtn't to be very difficult, even for the least intelligent gigolo, because he is three parts feminine himself. I asked a recent bride who had, surprisingly, espoused one of this subtle and sinuous brigade, her reasons for doing it. "Well, it's always much more fun going about with a woman, don't you think? They're so much more understanding in shops." It seemed to me as good a reason as any



The genus Gigolo

WHEN Mr. Baldwin fought the last election on the slogan "Safety First" he was foredoomed to failure, for the last thing any woman wants—except, perhaps, in a husband—is safety.

Modern woman is an experimentalist. She appreciates success, but she admires still more the fight which any man puts up to achieve it. The woman of to-day is, quite definitely, a fighter, and she has little use for the onlookers who criticise, speculate and stand aside.

It is the era of self-made men. The duke is out of fashion. He doesn't come in for one-tenth of the admiration accorded to the makers of fortunes and history, the record-breakers, the champions, and all those modern warriors who begin life as office boys and end it in the Privy Council.

Tradition has gone by the board, and no man now has the right to be idle. Before the war nobody asked what a man *did*. It was sufficient to know who was his father and his maternal great-grandmother! Life was a series of platforms all neatly labelled and all railed off the one from the other.

Nowadays the man who doesn't work is regarded as a curiosity or a bore. Sport, at the present moment, has assumed the proportions of a career. If a man is prepared to go faster, or hit harder, than anyone else in the world, he will be taken as seriously as the god-who-makes-more-money-than-his-neighbours. Oh yes, he is a god, for everything we want to do nowadays costs hard cash.

Rich Man . . . ?

Poor Man . . . ?

Cave Man . . . ?

Gigolo . . . ?

Yes! A tantalising

question to

which our author-

ess provides a

diverting answer

By Rosita

Forbes



we

Women

WANT

other, for the "boy-friend" is not a man at all. He's a convenience and, as such, women don't want him. They just find him useful, like modern plumbing or long-distance telephones.

Women have changed so much less than they, or anyone else, imagine. In the stone age the man with the largest club was doubtless more popular than the slender Adonis specialising in the flea-hop, or whatever was the latest step in those unenlightened days.

HISTORY emphasises the attractions of the black, or the red, or the white knight who defeated all his opponents in the lists, and I don't suppose it mattered very much if he understood the lady whom he subsequently escorted to the altar as prize of his smashing fore-hand drive—with a battle-axe instead of a tennis racket!

It would, of course, be perfectly delightful to be understood—at least I suppose it would, providing such understanding were strictly limited to one's good qualities, but I presume yearning females take this for granted. But, as the only male type who troubles to wallow in female psychology is apt to be waisted and powdered and wittily inadequate outside the realms of metaphysics, I imagine that, like every other happily married woman, I shall

"However much a woman likes to be ordered about before marriage, she can't endure it afterwards . . ."



have to do without it. And, generically speaking, I shall go on wanting an entirely different type of man—the self-made one, who began with nothing and who has made his position, or his fortune, by his knowledge of life and his fellow-men.

In my opinion the world ought to be ruled by self-made men. When I put forward this theory at the inherited mahogany, whereon, or whereunder, my host's begartered ancestors have drunk themselves into flights of imagination which rarely characterised their policy in Downing Street, I am always told that I must remember the value of tradition.

Well, tradition is just about the most narrowing thing in the world. It teaches one to die—yes, splendidly—but it's very little good to those who want to live and make other people live too. One does not always learn by one's own experience, and there is nothing more certain than that one is blinded by the experience of others. Tradition is no more than the experience of other generations, and, as such, it must at least be salted by the practical needs of one's own.

The self-made man is generally hard, but he is reasonably and sensibly hard, whereas the Son-of-Tradition is cast-iron-narrow where he ought to be the most receptive, and far too soft where anything appealing to his own personal sense of responsibility is concerned. He makes more allowances than the Child-of-Toil, who has fought his way with shrewd and well-aimed blows into the seats of the Mighty, but he nearly always makes the wrong ones, and he simply cannot get into touch with any class but his own and that of the working man. Between these two extreme poles the great mass of English men and women are as inexplicable and foreign to him as the larvæ of an ant hill, or the prehistoric life of Eryops, the Mud Puppy.



"I don't think I've noticed whether my fellow-guardians or directors are exceptionally handsome or not"

WE want self-made men in public life, because privilege is out of date, and, within this century, class will be on the sliding scale of America, where it is represented in turn and in the same life by the two-room third-floor back; the electric flat; the frame cottage furnished by the hire-purchase system; and,

(Continued on page 168)



G. A. De Casalis

MPUTING, THE

HE was called Mputing, and his reputation as a witch doctor was equalled only by his fame as a medicine man. What the name Mputing meant I never found out. Probably, like all native surnames, it had some reference to his calling, or it may have been an omen of good luck. At birth it was discovered that Mputing possessed six toes on each foot. They were apparently six well-formed toes, though actually the extra ones were boneless growths. The significance of this deformity was not lost on the wise women of the tribe. It was a sign that the babe would be blessed with un-failing luck, that he would be great among his people, and that through his reputation and wisdom he would rise above his enemies. The seal of greatness was set upon him.

Mputing's village was perched far away on distant hills, fully fifteen miles from my own station, and although this meant two good hours' ride on horseback by the usual South African reckoning, it seemed likely that our interests would clash, especially as previous to my coming he was without a rival.

OUR first meeting was out of doors. By his awe-inspiring headgear and strange necklace I guessed at once who he was. He was a tall, powerfully built man, grey-haired, and his eyes commanded respect. He had a red and yellow blanket thrown loosely over his shoulders. As he stood facing me I noticed his large, square feet with the grotesque number of toes spread out like two fans. His head-dress was made of black plumes sewn an inch or so apart on the many-coloured and bead-decorated leather strap which encircled his head. Crowning the whole and loosely fastened to a flexible reed were a hedgehog's skin bristling with sharp needles, the golden aigrette of a crested crane, and a sucking pig's bladder stuffed with small pebbles which made a noise like a rattlesnake at each movement of his head.

But the true gauge of the sorcerer's attainments in the black art is his neck-

lace. This is his diploma; and the variety and rarity of its charms announce the status and qualifications of the wearer. Mputing's necklace revealed him a great master of witchcraft. By influence or magic he had obtained the rarest of fetishes such as are worn only by great doctors. It was large and heavy with a multitude of trinkets difficult to describe, among them a couple of lion's claws, some crocodile teeth, an odd pair of metacarpal bones—probably human ones—a small antelope's horn of a rare species, and hanging by a long string a shrivelled monkey's paw, black and repulsive.

The author, G. A. De Casalis, is the father of the well-known actress, Miss Jeanne de Casalis. He has had many years' experience of medical work in Africa. The son of a medical missionary, he was for some time Medical Officer to the Basutoland Government, and later Surgeon-Captain in the Cape Mounted Rifles

**BY G.A.
De CASALIS**

When I met him he had evidently just paid a call on a wealthy patient, for a small boy was driving before him a pair of she-goats and a young heifer. Under his arm he carried a black cock, its feet carefully tied together with a piece of red calico. The bird was evidently for sacrificial purposes, and its blood would probably be used to concoct a secret remedy.

Mputing grunted a salutation at me. He took stock of my small stature, my youth, my obvious inexperience: "You are the new Nyaka [doctor]," he murmured. "I thought you would be older! Are you married, and where is your house?" I nodded in the direction of my thatched bungalow of two rooms. Mputing glanced at it and caught sight of my wife, who was standing near.

"Your house is very small," he remarked. "And your wife is only a child. She is too thin."

And without further speech he walked majestically away.

OUR first professional encounter was over a case of snake-bite. It was a decided victory for him. I had already seen several bites, as venomous snakes were numerous in the district. The patients were mostly herd-boys, who were struck mysteriously as they walked bare-legged through the tall autumn grass. The most frequent culprit was the puff adder, a repulsive brute, heavy of body and with a most villainous head. This snake is a slow mover, and likes to lie snugly sunning itself on the edge of a footpath or on some rocky spot. Its bite is generally deadly. My attempts at rescue had mostly failed as I was often

called too late. On this occasion I arrived to find Mputing already there. He had applied the usual ligature above the injury, and with a rough-looking blade made of hoop iron was rubbing a dark greenish powder on the freshly incised wounds. The case was hopeless and my help evidently not required.

I was intensely surprised a few days later to hear of the boy's recovery. His relations came to the dispensary with the news and they were loud in Mputing's praises. Sorcery appeared to have won the day.

But not very long afterwards Mputing himself sent for me to attend the daughter of the chief of his own village. Here was my opportunity. She had been in travail for two days. All the wiles and blandishments, the most atrocious decoctions of my rival had been worse than useless and soon they would have become criminal. I gave the unfortunate girl a merciful dose of chloroform, and soon her child, a lusty and vigorous infant, was born. As I attended to it I noticed Mputing inspecting my instruments in a corner, slowly passing his hand over the curved blade of the forceps. He sighed and turned towards me: "Father," he said, and there was a new respect in his voice, "you are a great man. I am only an old fool."

FROM that day we became friends, fellow practitioners, almost partners. He used to call at the dispensary, where we would exchange views. I learned a great deal from him about native customs, but not what I most wanted to know: the secret of his snake-bite cure. It would take time to find out. Gradually I won his confidence, and at last one day he pulled half a dozen small bundles of dirty calico out of the gazelle horn attached to his necklace. One contained the greenish powder I had already seen him use as an antidote to snake-bite.

"What is the medicine made of?" I asked eagerly.

"We native doctors have to learn our trade with patience and buy our experience with sweat. We have no schools as you white doctors have: we learn by observation in the school of nature—and what we can gather from our elders. But few witch doctors, even when old, will tell their secrets unless highly paid. I taught myself most things. I can predict rain. When the land is dry and the ground is cracking from the heat and lack of moisture, the people cry out, 'Pula! pula! rain, give us rain!' Like my fellow sorcerers, I burn incense and make incantations, and utter words without meaning. I say rain *will come*, as it is bound to do sooner or later. I make no prophecies. But when I see the hens of the village run wildly about, roll and kick up dust in the ash heap, when the swallows fly low, and especially when the sugar cane feels damp to the touch of my fingers and its thick leaves-

WITCH DOCTOR

An authentic vignette of the Veldt, which suggests that, where snake-bites are concerned, science can learn something from sorcery

are more sappy than usual, then I know rain is near. I say, 'Rain is here,' and it comes.

"Water calls up water. When there has been no rain the water that runs from the spring in the mountain side becomes scarcer and the flow lessens. In the donga beyond it is also dry, the river bed is full of sand. Dig a hole and you find no moisture. Yet deeper down there lives a special kind of barbel fish, hidden below in the mud. One day, although the sky may be as brazen and merciless as it is to-day, the fish will come closer to the surface and the mountain stream will look fuller. How is it so? How does nature know? What tells the animals the weather is going to change? No one knows. Yet the man with eyes will learn the secrets of life's riddles, and experience wins the day. As for snake poisoning . . ."



And rapidly gathering up his stores, he mounted his horse and was gone.

I KNEW I should see him again soon. He loved to squat on the doorstep of the dispensary and to watch the proceedings there.

One day, to impress him, I threw a small piece of metallic sodium into a bowl of water. It spluttered and took fire. Night was falling and the green and yellow glare of the sodium threw a lurid, unearthly glow on the whitewashed walls.

Mputing, awestruck, withdrew a few yards.

"What is it?" he asked, with bated

Mputing paused, felt for his snuff-box and took two large pinches. I waited for him to continue the story, but, pointing to the distance, he said: "Look! The shadows of the blue gums are lengthening. The sun will soon go down. I must go home."

SPURRIER

breath. "How can you make a stone burn, and why is fire not put out by water? Are you going to call up the dead? The white people are indeed wonderful!"

"Mputing," I answered, "you ran away the other day before telling me how you cure snake-bites. A secret is worth another secret. This is the custom of white doctors among themselves."

The old man grinned broadly. "You are right, my friend," he said. "He who withholds the truth from a friend is no friend at all. I will tell you my secret if you will show me how this magic is worked, and if your generosity is great enough you will perhaps give me a little of the earth spitting fire."

We drank to the bargain in a pick-me-up of ammonia and cardamon.

"That is great medicine," said Mputing, rubbing his stomach and smacking his lips. "It would wake a dead man."

"And make him tell his secrets," I replied.

"Patience, my friend," said Mputing. "The unfolding of great secrets needs reflection and preparation. I shall return and then my father will learn all my little experience can teach his great knowledge."

EARLY the next afternoon I saw him slowly making his way up the road leading to the hospital. Something trailed behind him. As he climbed the verandah steps I saw it was a great, hulking puff adder, the neck tightly drawn through a grass halter. The head looked more vicious and triangular than when alive.

Mputing threw it at my feet. "Ugh!" he said. "It is an ugly brute. I tracked it to its hiding place in a hole in that mud wall. I believe it is a female, big either with food or with young."

The sorcerer pressed the reptile's white belly with his foot, and six little vipers, alive and showing fight, were ejected out of the dead snake. Mputing watched them as they wriggled, and slowly crushed them with his big staff.

"To-morrow when the sun is hot I shall return to the mud wall to find the father," he said. "It will be near by. They were a devoted couple!" He laughed.

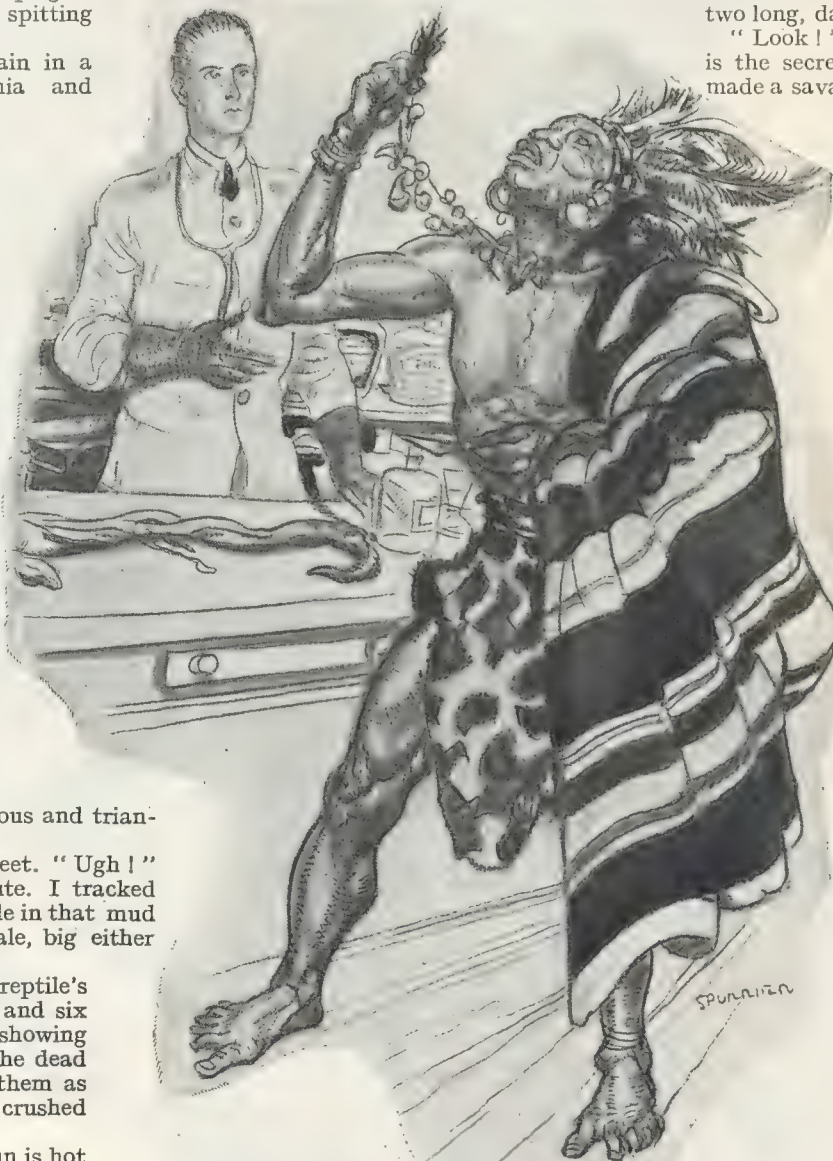
"Have you ever watched a secretary bird fight a big snake?" he asked. "It is an artful bird. With folded wings he gravely stalks, watching out of the corner of his yellow eye for his enemy in every nook and cranny, every bunch of grass and thicket. The snake no sooner sees the bird than he sneaks away. But our feathered friend is too quick; a few strides with those long, shankly legs and he stands above his victim."

The sorcerer became excited as he visualised the battle.

"See!" he cried. "The fight is on. With one foot the bird tries to pin the snake down—no easy task. The reptile

wriggles, rears his head, strikes viciously. The secretary bird jumps aside at each lunge of the snake and parries with his heavily protected wing. The bird is not quick enough and is struck in the body.

"THE puff adder is no clean fighter like the 'ring-hals' or the yellow cobra. It trusts to its tough hide for protection. It grovels on the ground and attempts to save its dirty snout from blows by thrusting it under the loose earth.



"With the shrivelled monkey paw he traced wild cabalistic signs in the air, his body swinging backward and forward as if possessed"

Feigns death only to strike back like a loosened boomerang with hideous fangs thrust forward. The bird is wounded and knows it. There is no time to lose. Like a flash of lightning the strong beak reaches the snake's head. Its wicked eyes are picked clean out of their sockets, its brain is torn, soon its skull is only a battered pulp. The enemy is dead, quite dead. Watch the bird. At once it rips open the snake's belly, carefully picks out and swallows the contents before touching the carcass. Why is it? Why does the

snake bird not sicken and die from the snake poison? Why?"

The old man paused for an instant and then went on:

"Have you ever seen a puff adder's liver and gall bladder? They are very big, especially at breeding time, or in a female carrying her young. Look! I will show you."

JERKING the snake on to the dispensary counter, Mputing drew out his sharpened hoop iron from a leather satchel. With one stroke of the knife he tore open the snake from head to foot and showed me, nestling against the spine, two long, dark bodies.

"Look!" he cried excitedly. "Here is the secret. Here is the cure!" He made a savage cut at them.

The dark greenish liquid oozed out, and the old sorcerer, with eyes fixed on the dead snake as if suddenly thrown into a mysterious trance, shook his feathered head. The trinket-burdened necklace began to rattle. His feet started to beat a hasty tattoo on the floor.

WITH the shrivelled monkey paw he traced with cabalistic signs in the air, his body swinging backward and forward as if possessed. He began to mutter a low, sing-song incantation. The native words were strange and their meaning obscure, but there rang out a "leit-motif," a sort of recitative chant which ended each imprecation:

"Wooo! Wooo! Gather! Gather! when the moon is full, the night alight with stars and the wind softly blows.

"Wooo! Wooo! Gather! Gather! when the child is yet unborn and the jackals whimper after the kill.

"Wooo! Wooo! Gather! Gather! he who eats bile lives, and he who lives laughs at death.

"Wooo! Wooo! Gather! Gather! make the wounds weep, let the blood flow, and rub, rub, rub.

"Wooo! Wooo! Wooo!"

He stopped abruptly as though dazed.

"Mputing," I said, "Is that your teaching? Have you told me all?"

His features were aglow. His eyes wild. His answer was sudden and cryptic. The words were final:

"Eyes have seen,
Ears have heard,
To the wise nothing is lost!"

Before I could question him he was gone.



England in November
In the Chalfonts

Exclusive Camera-Study by Edgar Ward

In Stageland



Janet Jeavons

Benita Hume has returned to the stage in a new play, "A Symphony in Two Flats," by Ivor Novello, after three years of film work.



Janet Jeavons

Constance Carpenter

Diana Beaumont, who is playing the lead in "They All Want Something," an American farce in which W. T. Tilden, the famous Lawn - Tennis Champion, is being starred.

(Left). Constance Carpenter, the American leading lady of "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," the musical version of Mark Twain's famous book, at Daisy's.



Stage Photo Co.

Love and Golf in "Follow Through," the musical play at the Dominion Theatre. Mr. Leslie Henson as Jack Martin and Miss Ada May as Angy Howard.

"On with the Show"



Betty
Compson

Scenes from the first all-colour talkie, in which Betty Compson is the star. "On with the Show," as its title denotes, is a story about the theatre, in which every-



This England of Ours

The River Teme at Ludlow

Exclusive Camera-Study by Edgar Ward

King Henry

The tale of two lovers, a cat and a parrot, and how just one word—one "no decent bird would use" nearly gave away a very distressing secret

By Eden Phillpotts

Illustrated by M. MACKINLAY

IT would be false modesty on my part to say I was no more than his butler to Sir Andrew Beaumont, Bart.; and he would have been the first to declare the contrary. After the war, when I was his batman, he refused to let me leave him and gave me the choice between carrying on as his butler, or one of his gamekeepers, at Oakshotts; because his father died afore the war ended and Sir Andrew came home to reign over the manor and the neighbouring village of Waterbrook, which was family property time out of mind.

And I said, "I've had enough of gunfire and slaughter, Sir Andrew, but leave you I certainly will not, and so I'll be your butler, having a kindly feeling to that walk of life."

He was a bachelor by instinct, though, like all the well-born people, alive to his obligations and well aware that, for the glory of Oakshotts and the family name, he must lift up a son and heir come presently: but he'd been through the Great War, and he didn't want to plunge into no more perils for the moment; while, as for me, there weren't no call whatever for me to perpetuate my species, and though a sociable man and full of good-will to the people, I felt well content with a single lot; and you'll find the best butlers are mostly the same.

Our Waterbrook people were a nice mixed folk—good and bad, of course—but plenty I liked very well to neighbour with; and I couldn't tell you for why, but it would be false modesty on my part to pretend they didn't set a good deal of store on my opinions and often come to me with their little difficulties, or put their problems before me and invite me to throw light upon them. And who shall blame humble folk for so doing when Sir Andrew himself was prone to the like? I don't claim no bouquets for it, but there it was—I had, and still have, a wonderful common-sense, far beyond most people, and a power of arguing from cause to effect that makes my opinions of lasting value to any fellow creatures fortunate enough to know me. Not that I take a mite of credit, you understand. When I've had one of my triumphs, I always say, "To God be the praise."

I COULD name half a hundred affairs where by good chance I led this or that person out of the wilderness of failure into the promised land of success; and some were grateful and never failed to hold me high ever after; and others forgot;

Minnie was a grey-eyed, fair-haired, big girl, finely put together and very filling to the eye



and yet others were mean enough to take the credit for wisdom when the credit was usually mine. But that never troubled me.

Take the case of Minnie Yard, a great-grandchild of that famous old huntsman, Solomon Yard. There was a very nice maiden suddenly faced with the tragedy of a lifetime, and it's hard to say what might have been her fate without my intervention.

Minnie was a grey-eyed, fair-haired, big girl, finely put together and very filling to the eye. A young woman of five and twenty, with a high colour, a pleasant voice and good prospects. She knew what was due to herself and took a high hand with the young men and found herself much too busy in nursing her prospects to waste time courting, or playing about; because she was the chosen of her old widowed Aunt, Mrs. Haycraft—the baker's sister-in-law—and

"If he's a good man and still interested in you, he'll put you above your prospects, be sure of that, Minnie"



I'd make her niece jealous, but, needless to say, no such thing happened. For Minnie soon found I weren't that sort of person. If I'd courted the girl, she might have smelled danger, and her aunt would have been my side, I do believe; but such a thought never rose up in me, and I treated her just so friendly and kindly as I treated Mrs. Haycraft's other pet.

"No, Minnie," I said to the fine creature in my fearless way, "there's no need for you to be

piercing black eyes, and gave you the idea he was summing you up in his little brain and coming to a pretty true conclusion about you.

It would be false modesty to say that the parrot of Mrs. Haycraft didn't feel a great affection and respect for me from the first. And it pleased the old woman a lot and raised her opinion of me, if that was possible, to find "King Henry" let me scratch his poll and put a languishing and affectionate look into his eyes when I did so. Because he wouldn't let everybody be familiar by any means, and when Baker Haycraft's boy—a gamekeeper to Oakshotts—once thought

all men knew that Susan Haycraft, though close about it and prone to plead poverty, had a dollop of money and set Minnie Yard highest in her affections. In truth, Minnie lived with her and kept house for her and was identified in the public mind with her. Susan had no use whatever for any of her remaining relatives, and the girl shared her aunt's affection with one other creature alone. But, as Mrs. Haycraft could leave nothing under her will to the second object of her regard, it looked a very fine haul for Minnie in fulness of time if she did naught to upset the apple-cart afore Mrs. Haycraft departed life. The old woman was one of they creaking gates with a lot of weak spots in her composition; but nobody wanted her to go because she had a kindly nature and a well-balanced and a well-stored mind and a good appreciation of anything a thought out of the common. It followed that she took to me from the first, and I soon got to number Mrs. Haycraft as among my most valued acquaintances in Waterbrook. I can see her now—a woman as favoured the old-fashioned cap to cover the head and keep the ears warm. And a clean white frill she put in it every Sunday morning. Her face was brown and her eyes also, and the film of a cataract dimmed one of 'em, but she was fairly brisk of habit and her intellects still pretty bright. Work, however, she left to Minnie. Her passion was discourse, and she took a very deep interest in politics; and when I drank a dish of tea with 'em and smoked a pipe after, to give her the pleasure of the smell of it, she'd listen to me on the questions of the day and win a lot of satisfaction from my opinions, which ran on all fours with her own.

THEY warned me when Susan Haycraft took to me so friendly that



jealous of me; my girl, more than you need be jealous of the sun for shining on your old aunt. But if he was a human instead of a poll parrot, then you might find yourself jealous of 'King Henry.'

"I know, Mr. Bloxam," she answered me. "Some days Aunt Susan likes 'King Henry' a lot better than she likes me, and often, if it was lawful to do it, I reckon she'd make a new will and leave that blessed bird everything she's got in the world."

He was an Australian fowl, you understand—a very good-looker, as they all are, and a well-intentioned parrot enough, with that dignified patient way most parrots in captivity have got about 'em. His waistcoat and reach-me-downs was a fine rose pink, while his tail-coat was grey. A crest he wore of a very pale pink and he'd lift it when his feelings got the better of him. And he had

"Whereas," said Mrs. Haycraft, putting your trust and affection on

to please Susan by caressing the bird, "King Henry" put up his crest and shrieked a piercing note and bit Stanley Haycraft's forefinger to the bone.

He weren't a great talker and she liked him the better for that; but he'd say "Good morning, Susan," or "I could do with a monkey nut," or "Lord make me thankful," when he got a tit-bit; and he always spoke his speeches in the right place. For the rest he was given to imitating natural sounds, and since Mrs. Haycraft would often have her afternoon nap in his company, he'd got her snore to the life. It began on a low note and rose to a shrill squeak, then deepened again and died away with a sound like gingerbeer coming out of the bottle.

She worshipped the bird without a doubt and she always said people were silly fools to choose any other creatures for lasting friends, because we was bound to outlive 'em and so feel the pangs of parting.

"Whereas," said Mrs. Haycraft, "with a parrot, or a elephant, you be putting your trust and affection on one that will certainly outlast you. And if I was a rich woman with a sizable garden, God's my judge, Mr. Bloxam, but I'd have a elephant, for, by all accounts, they be the most faithful creatures on earth and models of devotion."

"Every word true," Mrs. Haycraft, "I

recollection, and he'd come as gift to her on her marriage from a sailor cousin who had always wanted to marry her himself—so she said. But she only liked him as a near relation, not a husband. She calculated "King Henry" might be round about seventy-five—in fact, a contemporary of her own; and she always held that he'd see Minnie out and very likely Minnie's children also, if ever she came to wed and have any.

And then fell a May month, when Mrs. Haycraft went away for her annual visit to Dawlish. She had an old friend there, who let lodgings, and Susan always

She weren't no sight for the open street, so I made her come back in the house and calm down and tell me the fatal event. I took her in hand, kind but firm, and made her drink a drop from her aunt's bottle of spirits, kept against her occasional need for stimulant. And when she was got over her shock, I bade her speak. But, before this, my quick and searching mind had suspicioned the trouble, because I could see "King Henry's" cage in the garden, where it was wont to stand on a little iron table; but the cage was empty.

"You're going to tell me the bird's escaped," I said; but I was mistook in that surmise.

"He's dead," she answered; "and that's bad enough; but in a manner of speaking, I'm his murderer, and when Aunt Susan knows that, it's 'good-bye' to me."

So I saw at a glance all my wits would be called for. But the case grew more grave as Minnie unfolded it and fell back on tears from time to time.

"It was John Tripe's cat next door," she explained. "Him and the parrot never would neighbour together—the cat, I mean—and us always had to keep an eye on the garden, because the cat would come over and 'King Henry' hated the sight of him; and almost the last thing my aunt said to me, before she went off, was to bide in the garden along with the bird; because, though the cat never was known to dare mount his table,

"No, Minnie," I said to the fine creature in my fearless way, "there's no need for you to be jealous of me, my girl"



"with a parrot, or a elephant, you be one that will certainly outlast you"

answered her, "and what is more, an elephant is a famous worker and would toil for you and be proud to do so."

She laughed at that and said there wasn't much round her little house she could find for an elephant to do, but he might be good to fright away tramps and doubtful characters.

BUT even a parrot will die when his call comes, and this interesting affair haven't got to do with the life of "King Henry" but his death. How old he might have been, none knew, and he didn't show, for a parrot can hide his age cleverer than a woman; but Mrs. Haycraft had enjoyed the company of the bird for forty years to her certain

spent the month of May along with her and paid for doing so. And she went, and two days after she'd gone for her bit of fun "King Henry" died.

BY good chance, Providence sent me to Waterbrook that afternoon, and as I was passing Mrs. Haycraft's place, Minnie Yard came rushing out of the gate like a tragedy queen. And to see that rare fine girl, with tears running down her face and her self-command gone, was a heart-shaking sight, though to one like myself who had been through the war, I could face it.

"Thank God it's you, Mr. Bloxam," she cried, and, fearing the worst, I answered her.

"Don't say nothing's wrong with your Aunt Susan, Minnie?" I begged, and she replied.

"Worse—far worse than that!"



yet, being a very fearless, persevering cat, he might do so if the coast happened to be clear. And I put 'King Henry' out as usual, after my dinner—the day being so warm—and went to the door for half a minute to answer a knock.

that's neither here nor there, and, so like as not, when he hears of this affair, he'll know my prospects is a thing of the past and forget me."

SHE fell to weeping again, and with a gentle touch I brought her back to the subject.

"If he's a good man and still interested in you, as well he

slain him. The cursed cat was over the wall so soon as I showed my nose, and, if I've got a friend left in the world, I hope he'll shoot him—and John Tripe, too, for keeping such a beast. But 'King Henry' was gone. Just so dignified and like a gentleman as you would expect—lying there in all the terror of death, but every feather in its place and his eyes shut and his life finished. And

I've got a fearful thought—fearfuller even than my own misfortunes—that when Aunt Susan comes to know about it, the shock will kill her also!"

She gave way again, and I made her drink a drop more brandy and then, to distract her mind, asked her to make me a cup of tea and give me a slice of her very clever seedy cake along with it. Which she did do, while I thought upon her harrowing fix.

IT would be false modesty to say I weren't conscious she pinned her last hope upon me and felt that such a man could rise even to a challenge like this. But for the moment, I saw no light. My mind ran on getting "King Henry" stuffed by a skilful chap and ready in a glass case to welcome Susan when she returned; but my better instinct told me from the first that weren't the way out.

"King Henry" had been much too fine a fellow to treat him like that—just as they Pharaohs were much too fine to be put in public museums like curiosities of nature. Anyway, I felt Susan Haycraft would never suffer no outrage to the dead. So I craved for time and urged Minnie to do nought about the matter till four-and-twenty hours had passed.

"In my large experience," I said, "I've found that very few things is so

hopelessly bad they can't be mended by the wit of man; and though there don't look to be much of a silver lining to this cloud, my dear, yet we must give Providence a chance to see if there may not be. I grant you very few mere humans could find a way out of this at first sight; and we've also got to face the fact that the bird's dead in a measure owing to your forgetting your duty by the bird; but don't begin crying no more. Crying may soothe the heart, but it won't do nothing to mend a mess like this. We want to keep our nerve and explore every possible channel of escape."

"Escape is the word in my own mind," she confessed. "I feel as if I wanted to run away and call on the hills to cover me."

"No," I said, "the hills won't cover you. It's a case for standing up to the
(Continued on page 160)



"I thought my wits was playing me false for a minute and it might be a trick of nature, but the bird was real, and a minute later Jack Portle introduced me to the owner of the bird"

And it was Joan Owlet—my first woman friend—and she brought the great news that her soldier brother, Sergeant Nicholas Owlet, was home and—and—and—"

Minnie broke off here to weep; and I marked that she blushed a bit when she mentioned the man's name, though I'd never heard her name the chap before.

"He's been serving in China along with the Forces sent to protect Europeans in they civil wars out there," explained the girl. "And now the Forces have come home and Nicholas has got leave. And it was all so cruel interesting, of course, that I stood listening to Joan for three parts of an hour; because, I may tell you, Mr. Bloxam, as a true friend to me and my aunt, that if ever there was a man I felt I might get addicted to, it was Nicholas Owlet. He's a sergeant and—however,

may be, he'll put you above your prospects, be sure of that, Minnie," I told her; "but, meanwhile, what about poor 'King Henry'?"

"When Joan was off," continued she, "I went back to a scene of horror, Mr. Bloxam. There was the cage on the ground and that cursed cat walking round it, like Satan, pushing in a paw here and there to see if he could touch the bird. But 'King Henry' lay in the midst and beyond his reach. The poor creature hadn't been touched, but 'twas clear the shock of the cat at close quarters and then the cage being flung over upon the earth, had gone to his heart and



Awakening the faintly smouldering passions of Ronald Colman



A willing victim to the Sheikish blandishments of Warner Baxter



The foaming kisses of Tom Meighan induce a delicious faintness



Linked in an Eternal Triangle with Adolphe Menjou

Below. Wilting slowly in the flaming ardour of John Gilbert

Drawings by TOM TITT



Yielding to Romantic Love under pressure by John Barrymore



Watch the feminine expressions in the audience, each one doing its best to register Sex Appeal by a sort of reflex action which is curiously infectious

Why the Films are made for WOMEN

More romantic and imaginative than the male, the female of the species invariably sees herself in the role of heroine



Flaming Youth, after the manner of Colleen Moore and Clara Bow, is a mantle which imagination slips over the shoulders of charmers who are neither flaming nor youthful



As for the Men, who don't matter, they get what they like and understand—the comics, acrobats, performing animals and the good old simple stuff with "business" as usual



Cleopatra and Julius Caesar

EARLY in the year 36 B.C., Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, said farewell to Anthony, the heir of Julius Caesar, at Zeugma on the Euphrates, near the frontier of Armenia. For Anthony, following his dead chief's lead, had decided for that great campaign against the Parthians, that march of adventure towards the frontiers of India in the footsteps of Alexander of Macedon, which Caesar was busy preparing when he was struck down by his assassins. While Anthony gathered his armies, 100,000 strong, on the plateau of Erzeroum, Cleopatra returned to Antioch and passed on her homeward way by Damascus, across the sea of Galilee and by the Jordan valley, till she came to Jericho. Thus she entered territory which was in dispute between herself and Herod Antipater surnamed the Great, the Herod of St. Matthew's gospel and of the Massacre of the Innocents.

WHEN Caesar had made Antipater procurator of Judæa in 47, Herod, his son, had become governor of Galilee. In 40, he had fled from Judæa to Rome, where he won over the Senate to his cause and was made King of Judæa. In 37, he took possession of Jerusalem with the help of Roman troops. For 33 years, through all the vicissitudes of the end of the first century B.C., he was to maintain himself there. Cunning, jealous, ruthless and ostentatious, a tyrant and a murderer, the father of fourteen children and the husband of ten wives, his career was a miracle of dextrous diplomacy and

successful land-grabbing. Rome had no more accomplished jackal than this fascinating, treacherous, passionate, handsome, open-handed, luxurious and irrepressible person, half Greek, half barbarian. For the moment, it is true, Cleopatra was the stronger of the two. At least Herod's equal in power of fascination, though she had been unable to persuade Anthony to dispossess him altogether in her favour, she had succeeded in inducing the Roman master of the world, before she left him, to make her a present of several convenient spots in Herod's neighbourhood.

So, purring like two superb great cats, and keeping their claws well covered, these two fascimators bade each other farewell. Each had escaped inclusion in the other's bag.

Perhaps, after all, Cleopatra was not a cat at all, perhaps she was a frisky little lamb who duly turned into a long-suffering ewe. There have been vigorous pages written to prove that the Queen of Egypt was happiest and most herself in the rôle of dutiful wife and tender mother. She may have been a little forward and variable in the preliminaries of matrimony, but, once wedded, she was a pattern of behaviour and a model of devotion. And perhaps to call her a cat is to insult that dignified and relatively warm-blooded quadruped: perhaps she was really a reptile, just as malignant as a poisonous snake. Or perhaps again, the only words that fit her are those which are seldom used in all their crudity in polite society and are inapplicable except

to human beings—perhaps she was one of those unfortunate people who cannot help being no better than they should be.

ON any of these hypotheses there is a good deal that is difficult to explain. When she died at thirty-nine, it was by her own hand, and there is nothing to show that she was not in the best of health when she decided that the game was up. People who coolly and neatly commit suicide in middle life are not weaklings nor degenerates, she must have preserved her vitality intact through all her adventures to have the strength of mind to end them as she did. She presented Caesar with one, and Anthony with three children (two of the latter being twins); during much of the time when she is alleged to have been wrecking the careers of both her lovers by the seduction of her charms, she can hardly have been in a condition to satisfy their passions. And two middle-aged *roués*, both with the world at their feet, can hardly have succumbed at an interval of eight years to purely physical attractions: if she really fascinated them both for so many months, her appeal must have been a subtle one, she must have had character as well as beauty. And if, among many others, she murdered her own sister, and dispossessed her brother, if she showed more capacity in self defence than is common among the most courageous of ewes, her care for her children suggests that she cannot have been pure reptile.

ANYWAY, a Levantine queen in the first century B.C. would be well advised, if she did not possess them already, to acquire at least some feline qualities. Cleopatra was born a royal princess, unless she became queen she would therefore certainly be murdered, and in the latter alternative she would almost certainly be conquered. The dynasty which she represented dated from the last great conqueror of the Mediterranean world. She stood for that Macedonian dynasty which had been founded on Alexander's death by his lieutenant Ptolemy, and now another power had risen to emulate the achievements of Macedonia, the conquering spirit was now incarnate in the Roman legions, and the knell of Alexander's successors had struck. The heroic virtues were not likely to be very helpful against the swords and javelins of Rome, but if a masculine fascimator like Herod could

Women of History

Described by

Kenneth Bell

Painted by

J. Matania, R.I.

keep himself going by personal magnetism, why should not a feminine counterpart be even more successful? No woman of spirit in so desperate a plight would refuse to make the attempt.

CLEOPATRA herself was by descent almost pure Graeco-Macedonian. There was not a drop of Egyptian blood in her body: she was of Mediterranean not of oriental stock. And Alexandria, the soil in which she was planted, was only half an oriental city; it was a cosmopolitan port like Marseilles to-day and had as little in common with the cities of the southern Delta as Marseilles has with the cities of Northern France. She

was the heiress of the Pharaohs, but there was little in common between her bright, modern spirit and that of the grim Southerners who built the Temples of Luxor and tunnelled out the tombs of the Bulls at Memphis. All the culture of the art-loving Greek world was concentrated now in the splendid marble city, symmetrical, luxurious, sunlit and breeze-cooled, which lay among the palm trees between Lake Mareotis and the Eleusinian Sea. What Venice was in the Middle Ages, that was Alexandria in the days of Julius Cæsar — the most brilliant, the most luxurious, the richest city of the Mediterranean world.

If such was Cleopatra's heritage, she had to fight to win and keep it. For Roman Imperialism was rising like an angry sun above the horizon, and the intrigues of Greek freemen and eunuchs lay like poisonous mist in the corridors of her palace. Cleopatra's father had owed his throne to Roman backing, Gauls and Germans with Roman arms were camped on the outskirts of the city, and in 49 B.C. when Cleopatra was just twenty, the son of the great Pompey himself appeared at Alexandria

in search of supplies. Hot on Pompey's trail came Cæsar making straight for Alexandria. Cæsar established himself in the empty palace, and summoned the King and Queen, brother and sister, to receive his arbitration. His victory had given him the mastery of the world: here was a chance to impose his will on its richest store-house. Cleopatra's one hope was to get at Cæsar in person: her friend Apollodorus took her by boat straight

back to Alexandria: she had herself rolled up in a carpet, the little fragile creature, and so carried into the palace; the carpet was unrolled and the Queen of Egypt made her bow to the victor of Pharsalia.

Herod, the rival fascinator, had just become governor of Galilee. At a bound Cleopatra outdistanced him. That very night she made a conquest of the jaded master of the world, and, till the spring of the following year, she held him bound. Exactly why Cæsar spent all those months away from Italy and Rome will never be known for certain. He was 52: perhaps ambition had begun to pall: perhaps he just wanted a rest, and took it. It is only the second-raters that are always busy: there is a strain of indolence in all men of imagination.

IN April the holiday came to an end, in June the child, whom Cleopatra boldly called Cæsar, was born; next year, when Cæsar with half a dozen

No. 7 Cleopatra



Cleopatra's flight from the naval battle with sixty swift Egyptian ships and Anthony's pursuit of them in a single galley after being defeated by Octavian

triumphs behind him, came back to Rome, mother and child joined him there. So the spell of Egypt held. Republican Rome and barren Calpurnia found themselves face to face with the Queen and her son; it could only be a matter of months before Cæsar made his choice. It was obvious what he would choose. Another successful campaign, this time against Parthia, the repudiation of Calpurnia, the overthrow of republicanism, marriage with Cleopatra, the legitimisation of her son, and the establishment of Alexander's model of a world-monarchy in which Rome and Egypt themselves would be but provinces. Not for nothing was Cleopatra's statue set up in Cæsar's new temple of Venus Genetrix, the goddess from whom he himself claimed descent; not for nothing was she already known and feared in Rome as "The Queen." To such heights had the little lady of the carpet risen in two short years.

But Herod's course, if less rapid, was to be a good deal steadier. When Cæsar was either hesitating over the final decision or completing his preparations for it, and Cleopatra's child was still learning to walk and talk, the spring of 44 B.C. wore on, until the sun rose on the Ides of March. In a moment Cleopatra's dream was broken, two weeks later she, her son, and her young brother fled back to Egypt. Before the end of the year the brother had disappeared, as Cleopatra's relatives had a way of disappearing, and she had made young Cæsar her colleague as ruler of Egypt.

SHE was still a woman of spirit. While Anthony, Cæsar's friend, and Octavian, his nephew, were together coping with the forces of his murderers, she remained neutral, but when the battle of Philippi in the autumn of 42 B.C. had given to Anthony the mastery of the Eastern, and to Octavian that of the Western, Roman world, once again she took up her rôle of fascination and prepared to ensnare Anthony as she had ensnared Cæsar. Herod was soon to be tetrarch of Judæa as Anthony's client, but once again Cleopatra outdistanced him. Before the winter of 41, Anthony had in his turn decided to winter in Egypt and his formidable wife Fulvia had as much reason for jealousy of Cleopatra as Calpurnia had had five years before.

Autre temps, autre mœurs. Anthony was not Cæsar, and different means were required to bring him to her feet. The little lady of the carpet, whose brightness had cheered the lonely genius of Cæsar, was replaced by the gorgeous Queen of luxury who could titillate the senses of his gross if vigorous and genial lieutenant. When Anthony summoned her to Cilicia to explain why she had not helped him before Philippi, it was in the character of Venus that she set out to meet the middle-aged sensualist who now claimed to be the reincarnation of Bacchus.

"When Cæsar and Pompey had her favour," says Plutarch, "she was young and inexperienced; but she was to meet Anthony at an age when beauty, in its full perfection, called in all the maturity of the understanding to its aid." In that marvellous barge, which Shakespeare has immortalised, with its silver oars, gold stern, and purple sails; fanned by boys dressed as cupids and attended by maids in the costume of Nereids and Graces, she approached the shore preceded by the fragrance of burning incense, and refusing Anthony's invitation to dinner, persuaded him to come as her guest to such a feast as even the new Bacchus had not thought possible for variety and magnificence, and before long lured him with her to Alexandria.

Together they formed the club of "Inimitable Livers," as leaders of which both did their best to sustain the characters of the divinities whose characters they had assumed. Anthony's holiday was different from Cæsar's, but it amused him every bit as much.

IT also gave time for a similar crop of problems to mature. As to Cæsar, the spring brought to Anthony the need for action. He returned to Rome, found it necessary to patch up a quarrel between

Octavian and his own Italian partisans, and—Fulvia having conveniently died—was married later in the year to Octavian's widowed sister Octavia. Meanwhile Cleopatra had presented him with twins, a boy and a girl, but it was not till nearly four years later that, leaving Octavia in Athens, he came back to the East, full of a scheme for consolidating his half of the world by that campaign against the Parthians which Cæsar was preparing at his death. Then it was that, as grass-widower and generally in need of resources, he found it necessary once again to call Cleopatra to him, and with her at his side to begin in Syria the long business of preparation for his expedition; it was when she finally left him, after going with him as far as the Euphrates, that she had the meeting with Herod, now king of Judæa. When Anthony returned from the Parthian fiasco with the wrecks of his army, she met him again, and persuaded him to that final breach with Octavia, which made inevitable the recrudescence of the Civil War, though it was not till 32 B.C. that Anthony actually divorced his Roman wife. By this time, the idea that had been so nearly realised before the Ides of March twelve years ago seemed even nearer realisation. Parthia was still unsubdued, but the expedition to Armenia had been successful enough to warrant, in Anthony's eyes at all events, a splendid triumphal procession in Alexandria. Cleopatra had been proclaimed "Queen of Kings," her eldest son Cæsar "King of Kings," and her three children by Anthony Kings of Armenia and Syria and Queen of Cyre-

naica. Cleopatra herself habitually appeared in the character of Isis, the Egyptian goddess whose worship was spreading throughout the Greek world. With Cæsar's own son in their keeping and with the wealth of the Levant at their disposal, how could Anthony and Cleopatra fail to wrest from that melancholy dyspeptic Octavian the inheritance of Alexander the Great?

THE battle of Actium proved that they could. Failure came to Cæsar because it was not in his character to be ruthless with his friends and comrades: failure came to Anthony and Cleopatra because the character of neither could escape contamination from the other. So the battle of Actium proved as fatal to Cleopatra's dreams as had the Ides of March. Modern scholarship, it is true, repudiates Plutarch's account of the battle, in so far as it makes the defeat purely the effect of a sudden panic of Cleopatra's, and of Anthony's infatuation of her. The flight from the scene of battle of the sixty swift Egyptian ships and Anthony's pursuit of them in a single galley are now thought to have been decided upon beforehand as the only means of avoiding disaster from Octavian's blockade of Anthony's army in the Gulf of Ambracia. At least this plan gave a chance of collecting fresh troops in Egypt instead of the whole forces being driven to capitulate on the spot. But, as in the campaign in Greece, Anthony was outgeneralled, and in the battle outfought, by his enemy, so on his return to Egypt he wasted in revelry the opportunity of recovering lost ground. Cleopatra, too, had lost contact with reality, she had helped to make defeat certain by alienating Anthony's Roman friends: she had refused to leave his side when it became clear that her presence was an offence to them, and her insolent flaunting of her hold on him had driven many of them to desert to Octavian.

SO, when in 30 B.C. the sinister Octavian appeared in Egypt and threatened Alexandria, only one resource remained to her. It seems to have been her plan to get rid of Anthony and so leave herself free for a last conquest—the conquest of Octavian. Barricaded with her two attendants, Charmian and Iras, in a monument of the city, she had Anthony told that she had taken her own life: in despair he tried to do likewise, bungled the attempt, and was drawn up badly wounded into the monument by the Queen and her maids. When the Romans forced their way in, they found only Anthony's corpse. Cleopatra now discovered that Octavian proposed that she should grace his triumph in Rome, and it was only her death that saved her. A few weeks later, Octavian decoyed her son by treason back to Alexandria and put him to death. Of her children by Anthony, who were adopted by the pious Octavia, only her daughter Cleopatra survived to carry on her name as Queen of Mauretania; and in 40 A.D. her only grandson Ptolemy was executed by Caligula.

Twenty-six years after the death of the last of the Ptolemaic rulers of Egypt, Herod the Great still ruled in Judæa; a century later his great grandson, before whom Paul of Tarsus had made his defence, was still a prætor in Rome. If they had broken no records, at least the Herodians had survived.

Famous Women of History

The lives of such historically famous women as Messalina, Sappho, Judith, Boadicea and Helen of Troy have already appeared in this series, and the next issue will contain the Story of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, remembered for her beauty and unusual powers of mind



"In that marvellous barge, which Shakespeare has immortalised, with its silver oars, gold stern, and purple sails: fanned by boys dressed as cupids and attended by maids in the costume of Nereids and Graces, she approached the shore preceded by the fragrance of burning incense and, refusing Anthony's invitation to dinner, persuaded him to come as her guest to such a feast as even the new Bacchus had not thought possible for variety and magnificence . . ."

"It was five years since Lulu had tasted cognac, but she responded gratefully. . . ."



The story of a modern heroine in a coat of battleship grey, with white numbers stencilled on her side, whose indomitable spirit, like Joan of Arc's, helped to save France

By Guy Gilpatric

LULU was born on the 4th of April, 1909, in the Usine des Automobiles Herault, at Bougival, Department of the Seine. Her advent into this vale of tears was not without its complications. Throughout the long, long night an anxious group stood gathered in the little white-washed room, talking in whispers, walking on tiptoe, and watching Monsieur Celu.

Monsieur Celu laboured feverishly. He scowled. He muttered to himself. He dashed his pliers to the floor. Zut! It was a baffling case.

Then came a knocking at the door—a knocking like the dread summons of fate. Slowly, majestically, it opened, and in walked Monsieur Herault himself!

Crossing his arms and fixing Celu with

an oyster-like eye, he stood for a dramatic and accusatory moment. Then the wrath of Jupiter descended in one booming, questioning word.

"—ALORS?"

At the explosion, Celu wilted.

"Ca va bien, Monsieur!" he lied.

"In just a moment now I'll have her running . . ." and in panic he turned to resume his work.

"Wait!" thundered Monsieur Herault, raising a fat and manicured hand, "wait! At ten o'clock exactly my Board of Directors will arrive. They have protested the thousands of francs you have frittered away on this imbecile experiment—and yet they have accepted my assurances that to-day—to-day at ten—they will see . . . results!"

"They will!" declared Celu stoutly.

Lulu

"I doubt it!" moaned Monsieur Herault. "Ah, ruin, ruin, ruin!" The humpbacked secretary plucked deferentially at his coat-tail. Monsieur Herault bent down, cupped his ear, and gave heed to the whispered



"Oh, mercy, mercy, raised his pistol, took

was a Lady

Illustrations by FORSTER

counsel. Then, standing erect and striking an attitude:

"Send for Bouron!" he thundered.

"Bouron!" repeated Celu, disdainfully. "Why, I discharged the drunkard night-before-last!"

"Send for Bouron!" repeated Monsieur Herault, glancing toward the humpback for confirmation. "I have known from the start that the few good ideas in this clumsy design are his."

Six men were dispatched in quest of

Mechanic Bouron, one to each of the *estaminets* of the commune of Bougival, and when he lurched in upon the arm of his discoverer—a cigarette stuck to his lower lip, an aroma of cognac completely enveloping him, Monsieur Herault fell upon his neck and kissed his pallid, unshaved cheeks.

"Come, pull yourself together, *mon vieux*, and let bygones be bygones," he pleaded. "Without you I am lost! In twenty minutes the directors will arrive, and . . ."

Bouron seemed unaware of Monsieur Herault's existence. His bloodshot eyes were fixed upon the chassis across the

room. He waved aside the friendly supporting arm, and staggered toward it. He stroked the motor with his hand, and murmured drunken endearments. "Lulu! Little Lulu!" he said. Idly he pulled up the needle valve of the carburettor, and let the gasoline trickle over his fingers. Then, stiffening:

"Monsieur Herault," he said briskly, "send me a bottle of cognac and leave us by ourselves. When the time is up, throw wide the doors!"

In exactly three minutes the room was empty, save for Bouron, Lulu, and a bottle of 1853 Courvoisier.

"Tiens!" chuckled the mechanic, taking a swig and very deliberately removing his coat, "it is good to be back with thee, Lulu, dear! Now, then . . . first we will turn off this vile gasoline, which any fool but Celu could see is as full of grease as the gravy of a duck. Next we will drain thy carburettor and fill it with this splendid cognac, which will clear the grease from the jet. Next we will open these pet-cocks and give each cylinder a drink of the finest fuel known to man or motor . . . so! And now that thou art primed, my dear, I know thou wilt start—and once started, not even bean soup can stop thee! I will sit at thy side and explore the remainder of this bottle until one minute before ten. . . . *A votre santé, m'amie Lulu!*"

There were eleven minutes left. At the tenth, he took the empty bottle from his lips, put a cigarette in



mercy!" she wailed. The man said nothing. Instead, he steady aim and shot Madame squarely between the eyes

its place, and turned his cap visor backward. Then he grasped the crank which jutted from Lulu's nose and gave it one quick twist.

HIS shout of triumph was drowned in the tumult which filled his ears, the room, the world! Lulu's cylinders were exploding like strings of Chinese fire-crackers! He climbed to the seat, reached into his breast, grasped his holy medal, and with a jerk snapped the chain. He kissed the silver image of St. Christopher, amiable patron of travellers, who bore upon his shoulder the Pilgrim sore beset.

He had just knotted the chain around Lulu's steering column when the double doors rolled back and through the group of cheering and monied *Messieurs* he flashed—a noisy vision of flame and smoke!

Over the cobbled court he tore—through the factory gate, across the road, and into the private testing track. Here he really opened her up. Fifty kilometres, sixty-five, seventy. . . . The chassis, designed to carry a cabriolet body, was so light at the rear that it slewed wildly on the turns. The slim poplars made him dizzy as they flickered by, and at times he closed his eyes and depended wholly upon St. Christopher. Twenty times around he went—which made ten kilometres. He roared over the finish line, skidded perilously, and came to a stop crosswise on the track.

When the monied *Messieurs*, Herault in the lead, gathered breathless but cheering around him, they discovered that he was peacefully asleep. Three days on cognac and no food are a Spartan diet!

"Look!" panted Monsieur Rastambaux, "the poor chap has fainted from the speed!"

"Well, and why not?" inquired Monsieur d'Uaches, brandishing a watch the size of a casserole. "No human being has travelled so fast before. Gentlemen, we live in a marvellous age! I voice the sentiments of all of us when I congratulate you, dear Monsieur Herault, upon this greatest achievement of the motorism—the Series 7 Herault!"

"Ah, Monsieur!" bowed Herault, who had now definitely fought down the attack of apoplexy which had been imminent all morning, "it is most gratifying—a vote of confidence, in effect! I shall send for a *champagne d'honneur* which we will drink right here beside the car."

At the popping of corks Bouron opened his eyes. He felt dazed, sick. Out of the group of stout celebrants he saw emerge a slight figure in grey tweeds—a quiet elderly gentleman to whom the occasion and the company were quite evidently distasteful.

This gentleman patted Bouron's dusty shoulder, and steadied the glass for him while he drank. Then he beckoned Monsieur Herault aside and said, as one who addresses his butler, "I am buying this car. Have your *carrossier* call upon me to-morrow to discuss the design of the body."

He wrote an address upon his card and handed it to Bouron. "My tailor!" he said, "Go there and be measured for a livery."

"Livery?" echoed Bouron, dully.

"Yes. And here are a month's wages. Come, brace up, my good fellow—you're my chauffeur. . . ."

MONSIEUR LE DUC DE LAVAME, like Casanova, had discovered that the only way to make poverty endurable is to live in grandest luxury. He maintained twelve horses, four grooms, and three coachmen in his town stables; and though at first there was much dissension at the installation of a motor-car, the spirit of progress finally prevailed. Lulu's sleek lines, her lustrous maroon coachwork, her gleaming brass, were irresistible! No vehicle since the coaches of the grands seigneurs had boasted interior appointments so truly *de luxe*.

Upon Mistinguett, a promising mare, the Duke had pinned high hopes of financial *recouvrement*. The racing stables were at Maisons-Laffitte, and thrice each week Bouron drove his master out to this suburb and sat on the fence while the slim-legged prodigy went through her paces.

From Anstruther, the chief jockey, he learned many things about his master—things which made him more than ever proud of the coronet upon Lulu's door. According to Anstruther, 'is Gryce was the finest sportsman on the turf—that is, of course, outside of England. And as a gambler—well, said Anstruther, in his curious Franco-Cockney idiom, he was eager to be stricken pink. . . .

"H'm," mused Bouron, between sips of *Vittel*. "And this Mistinguett—you will ride her next week in the *Coupe Republicaine*?"

"Will I ride her?" repeated Anstruther, stirring up the bubbles with his bony finger. "Why, listen, Bouron, my son, Mistinguett and I will walk *chez nous* with the *Coupe Republicaine*! Back us with every *ensanglanté* sou you've got."

"Well," and Bouron waxed confidential, "that's just what the Duc is doing. Everywhere we go—everyone we meet—out comes the little green book and in goes the wager!"

"Bun!" exclaimed Anstruther, paying the check. "That means that by five o'clock next Saturday afternoon the Jook will be on the *Rue Facile* again."

The Duke was still in the stables, so Bouron occupied his time with flicking Lulu's already immaculate pearl-grey upholstery with a little feather duster which he kept especially for the purpose, and polishing her lamps with a square of jeweller's chamois. Even St. Christopher—now a permanent fixture on the teak-wood dash—came in for a reverent rub.

"Bah!" Bouron muttered. "Never fear, my Lulu! We will bet on this Mistinguett, yes, but you are the only one I really care for. . . ."

"Well," smiled the Duke—his step was as silent as his feet were small—"you and your Lulu and I, too, had better remember Mistinguett in our prayers these next six nights! . . . Back to town, Bouron, if you please."

. . . *Back to town, Bouron, if you please.* Those were the words he always used; and when he murmured them in the Jockey Club enclosure at Longchamps, at twenty minutes past five on the following Saturday, there was nothing in his voice to suggest that he had just lost seven hundred and thirty thousand francs. His *sang froid* was an example to Bouron, who was trembling under the loss of five hundred and twelve francs thirty-three centimes.

THE road through the Bois de Boulogne was jammed with four-in-hands, victorias, dog-carts, and tandems. Six o'clock found them only a little past the restaurant at the beginning of the Avenue; and here the traffic came to a halt. All around them were vehicles filled with beautiful ladies and dashing gentlemen—gay groups who drank champagne iced in hampers, and chattered from carriage to carriage. The isolated motor-car came in for much polite banter, and when it was recognised as the Duke's, for a few remarks at once witty and unkind.

From within the car came a sound—not loud, but somewhat as though the Duke had struck the cushions with his cane. "Well," thought Bouron, glancing over his shoulder through the window, "who can blame him for feeling petulant?"

Bouron's glance became a protracted stare. Monsieur was lying on his side upon the seat, with his mouth half open. From it emerged a trickle of blood and a lazy wisp of grey smoke. On the floor was a small gold-plated automatic pistol.

Bouron's first impulse was to cry out—to leap from his seat. But then he remembered the Duke's last orders. . . . "*Back to town, Bouron, if you please.*" With sudden inspiration he placed his ear against the speaking tube, and nodded his head as though receiving orders from within. Then he stepped to the road, opened the door, touched his cap and leaned into the car. Apparently he was being reprimanded by the Duke. Actually he was propping a dead body into the angle of the seat, and placing upon its head a pearl grey *top hat d'Ascol*.

After many frightful minutes the traffic unlocked. Speeding through it they rounded the Etoile and headed down the Champs Elysées. Turning northward into the Rue de la Boétie, Bouron swung Lulu into the courtyard and stopped with a jerk beneath the *porte-cochère*.

The body was carried into the foyer and laid upon a marble bench.

On the floor of the car was something else—a page torn from the little green note-book. Anstruther's name caught his eye—then Benguiat's—then his own. He saw that it was a hastily-scribbled will by which the Duke bestowed his lesser belongings upon his servants.

To "*Bouron, chauffeur estimable,*" he had left the "*voiture Herault, Series 7, dites 'Lulu'*" . . .

Bouron was weeping when he re-entered the house.

FOR weeks and months after the Duc de Lavame's death Bouron drank more than was good for him. The unwitnessed supplementary will had been disputed by a ravaging pack of creditors and the motor-car was impounded in the garage by judicial order. Bouron had time on his hands, a thirst in his soul, and grief for his excuse. It was a day in the late fall when he found himself in the streets of Paris *sans* all worldly goods except a pocketful of small change and the glittering Lulu, who, by due legal process, had at last been released from custody and turned over to him. He was still rather drunk, and therefore

sentimental; so he likened the ceremony to a wedding.

"You are mine, mine at last, little Lulu!" he sighed, as swinging from the curb they ripped the patent-leather mudguard from a passing *fiacre* and drove a panic-stricken cyclist sprawling across the sidewalk among scattering dozens of *brioches*. "By rights (shifting to high) we should tour the South—a glorious honeymoon beneath the azure skies. But, alas, we have little money, so (. . . what's that, Monsieur? But I did blow my horn—blew it twice—*ta-da!*)—and so, as I was saying, we'll have to get a job. But first we will drive out to Bougival and get old Lezard to sew in a new panel of upholstery, to hide those . . . stains."

Out at the Usine Herault, Lezard was glad to do a favour for his old friend. In half an hour he'd have one of the women stitch in a job which nobody could tell from new. In the interval, Bouron went upstairs to Monsieur Herault's office.

The hump-backed secretary was overjoyed at seeing him. Monsieur Herault, though, was far from cordial.

"Oh, so it's you," he said, lolling back in his great chair, behind his great desk and crossing his great hands upon his great stomach. "What do you want Bouron?"

Bouron was dismayed. "Nothing, Monsieur—only Lulu is now mine and I thought—"

"You thought I'd buy the old wreck back, eh? Not much, Bouron, not much! Nobody wants a rattle-trap in which a scoundrel has blown out his brains. . . ."

Suddenly, Bouron realised that two men were tugging at his shoulders, and the humpback was prising open ten fingers which were sunk satisfyingly into Monsieur Herault's fat throat. Through a scarlet fog he saw that the fingers were his.

"Quick, quick—the stairs—get out!" whispered the humpback. "When he comes to and starts to rave, I'll phone a wrong description of you to the police. Here—take this letter—he hasn't seen it yet. Go there at once. . . ." With cut-out open, Lulu sped across the

courtyard at even greater speed than on the morning of her birth.

They were half-way down the Boulevard Haussmann before he dared to stop. He pulled over to the curb and examined the letter. It was written on pink stationery and addressed to Herault. In veiled, yet endearing terms, it reminded Monsieur of a certain supper party and a certain promise, and suggested that perhaps he would pity the writer in her poverty and sell her a Voiture Herault on "a friendly arrange-

appeared. "Madame is in her bath," she said. "She will see you at once."

Bouron blushed. "But—I am not Monsieur Herault!" he stammered. "I am only the chauffeur."

"But naturally, *imbécile!*" snapped the maid, "if you were Monsieur Herault it would cost you a thousand francs!"

The bathroom was a delightful place. He wished that he could live in it for ever. It was gratefully warm—so warm that he checked his shivers. And Madame—

what he could see of her through the steam—Madame was blonde and ravishing!

"So!" she laughed, inspecting him over the edge of the massive marble tub. "That old skin-flint of a Herault has come through at last, eh, chauffeur?"

BOURON did some quick thinking. Somehow, aside from her prettiness, he liked this woman's looks. She was of his own class. He trusted her.

"I am owner of the car of the late Duc de Lavame. An hour ago I tried to strangle Monsieur Herault."

"Oh, la, la!" exclaimed Madame, splashing the water a little. "Tell me, were you fortunate enough to kill him?"

"Not quite," said Bouron, "but near enough for the police."

"Hard times since the poor Duc's death, eh? He was a charming fellow—ah, yes, I knew him! Well, how soon can you leave for

the Riviera?"

"It cannot be too soon, Madame."

"Then we'll leave as soon as I can get dressed. Coramaine! My purse. Here are a thousand francs for coal or kerosene or whatever it is your automobile burns. We'll arrange the terms of rental later on. You see, I must be in Nice by Thursday. . . ."

In twenty minutes Bouron returned with Lulu gassed, oiled, and firing prettily on four new spark plugs. The maid stowed bags and dressing-cases in the cabriolet. Bouron was assisting her when Madame appeared—serene, beautiful, queenly! He was a bit confused to observe that her hair was now a raven black. . . .

(Continued on page 154)



"To his astonishment the elderly General embraced him warmly"

ment" which she would remain at home that afternoon to discuss.

"Ho!" said Bouron. "Come, Lulu—we will call upon this Madame Romande, Numero 112 bis Rue de Monceau, without delay."

There were satin bows on the curtains of 112 bis which so perfectly matched the pink and perfumed stationery that Bouron, obeying his instinct instead of his training, disdained the servant's entrance and boldly presented himself at the front door. It was opened by a little black Senegalese in purple turban, canary jacket and baggy red trousers.

"Inform Madame that the Herault car is here," he ordered gruffly, trying not to shiver with cold and nervousness.

In a moment a hatchet-faced maid

Do let us enjoy Life

BEING a woman, I am a rebel. All women are rebels at heart. Do you know why? It is because we are still obeying laws the majority of which have been set for us entirely by men.

Now, surely one-half of the human race should not be allowed to set the laws for itself and also for the other half of the human race.

That is what we women feel, and always have felt; and that is why we only show a respect for any law at all when the policeman is looking.

A large part of the general law of life seems to be in connection with the vetoing of joy. If this captious vetoing does not happen to be actually the law of the land, then it is made something almost as formidable in effect: it is made a convention, a custom, a hoodoo, and, up to the present day, disobedience to and disregard of customs, conventions and hoodoos have carried considerable penalties.

However, apart from the affliction of being a woman, I am also afflicted with a certain amount of common sense, which makes me think and go warily, and when I cry: "Do let us enjoy ourselves!" I am aware that in this business of enjoying ourselves—which should be simple, and alas! is not—we are likely to tread upon a good many people's corns.

It is a theory of mine that when such people cry out: "You are on my corns!" one should be able to reply smartly, as to a clumsy dancing partner: "Then keep your feet out of my way." This theory, however, has not worked properly yet; and when I say that it does not work properly, I mean that it does not give all-round guaranteed satisfaction. Whether in the future human nature will be so perfected that a system making for the general enjoyment will be feasible, it is hard to prophesy.

Decorations by
ARTHUR WATTS

*The eternal "ought,"
the eternal "don't"
—used, too, by those
least qualified to dic-
tate or preach. . . . So
many small-minded
people, advising, frus-
trating, ruling. . . .*

NOW, do not imagine, if you please, that I exempt men from foolish victimisation by the laws of conventions; for, indeed, they suffer too. Only they do not yet suffer quite as women suffer. They have allowed themselves—under the phrase which has assumed the importance of a by-law "It is different for men"—a kind of general comfort as regards trivial iniquities.

"Do let us enjoy ourselves!" The married of both sexes will—if they read it—read that phrase sadly. There is so much that you mustn't do if you are married! In fact, I advise all the married to become philosophers; to find pleasure in the kind of thing of which no one can rob them. Lovely, innocent, abiding pleasures like sunshine; or green trees; or blue sea; or a garden in flower; pleasures at which not the most critical can cavil. You cannot be angry with a young husband for admiring the moon, whereas Aunt Jane would have something definite to say if he admired the legs of his parlourmaid. You cannot get up any indignation over a young wife gazing at a geranium, whereas if she gazed at a gigolo, it would be a very different matter. The married must examine, limit and label their pleasures very strictly, I fear; but it is a pity; for most people are a long time married; and a longer time dead.

TOPICS for DISCUSSION

But I am all for keeping your feet out of the way of your dancing-life-partner.

You will say this is difficult.

Yes. Indeed, it is difficult. I know a young husband who said, "Darling, I am going to Timbuctoo for a while," and she helped him to pack his bags.

Now, you would have thought that a man's feet away in Timbuctoo could not possibly feel the dancing of his wife's feet at home in London. But lo! soon—as soon as the mails permitted—the young woman had a letter saying that he had heard from Aunt Jane to the effect that she was enjoying herself far too much, and must stop it.

I WILL give you another instance of the chastening of the married. Among my friends is a nice old lady, who has had a large family, and they are all married. And when I ask after the well-being of any

member of it, somehow I seem always to hear a tale of frustration. Thus it will be:

"And how is Ronald?" "Ronald, my dear, is very well. Yes. He has given up his sports car because his wife wanted a saloon. . . . And Mary? She is very well, my dear; no, she is not dancing at all now. She was very fond of it once, but her husband is not a dancing man. . . . Ethel? Ah, she has given up her country garden as her husband prefers to live in Town. . . . John, dear? John has given up flying. Yes, he was passionately devoted to his flying career, but it did make his dear wife so nervous."

You will readily see why I advise the married to pin their affections to cheap, universal, spiritual joys like the moon and the stars, and the west wind; and the sight of the violets either on the barrows or in the hedgerows, according as life permits.

VERY young people, I am afraid, feel their frustrations very keenly; and very keenly I feel for them. But it is easy to explain the limitations of his life to a very young person. My own son is a very young person, and when I see him chafing under some restriction, I say: "Listen, my dear old dear. You cannot arrange everything as you

(Continued on page 172)

By
May
Edginton

MONTH by MONTH

Marriage—the Failure

Will they be free, the "Bright Young People" of 1934, of all the antiquated conventions of a mitten-ridden world?

DO.R.A.'s antiquated great-grand-mamma, Marriage, who clings so desperately to her mittens, her bustle, her poke bonnet and a large round cameo on her withered breast, is dying in her side-spring boots. In spite of artificial aids so constantly administered by the Church and the Law, the days of that quaint, stiff-necked, hypocritical old dame have been numbered at last. Her tombstone, on which has been cut a few sarcastic and ribald words, stands ready to be erected, and a vast concourse of the younger generation awaits impatiently the solemn notice of her belated demise so that they may follow her to the pompous mausoleum which will be erected to her unhappy memory by our aghast Canutes.

How wonderful, how good! Glory be, Glory be, Glory be to the sun!

It is to the sun and its worship, to bare legs, naked backs, well-oiled Zulu tan, mixed bathing and healthy mindedness, to say nothing of the income tax, the sudden discovery of the inter-sexual knapsack and the pillion seat that the poor old mitten-ridden world owes its impending release.

With what amazement and amusement our Bright Young People will shortly look back at that ineffably stupid, shameful and tyrannical institution to which their fathers and mothers squirmingly submitted themselves in un-enfranchised days. With what astonishment and contempt will they, easily within the next few years, talk in moments of leisure, if among all the noises of progress they can hear each other's words, of prehistoric things—banns, bridesmaids, trousseaux, the marriage service, the giggling honeymoon and that most



By
**Cosmo
Hamilton**

disgraceful of fakes, divorce.

And when, if ever, they make a brief return to the dull parental roof, with what terror and confusion they will see their elderly namesakes conforming

still to the immoral and unhappy shackles of these entangled days.

HOW incredible will be the sight of two worthy and sophisticated people, so tragically unsympathetic as to be barely on speaking terms, making each other miserable under the religious and legal bonds to which they had been forced to subscribe and were afraid to break. How foolish and stuffy it will be to them to find, in 1934, the still terrorised remnants of those old times of to-day tottering to the lamentable celebration of a Golden Wedding almost every hour of which has been incompatible.

Those few who have patience and curiosity and are not flying to lunch in Cairo or to dance through the night in New York will listen to stories about marriage which, it will seem to them, will lack the ring of truth. The marriage, as it was conducted by the remaining repre-

sentatives of the 1920's, when contrasted to the honest, simple and hygienic methods adopted by themselves, will appear to be in the same category as the push-bike and the tricycle, prohibition and the insulting ways of D.O.R.A. in relation to the common or garden Moth and the Supermarine in which they do between 450 and 500 miles an hour without turning a single hair.

IT will transpire that mother, a typically nice girl of her period, was, like all her contemporaries, dying to escape from home. She had finished with school and come out.

She was a pretty person, bright. The man with whom she was passionately in love was at the beginning of a career, ineligible, according to her mother, and according to common sense. Marriage was the only ladder which would take her over the wall.

Father came along, a typically nice young man. Money and prospects good. He fell in love with mother, and, with the great incaution of his period, knowing nothing of her mind or character, asked her to be his wife. There was no alternative. Without loving him in the least she, although she would have been deeply shocked to have been told so, entered into the long practised form of

legal prostitution which was warmly blessed by the Church. It was a beautiful affair—an organ, flowers, bridesmaids, champagne, congratulations, envy and the usual paragraphs. . . . A failure and a fraud at the very altar steps.

Before the end of the honeymoon father had discovered what a ghastly mistake he had made. He had merely been used as the ladder by which a callous but conventional person had climbed out of the parental garden into life, which she then proceeded to enjoy at his expense, giving as little as possible, and that with obvious reluctance, in return.

What was he to do? Marriage had been all too easy. Church and Law had never conceived the wisdom of uttering a word of warning before the knot was tied, but when it came to a question of breaking that tragic knot Church and Law possessed barriers that were insurmountable.

INSTEAD of being able to obtain divorce because that girl had committed a fraud, that wretched man must continue until death to bear her weight on his soul and spirit as well as on his back. Either she must be unfaithful or he must pretend to be. And he could only do that with her consent and connivance and a secret substantial bribe.

(Continued on page 174)

The

Rt: Hon: The Earl

of Birkenhead

P.C., G.C.S.I.

The flag-day habit has penetrated to Russia. Flag-sellers in a Moscow street

The Earl of Birkenhead. A snapshot taken during Cowes week

Pots



A few of the great Chêka army, the all-powerful secret police of Russia

I HAVE never been able to share the view held by some English business men that trade with Russia is an object for which this country must strive at all costs. Their main argument is based on the analogy that, while any civilised country may be unwilling to meet cannibals socially, it is wholly right and decent to sell them cooking pots for their peculiar pleasures. Therefore, while one may abhor the methods by which the Bolsheviks gained and have held power, their massacres of innocent millions, including the Tsar and his children, and, what is more pertinent, their continued attempts to stir up sedition in our own country and its Empire, these considerations, we are told, should not deter us from re-establishing trading relations with them to the best possible advantage of both parties. This argument is fortified by the suggestion that a prosperous Russia would inevitably cease to be Bolshevik.

Those who put this case do not appear to be well conversant with business conditions in Russia to-day. In the first place, a "prosperous Russia" cannot in existing circumstances mean anything else than a prosperous Bolshevik Government and a prosperous Third International; for all external trade is the monopoly of the Soviet departments. It is certain that the intention of the Soviet Government in exporting many articles badly needed inside Russia is to build up a fund in foreign countries which can be used to subsidise Communist Parties and other disruptive agencies there. And, whatever may be the established canons of commercial ethics in regard to cannibals—I confess that I have no first-hand experience—there seems to me a considerable difference between selling them cooking pots in which to boil their own friends and establishing cordial trading arrangements with a regime whose main policy is to overthrow the foundations of our economic and political system. I should imagine that if I threw open my house to commercial travellers in gunpowder and other explosives, my insurance company might reasonably object that I was overstepping the conditions implicit in my agreement with it.

"Whatever may be the commercial ethics in regard to cannibals . . . there seems to me a considerable difference between selling them cooking pots in which to boil their own friends and establishing cordial relations with a regime whose main policy is to overthrow the foundations of our economic and political system"

WE hear so much in these days about the almost religious significance of business—its morals, its ethics, its "Message," and the rest of the Rotarian claims—that I must confess myself astonished by the wholly matter-of-fact attitude adopted by some business men in regard to trading with Russia.

Even, however, if I accept their cannibal-Bolshevist analogy (and I do not), I still cannot see why trade with Russia should occupy so prominent a position in discussions to-day. Anyone would suppose—if he were to accept at face value statements made by the Socialist Party during the last election—that in trade with Russia is to be found the solution of our unemployed problem; and that because the late Government, purely for reasons of antipathy to the Bolshevik regime, broke off diplomatic commerce with the Bolsheviks, other nations have stepped in and are plucking golden plums from the Russian tree.

This is far from being the case. I am aware that the absence of British consuls from Russian ports may to some extent interfere with business. But this difficulty is exaggerated; other nations, with or without consuls in Russia, are not showing any disposition either to recognise the Bolsheviks or any ability to do big trade with them. Consuls in Russia nowadays spend most of their time in obtaining the release of their nationals who, for no crime at all, are incarcerated in Bolshevik gaols; they have little time to spare for the promotion of trade. Nor do the arrests stop at traders; I would not advise any young man of my acquaintance to set his thoughts on becoming a member of a future British Consulate

discusses *the* ethics, commercial *and* otherwise, *of the* burning question—"TO TRADE, or *not* to Trade, with RUSSIA'

wiseacres who contradicted him. It must be understood that Russia was, and presumably still is, badly in need of the tanning materials which his firm wished to import; he was given a visa in Helsingfors for the local Soviet authorities, in order that the contract which he had drafted with them might be ratified at Petrograd by the heads of the Government tanning syndicate.

THERE was no question of his doing business with any private Russian firm. "Not one of them had the right even to make an application for the receipt of a licence to import goods of any kind from abroad." There is, it seems, one way of doing business with private individuals inside Russia; M. Cederholm, too discreet to attempt it, describes it as follows:

You must seek out some thoroughly proletarian organisation, such as a workmen's or peasants' co-operative association, or even a Cheka co-operative association, and then find out just what article this organisation is in need of at the moment. As all Soviet undertakings without exception need goods and have no ready money, the board always consents willingly to buy goods on credit, and undertakes to apply for an import licence. To make things safer, the lowest possible figure is named in the contract, sometimes even one which would obviously mean a loss to the seller. When the licence has been procured, it is sent along with the contract to the Soviet trade delegation in the country from which the goods are to be sent. On account of the abnormally low price named, the trade delegation cannot protest against the

deal, for if it did so, it would itself be obliged to buy the goods at an equally low price.

When the consignee receives the goods, then, according to an agreement made in advance between the seller and influential members of the board, a considerable part of the goods is rejected, very often half or two-thirds of the whole quantity, and the seller has the rejected goods returned to him. He then sells his goods to private shops and speculators at a price which repays with interest the expenses of his cunning manipulation.

Arrived in Russia, M. Cederholm, who, although a Finn, had once been an officer in the Russian Navy, and was therefore familiar with Petrograd, saw little likelihood of his contract being signed

at an early date.

Sometimes a whole business deal was frustrated by the whole staff of the organisation we were negotiating with being arrested—in other words, our customer disappeared from the face of the earth. . . . The whole contract with the tanning syndicate was to be redrafted. When, after endless negotiations,

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and Cannibals



M. Dvoglevsky, the Russian Ambassador to France



Boris Cederholm, author of "In the Clutches of the Cheka"



W. Roone, Secretary of the East Kent Labour Movement, and John Crane, who have returned disillusioned from a visit to Russia

in Bolshevik Russia unless he is prepared to spend part of his official life in a filthy Russian prison cell.

But, after all, all this is subordinate, on the practical side, to one main question: Is trade with Russia on a large scale possible?

A VERY interesting book has just been published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin, *In the Clutches of the Cheka*, by a Finnish gentleman named Boris Cederholm. It illustrates, conclusively to my mind, the illusory nature of trading prospects with Bolshevik Russia, as well as the peculiar inconveniences attaching to any attempt to pursue them. M. Cederholm tells us that

I went to Russia at the end of the summer of 1923 as representative of a South American firm which exported materials used in tanning. My visit was not a casual one, but had been arranged a long time before. The new economic policy of the Soviet Government ("Nep") had from the time of its initiation attracted the attention of our directors. Many foreign business men saw in "Nep" the resurrection of Russian industry, believing that it would open the door for the supply of the Russian market with large quantities of raw material.

I personally was very sceptical regarding all reports of brilliant advantages to be gained from trade with the Soviet Government, but I was at last obliged to give way to the wishes of my principals, who hinted broadly that I was scantily informed as to the actual state of the Soviet Russian market and Soviet trade policy.

We shall see that he was better informed than the directorial



Statue of Michael Angelo in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

WHEN he had nearly finished "The Day of Judgment," the 66-year-old painter fell from the scaffolding and hurt his leg. He crept home, locked himself in, and might perhaps have died if a doctor had not got in through the window and remained with him until the old man was nearly well again. Then, after the first applause of the curious Romans was spent, a storm arose against the picture. It was denounced from the pulpit as being immoral and contrary to the legends, for at this time the Inquisition had just entered Italy and had nearly superseded the Pope. One did not dare to allow the passionate Master to have the other wall on which he was to have painted the fall of the angels.

For the times were as apocalyptic as the picture. In Florence Alessandro Medici had been murdered by his friend and cousin, but the deed was kept secret at first in order to secure the murderer from a rising, and while all this was happening the Master stood on the scaffolding in Rome and painted the Day of Judgment of the damned.

THOSE friends who at that time occasionally discussed matters with him were artists and merchants, who accepted his eccentricities in order to get to know him better. "When I come to you," he wrote once, "I ask you to treat

Michael

SYNOPSIS of Previous Chapters

When he is fourteen years old, the genius of Michael Angelo, the son of a merchant, is recognised by Lorenzo de Medici, and his fame gradually grows until he is commissioned by Pope Julius II to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Many troubles oppress him during the ensuing years. . . . Wars, politics, illness, the loss of his people, danger to his life . . . and for a time he puts his art on one side to give his services wholeheartedly and unrewarded to his native city, Florence, in her struggle for freedom. Always new duties, enjoined on him by the Medici, with whom his fate ever seems to have been bound up, conflict with old ones. . . . Pope succeeds Pope, but the heirs of Julius continue to harass him with demands for the completion of the tomb of his first patron. . . . Only with the accession of Paul II does he find in Rome temporary peace—from his sixty-first to his sixty-seventh year—in painting "The Last Judgment"



"Christ Triumphant," by Michael Angelo, in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva

me as I treat you. You give yourself so much trouble that I stand there like a presumptuous ox among all the servants."

Riccio, a Florentine merchant, who worked in the Strozzi bank in Rome, devoted and ready to help, and also something of a poet, was for several years a sort of secretary to Michael Angelo, without the old man, who all his life had clung to his independence, being fully aware of it. With him he exchanges poems, they criticise each other's work, and decide on a collection of his poems, many copies of which were already passing from hand to hand. The idols of these sonnets and madrigals are mainly youths who were in the circle, particularly Cavalieri. His verses show how pagan, how platonic his spirit in this regard revealed itself to be, while at the same time in "The Day of Judgment" he represented one of the main legends of Christianity.

But a part of his poems, which increased in number as the years advanced and the strength of his creative hand diminished, are from now on dedicated to a woman. For at 63 years of age Michael Angelo for the first time in his life met a woman who meant to him more than a servant. Never in all his travels, in Venice, in Ferrara, Bologna or Carrara, at court or in inns, or anywhere at all, had he ever met a woman whose name is mentioned in any of his many letters, or whose face appears in any of his drawings. A life that had begun among men, without mother or sister, that had blossomed in Lorenzo's almost womanless circle, that in Florence and Rome sought and saw men only, opened so late a closed doorway in his heart, and throws a deep regard on one of the strange sex. Yes, he gives to her his highest title: he calls her his friend.

Angelo

The
Colossus
of ART
(PART III)

Concluding
the life story of one of
the greatest artists in
the history of the world,
by the eminent German
biographer of the Kaiser
Wilhelm II, Napoleon,
Goethe, and the Son
of Man (Jesus Christ)



"The Holy Family," by
Michael Angelo, in the
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

By
Emil
Ludwig

VITTORIA COLONNA was not beautiful. The oilpainting by which posterity knows her is false. The genuine plaquettes show an interesting, definitely masculine head, with a high forehead, a long pointed nose, a short upper lip, a protruding under lip, and a long pointed chin. "She devoted herself," writes one who had known her intimately for a long time, "to the development of her spiritual talents"; for as she did not possess great beauty, she acquired knowledge and literature in order to assure herself of the beauty that does not fade. Of high position in Naples, and born of a family that at times was more powerful than the Pope, engaged when she was four years old, and upon marriage at seventeen becoming Marchesa di Pescara, she remained childless and lived for years a widow. For her husband, politician, soldier, connoisseur of women, driven here and there by ambition and love of life, was pleased to leave her in the palace at Ischia to her thoughts of him, especially since she seemed to have decided to love only him. The womanly attraction which was missing in her features he appeared to seek elsewhere.

But when her husband died from a wound received in battle, the 36-year-old widow could not write sonnets enough to praise the departed. She made him and their marriage appear before the world as an example of all that was noble. At the same time she surrendered herself to the belief that in art and learning and heavenly love she would find a substitute for that earthly love which fate had denied her.

Had Michael Angelo not experienced something similar to this Vittoria? Highly talented and well educated, honoured as princess as well as poetess, received by the Pope in royal

manner, and even visited in her palace by the Emperor himself, when she came to Rome to live, at the age of fifty, she brought the aura of a brilliant vision, which could well be compared with his.



"The Entombment," by Michael Angelo;
in the National Gallery, London

When Michael Angelo was invited to visit her for the first time, what he found was firstly a lady of the great world, who out of innate tact must have diminished the assurance of her manner towards him, and if she did homage to the Master she wished at the same time to adorn herself with him.

Darkened by the figures of his mind, suspicious of the external world, disappointed in the wielders of power, amongst whom not one could eventually compete with him, the wonderful old man, who sought his meagre social relaxation among unknown people, returned now for the first time to the soil which he had trodden as a youth half a century before in the palace of the Medici. Here there appeared before the reserved hermit a new incentive, and because she was a woman and because she had never been young, had never been happy, because the absence of a deep life of love was visible in her features, nature, spirit and actions, he felt himself in some manner related to her. Therefore he held to her, in spite of the fact that she was a woman.

For this reason also the first three years in Rome which joined them in a rich relationship were happier for him than the last three decades; for even the period of ecstasy over Cavalieri was more exciting than was suited to his years. Now, however, when he was calmly completing the second half of "The Day of Judgment," the platonic relationship with this new friend revived him.

MEANWHILE both the artists were old enough and sufficiently children of their time to formalise the friendship of their later days into a heavenly love, which should for both of them remove to another plane the bitternesses of their youth. Religion, stronger in her than in him—for even in the days of Lorenzo and Poliziano

he had been half-Christian, half-pagan—united them already through the theme of his last work, and one of his first presents to her was a costly crucifix. She, however, religious indeed, but always a society lady, writes to him: "I beg you to send me the crucifix for a while, even if it is not ready. I wish to show it to the nobles of His Excellency the Cardinal of Mantua. And if you are not working to-day, you might at your convenience visit me and chat with me. Yours to command, the Marchesa di Pescara."

He sent it to her, in all probability an oil sketch, which has since been lost. She, however, appears to have lent it to young Cavalieri, who belonged to the same circle, an action which no artist can put up with when it is a question of an unfinished work. He was annoyed: "As I am in Rome, it does not seem necessary for you to have given Tomasso the crucifix, and made him an intermediary between Your Excellency and myself, your servant, so that I should serve you, since it is you I am driven to serve more than any other person I have ever met. But the great work which I was doing, and which I am still working at, has not brought this so clearly to the mind of your Magnificence. As I know that you know the saying: 'Love needs not the master,' and also the saying: 'The lover sleeps not,' a third person was still less needed. And when it appeared that I had forgotten my acquiescence, I did it only in order to follow it up with a surprising gift. This intention of mine has now been frustrated. 'Evil doth he who so soon forgets such faithfulness.' The servant of your Magnificence, Michaelangelo Buonarroti, in Rome."

SO sensitive are these nerves, so unused to confidential treatment, so deeply rooted in the unfathomable sea of his mind lived this starfish, and withdrew into himself at a touch. The moment when he took back the little masterpiece from Tomasso's beautiful hands was for Michael Angelo a moment of terrible bitterness, such as on the next day he will set glowing in the eyes of one of the damned on the great wall of the Sistine Chapel.

For the moment she accepts the reproach, and, apparently soon in possession of the picture, she changes the tone with great adroitness, and later writes: "Your creations forcibly demand the opinion of the spectator, and in order to investigate it with more experience I said of it that what is perfect as regards form can be increased in perfection by the inner light, for I recognised: *omnia possibilis sunt credenti*. I had an unshakable belief in God, and He has given you a supernatural grace for the creation of this Christ. Then I saw Him so wonderful before my eyes that in every way He surpassed my expectations. Then again encouraged by the marvels wrought by your hand, I coveted that which now I see fulfilled in a wonderful manner . . . I am pleased that the angel on the right is so much more beautiful . . . for St. Michael will place you, Michael Angelo, on the right of the Lord on the Day of Judgment. Meanwhile, I know no better way of serving you than by supplicating the sweet and perfect Christ erected by you, and by holding myself as your property in everything and for everything. Under your command, the Marchesa di Pescara."

HERE in the twilight of that Christian and Platonic friendship is a love-letter, and it is certain that there must have been similar ones from him. What has been preserved are his verses to Vittoria, though it is not known precisely when they were written, in which he quarrels with deep thoughts and places his question on the altar of wisdom, which his homage as a poet lends to her.

AT the time of the completion of "The Last Judgment," the Inquisition as a weapon against the spirit of Luther had become so powerful that every literary circle was in danger. As, in addition, the Farnese, who were in power, had decided on the downfall of the Colonna, and had taken away their castles, it was a genuine flight when Vittoria withdrew herself for three years to a convent at Viterbo, without, however, taking the veil. Even twenty years after her death a Florentine was burnt at the stake whose offences included having been friendly with Vittoria Colonna. With the departure from Rome three years after her arrival, Michael Angelo lost a living spur, and even though he visited her in the nunnery, wrote her wonderful verses, and sent her drawings, it was no longer the same.

On all sides matters seemed to be assailing the Master: the short time which he had spent more pleasantly than before in work, society, and home, was very soon over.

AGAIN there appeared to him the shadow of Julius II. After the completion of "The Last Judgment" the heirs made their claim anew, and this time with right, for, according to the final contract, the Master was bound to begin work on the tomb immediately—this picture was finished. Also he had chiselled the two female statues of Leah and Rachel, the active and the meditative life. Again the Pope intervened in his favour, but the heirs were unwilling to sign a contract any more, brought the whole affair into the open, and everyone was at liberty to call Michael Angelo a swindler who had taken money for a statue in marble and had not delivered it. Then his anger rose terrifically, and he confused together everything that he had done and he had received. "I have saved 1,400 ducats by my own efforts," he writes to his friend the banker Riccio, "they would have served me for seven years' work . . . only in order to live in peace and to serve the Pope from the fullness of my heart. Now I stand here poor and more oppressed than ever . . . Now that the money is deposited the ratification does not arrive, so that one can see without letter and seal what is meant thereby. For the loyalty of 36 years and for the fact that I have given of myself so freely I deserve nothing else. Painting and sculpture, work and loyalty, have ruined me . . . Had I as a boy learned to make matches, I should be more at peace to-day . . . I will live no longer under this oppression, to be daily called a swindler by people who have robbed me of life and honour. Only death or the Pope can save me now!"

"I have lost my whole youth," so he says in a letter twelve pages long written to a representative of the Pope, "because I was tied to this tomb. I know many who lie in bed with 2,000 to 3,000 ducats, and I try my hardest to become a poor man . . . I can refuse nothing to the

Pope, but I shall paint in a bad humour, I create bad things . . . Not before God, but before men do I hold myself to be a decent man, for I have never swindled anyone; in order to protect myself against the evil, I must sometimes, as you see, appear a fool . . . I am no thieving usurer, I am a Florentine noble, son of an honourable man . . . and he who has taken my youth, my honour and my wealth, he calls me thief!"

These words burst forth from the old man's lips. They might not have convinced a lawyer, but this protest must have won over any moral judge: for it is the eternal battle of genius against gold, which for a thousand years has lost the battle before God although it has won it in the sight of men. This time the Vicar of Christ again intervened, and settled the dispute, and the 70-year-old Michael Angelo buried in the little church under the protection of three statues the mighty Pope to whom forty years previously he had promised a mighty tomb with forty figures.

WHEN Fate had made trial of the Master with the plots of men, it tried to break him in another way: within three years it robbed him of three people with whom his life was closely bound up.

A fifteen-year-old boy, a nephew of Riccio, had awakened the delight of the Master. He had written madrigals to him, and sent them to him by his uncle, for he wrote: "Transmit this, if you please, to the fire, namely, to that which consumes me."

Suddenly the boy dies, and "all Rome weeps" is said in a letter. The old Master designs a tomb for him, and begins to compose epitaphs. Soon other friends begin composing also, and one urges on the other until it becomes a social and almost a burlesque game. Michael Angelo alone writes 48 epitaphs.

Soon he himself became seriously ill, and Riccio took him in to his own dwelling; which was in the Strozzi bank. When they heard of this, the heirs of the Master trembled in Florence, because he had, so to speak, gone over to the enemies of the Medici. But he recovered, and hoped later "to live many a year, for heaven has given my health into the hands of Master Baccio and the wine of Ulivieri."

But his distrust had grown again, and he writes in anger to the faithful friend who had looked after him in his illness.

HAVING become rich and having no children, he believed himself to be surrounded by the greed of gain, and while he himself needed little and had helped his people all his life, his pride could not bear to think that an heir was waiting for his death. "I was ill," he wrote to his nephew Leonardo, ". . . and you came in order to bring me death and to see what I would leave behind, for you are not satisfied with what I have in Florence."

Looking towards Florence he sees in this year her freedom completely lost. Excellent men had been beheaded, poisoned and strangled by Cosimo, and now he seemed to be unassailable—a new tyrant.

At that time also he heard the reverberations of a calumny that echoed through half Italy. Aretino, who through the fear inspired by his writings managed

to obtain presents from the mighty, had years before written extravagantly to the Master and made suggestions for the painting of the Last Judgment, of which Michael Angelo made no use. And later, when Aretino asked him for a drawing, he let him wait four years for it, and finally sent him one which did not please him.

At this the pamphleteer directed his wrath against him, and took advantage of the feeling aroused against him by the heirs of Julius. He wrote to him that he must be a Lutheran, as he had painted unseemly figures, which "should be in a luxurious bathroom and not in the choir of a great chapel." He threw up at him the pile of gold which Pope Julius had left to him: "You have not delivered what you should have done, and that is called stealing." This letter was circulated throughout Italy.

While this unpleasantness was proceeding, a second death occurred in

Below: Madonna and Child, by Michael Angelo, (Medici Chapel, Florence.)



Pieta, by Michael Angelo. (Basilica of St. Peter's.)

his circle; Riccio, who was both friend and adviser. Vittoria was sick unto death, and soon afterwards, three months later than Riccio, she died. The Master was almost alone. "I have lost a great friend," he wrote later, and with these words he ennobled her again in death. To a scholar who was in his confidence, and who also wrote his life, he confided: "Nothing hurts me more than that on her death-bed I kissed only her hand and not her lips."

Such was Michael Angelo's fate; in his unheard-of demand for beauty, spirit, and worth, living always among the giants, genii, and semi-gods that filled his dreams, he was shy or disappointed when faced by his fellow-men, and withdrew himself into a self-imposed loneliness. None of his comrades, his powerful friends or his brothers remained close to him for long; only death raised them to that which God might have made of them. Only in the long poems of his yearning, only in the figures of his art did he celebrate perfection.

THE colossal building of St. Peter had slowly grown; a fragment that seemed to be in danger of remaining only a torso. San Gallo, who for thirty years had been the leading architect of Rome, had died shortly before Vittoria Colonna. Long ago he had become Michael Angelo's enemy, and twice in later years he had crossed his path. When his plans for the Palazzo Farnese, which the Pope was building for his family, ceased to please the Pope when they got as far as the second story, and he called in Michael Angelo, the latter expressed a damning criticism; and when, on the other hand, the Pope had invited the Master to produce a plan for the fortifications of the Borgo,

[Continued on page 178]



Blonde—

IT is often said that gentlemen prefer them — and certainly Miss Winnie Gough, recently seen in "Sunny," "Hit the Deck," and "The Yellow Mask," is a very fair champion of their cause.

Photograph by Capstick





—and
Brunette

ON the other hand, Miss Dorothy Fox, who has appeared in "Blue Eyes" and the "Five o'Clock Girl," is so charming an opponent that we are forced to exclaim "How happy could we be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!"

Photograph by Capstick



This divan, in the living - room, is covered with grey velvet and has end-pieces of scarlet morocco leather, which can be removed to transform it into an emergency bed. The panels of the doors on either side are of mirror.

Other People's Houses—

Mrs. David Joel's Flat in Knightsbridge

Photographed for this issue of "Britannia & Eve" by Humphrey and Vera Joel.

Mrs. Joel's bedroom has panelled walls of cedar plywood and an interesting bed, whose ends, made of unpolished West African mahogany, resemble rising suns. The bedspread is of silver tissue, and the freize and ceiling are painted with silver leaf.



OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

Pictured by

Humphrey and Vera Joel

Described by

Peggy Fremantle

Two London Flats

65, Mount Street (John Hopwood, Esq.)

25, Knightsbridge (Mrs. David Joel)

IN the flats of to-day can be found interiors more decorative than those in many of the larger houses, and members of the younger generation of flat-dwellers often expend more thought and display more taste in their few rooms than their parents did in their great houses.

As an interesting contrast I have chosen two flats to describe, situated about a quarter of a mile from each other, but poles apart in their decorative conception and in the angle from which their owners looked upon the problem of decorating

advantage of being well-decorated in the Victorian manner. They had been neglected from their youth up. The doors were quite impossible, and so their new owner has transformed them all in a variety of ingenious ways. The cornices also were too ugly to remain, and they were taken down and the ceilings coved. In her bedroom, Mrs. Joel has panelled the walls with plywood of a



An Italian panelled screen stands beside this fine oak door, flanked on either side with copies of Italian tapestries. An ancient lantern on a carved pedestal has been converted into an electric lamp



The gilded wrought-iron grill in the ceiling covers a skylight which can be artificially lit up at night. The Italian cabinet seen in this picture contains a wireless set and gramophone

and furnishing them. Mrs. Joel's flat is modern to the curtain poles and really instinct with the spirit of to-day, while Mr. Hopwood's is traditional, beautiful, and clever in an entirely different way.

Mrs. Joel was faced with the problem of modernising and beautifying three rooms of dreary Victorian ugliness. Being the top floor rooms of the house they had not even the possibly doubtful

delightful cedar colour, an inexpensive and very effective form of decoration. The ceiling and frieze are silver. The curtains and chair coverings are made of a modern French stuff with a woven pattern of silver and rust colour. A length of this stuff is stretched over a piece of plywood attached to the door, thus covering entirely its badly proportioned panels. The furniture of this

room is interesting: it is all made of unpolished British West African mahogany, a light-coloured, beautifully figured wood. The most prominent piece is the bed which has semi-circular ends, the foot being decorated with a half-risen sun, the head with a fully risen sun. On it is a bedspread of cloth of silver. The wardrobe was specially designed as a space-saving piece of furniture and was made in four sections, so that the removal men could negotiate the difficult stairs. It contains two separate hanging cupboards, one for day clothes and the other for evening frocks, with a section of drawers in the middle. The dressing table is remarkable for its strongly designed bevelled triple mirror, which has an electric light attached over the centre glass, and for the fact that though there are three drawers in the front of the table no handles appear. All this furniture is designed in the modern manner, with no mouldings and rounded corners, decorative effect being obtained by good proportion and massing and the clever use of the beautiful grain of the wood. The door leading from Mrs. Joel's bedroom to the sitting room is completely covered by a plate glass



This workmanlike corner of Mr. Hopwood's library is made beautiful by a fine Queen Anne writing-table

mirror, as are also the returns to the doorway. A recess lined with mirrors is the result, and a light has been added inside it over the door.

IN the sitting room the walls have been treated with a cement paint which gives a pleasant rough surface of a whitish stone colour.

This room is full of clever ideas that are worthy of attention from anyone who contemplates a small establishment. The flap table which covers one of the radiators is made of specially selected and reinforced plywood to withstand warping, and its scarlet paint is cellulose, also, of course, heat-resisting. The small tables all have glass tops, so that anything can be placed on them without fear of marks or stains. In one wall there are two doors faced with mirrors, divided into small panes like windows. Between these is a large divan, upholstered in battleship grey velvet. It has square sprung end-cushions covered with red leather which are detachable, and when they have been removed, a very comfortable emergency bed can quickly be made up on the divan. The little writing table, in this room, is an exquisite piece of

figured walnut and has a concealed light arranged to shine on the blotting pad. There are some charming modern French rugs of the point noué type, a particularly pretty one in front of the divan being christened "Quelques Fleurs."

THE smaller bedroom at 25, Knightsbridge is furnished with pieces made of the beautiful Queensland silky oak which was brought to the notice of modern cabinet makers by the Duchess of York. Its fresh honey colour is most suitable in modern decoration and its beautiful grain shows to advantage in this plain type of furniture. The flat-surfaced door is also panelled with it. The other door is painted with fifteen impressionistic drawings by a young artist, Robert Medley. The panels represent fifteen pleasant or desirable things, chosen rather at random by the user of the room. If his morning mind baulks at the thought suggested by one of the lower panels (lobster salad) he can switch his eyes hastily to the top right-hand

corner, where Charlie Chaplin will send him smiling to his bath! The window sill is used as dressing table in this little room, an excellent idea for a man, though it would hardly provide space enough for the majority of women.

IN Mr. Hopwood's flat at 65, Mount Street beautiful things of many countries and various centuries have been collected together and, combined with clever modern ideas of lighting and arrangement, have been made into a very harmonious whole. He has gathered together in his dining room, for instance, fifteenth-century Italian Dante chairs, an English Jacobean oak table, modern Russian portraits and Italian Renaissance curtains, while the room is panelled with William and Mary pine. They all go excellently together, being brought to a certain unity by their similarity of colour. The woodwork of panelling and furniture is not dissimilar in its light "pickled" colour, and the seats and backs of the chairs, which are of antique crimson velvet with gold thread embroidery and fringes, are in excellent accord with the darker red of the curtains, which have appliqué embroidery in buff and gold.

In the three Paul Mak portraits there is also, if anything, a predominance of red. This artist was Court painter at St. Petersburg before the revolution and a member of the Czar's bodyguard. Mak was afterwards Court painter to the Shah of Persia at Teheran for seven years, and then came to England.

IN the small library in Mr. Hopwood's flat a striking effect has been achieved by the books, which extend all round the room to the ceiling, being lighted from concealed floods in the cornice.

The lighting in the drawing room has been very cleverly handled. The room was originally lighted by two rather small windows and a skylight. The windows have been given importance by being hung with antique brocade curtains, red and gold, in a gloriously strong Italian Renaissance design. The skylight has been concealed by a gilded wrought iron grill with a sheet of frosted glass above it. This glass admits daylight, or can be flooded with amber light at night. The room has walls of blue-green shiny paint, hung at one end with tapestries. The furniture consists mainly of Italian Renaissance and Gothic pieces.

MR. HOPWOOD has made his flat a thing of real interest, combining as he does all the modern generation's cleverness and originality with a real flair for beauty in decoration.



The Jacobean table is of natural light oak, the chairs are fifteenth-century Italian. Over the fine William and Mary mantelpiece, of pinewood, hangs a portrait by Paul Mak, ex-Court painter at St. Petersburg

Announcing the **RESULT** of

BRITANNIA & EVE'S

£1,000 **FILM** Competition



What Competitors had to do

Our readers were asked to cast the principal characters in three talking-film scenarios written by Mr. L'Estrange Fawcett. The scenarios were published in the June, July and August numbers of BRITANNIA & EVE.

Sealed lists representing the author's ideal cast for each scenario were held by the Editor. These lists were the key to the award of prizes. Competitors were allowed three entries. The prizes were as follows:

1st prize, £750 3rd prize £50
2nd prize, £100 and 20 prizes of £5 each.

The Three Scenarios

No. 1. "FULL CIRCLE," or "The Passionate Crime."
Frank melodrama in an English setting suggested by a part of the Russian monk's story in "The Brothers Karamazoff."
Cast: All-American.

No. 2. "FLESH AND BLOOD,"
A tragi-comedy of Cockney London.
Cast: All-British.

No. 3. "DRIVER'S LICENSE."
A light comedy, with an Anglo-American flavour, featuring a big road race on the Riviera.
Cast: Cosmopolitan.

Judging the Entries

SO wide was the field of choice before the competitors that the Editor found himself faced with a bewildering variety of opinion. In cases where entries differed from the sealed lists it was not easy to distinguish between the merits of the alternatives offered. Consequently there was little to choose between a large number of entries. Scenario No. 3, which

called for a Cosmopolitan Cast—British, American, French, German, etc.—provided the biggest problem of all in permutations and combinations. Confronted with such fine shades of merit and opinion, the Editor found it impossible to adhere to the original formula of prize distribution. The result is a compromise in the cause of fairness.

THE PRIZE LIST

1st Prize of £750
divided into 3 prizes of £250 each between:
Miss DUNN, Cedar Court, Torquay, S. Devon.
Mr. CYRIL D. BOOKER, 1, Craven Avenue, Ealing, W.5.
Miss SYBIL PRATT, High Street, West Wickham, Kent.

2nd Prize of £100
equally divided by:
Miss KATHLEEN ALLEN, 66, Florence Road, Stroud Green, N.4.
Mr. S. J. CHRISTIE, 9, Glebe Crescent, Stirling, Scotland.

3rd Prize of £50
equally divided by:
Mr. F. H. WILKIN, 97, Appach Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.2.
Miss CLAIRE HUNTON, Bracknell Cottage, Bracknell, Berks.

And Twenty Prizes of £5 each

Mr. Stanley Penn, 34, Granville Gardens, W.12.
Miss Dorothy Fish, Fulbeck, Whitton Road, Twickenham.
Miss Ethel L. Parker, 182, Bloxwich Road, Walsall, Staffs.
Mrs. Lillie B. Mills, 1, Ashley Gardens, Fortwilliam, Belfast, N.I.
Mr. E. J. Flood, 120, High St., Dover, Kent.
Miss Eileen F. Lovick, 26, Monks Rd., Winchester.
Mr. Billy Watts, 11, St. Alban's Road, Kingston, Surrey.

Mr. James Watkinson, Jnr., 2, Paget Road, Plumstead, S.E.18.
Mr. J. Brownbridge, 14, Eccleston Rd., Blackpool S.
Captain Ralph Vernon, 14, Beaconsfield Road, Brighton, Sussex.
Mr. B. L. M. Turner, 23, Windsor St., Uxbridge, Mdx.
Miss A. Brook-Jackson, 4, Tooting Bec Gardens, Streatham, S.W.16.
Mr. John W. Heaton, 18, Argie Tree, Burley, Leeds.
Miss Alice S. M. Green, The Elms, Elm Grove, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

Miss Constance K. Ridley, 27, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth, Northumberland.
Mrs. Eugenia Sandford, c/o Banco-Anglo-Sud-Americano, Vigo, Spain.
Miss K. D. Horton, 27, Blenheim Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
Miss Kate Skinner, 34, First Avenue, Kids Grove, Stoke-on-Trent.
Miss C. M. S. Robinson, Erdington House, Willows Estate, Prestatyn, Flintshire.
Miss B. Lewis, Waldrist, Arle, Cheltenham.

How three of the Competitors Cast the Scenarios

For the amusement of our readers who took an interest in the Competition, whether they entered or not, we publish three prize-winning casts selected from those submitted by the three competitors who divide the first prize:



"FULL CIRCLE" or "The Passionate Crime"

As cast by Miss Dunn
(All-American)

Vivienne (Lady Stratford) Norma Shearer
Raphael Mobray Richard Barthelmess
"Drunk" Higgs - George Bancroft
Lady Lettice Spencer - Esther Ralston
George Marx - - - - Paul Page
Coroner - - - - Duke Matin
Foreman of Jury J. Farrell Macdonald
Mrs. Higgs - - - - Louise Dresser
Sylvia Vincent - - - - Norma Shearer
Guy Mobray - - - - Laurance Gray
Maid - - - - Colette Merton

"FLESH AND BLOOD"

As cast by Mr. Cyril D. Booker
(All-British)

Albert, a butcher - - - Alf Goddard
Elsie (his wife) - - - Madeleine Carroll
Mother (Albert's mother) - - Marie Ault
Harry (a music-hall violinist) - - Robert Irvine
The Eltonie (a chorus girl) Chili Bouchier
Theatre Manager - - Frank Stanmore
Prompter - - - - Moore Marriot
Doctor - - - - Stewart Rome

"DRIVER'S LICENSE"

As cast by Miss Sybil Pratt
(Cosmopolitan)

Lord Egerton Scroop - - - Richard Dix
Henry Hart - - - - Frank Stanmore
Motor Salesman - - - - Jean Bradin
Hiram F. Gussenheimer - - - Shalee Gardner
Count Borosta - - - - William Powell
Gus Gussenheimer - - - Mickey Daniels
Anne Wood - - - - Eve Gray
Marquis de Sraignac - - - Jules Rancourt
Marquise de Sraignac - - - Louise Dresser
Mamie Gussenheimer - - - Mary Brough
Lt. Maitland - - - - John Stuart

This Red-Haired

GOUTHIA was the name of this red-haired girl. She was the daughter of Mustaffa Timoor, chief of the Abdalli tribe of northern Afghans, and—though this was before black fate happened to her and filed tongues were busy with scandal—it was said of her that when she entered a house blithe joy entered alongside of her two feet, and when she left dullness returned.

Later on there was different telling in the hills. Later on the grey-beards mumbled that ill-luck followed her like a shadow, the youths sneered as she passed, while the women shrugged their shoulders and whispered that—by Allah!—her first man had been bad and her second worse . . . and did it not show the curious, twisted ways of the broad world that the worse man should have given her the greater happiness?

But then, as to this second man being worse, we must take into account the strong prejudice there was against him for no sounder reason—reason enough in the hills—that he was one of the storm-men, as they were called in the Afghan tongue.

These storm-men were the descendants of Tartar raiders who, many generations earlier, had swept out of the Siberian steppe with the rattle of the sword and the scream and bray of the war trumpet; had torn into the peaceful valleys like a red whirlwind of destruction, looting, burning, killing, the wheeling, carrion-fed vultures paralleling their progress on eager wings. They had settled in the country. Fighting amongst themselves, their numbers had decreased. So had their power as, year after year, the age of steel had given way to the age of barter and coined silver.

To-day they were no longer like their forefathers, robbers bloody and unashamed. But they were still despisers of law and order; preferring the moors and forests to tight, warm, cosy houses; mocking at chief and king and the decent toil of the fields and cattle-pens; mocking even—may the Lord Allah forgive them!—at the green-turbaned priests' exhortations about punishment in the hereafter for the wicked, and shining reward for the righteous.

One of these storm-men was called Attila Hamdi. He was good-looking enough to go on with, as Habeebah, his mother, said of him; tall and broad; with chilly, grey eyes that quested like an eagle's, mouth wide and crimson, and ever a laugh lurking at the corners, teeth drift-white, and strong, hairy hands that had a trick of reaching out for whatever he fancied of another man's possessions.

SUCH a day it was! Such a day as you can find only in the Afghan hills!

A blowing, brawling, blustering day of late autumn, with a great, rowdy wind booming out of the north and whirling the thousand oak leaves thick and golden and keeping the world awake and excited; and already a keen tang of frost in the air; and, in the deep forests, the birds and beasts telling each other that winter will soon be here; and, down in the pools, the fat, ruddy trout lying snug and comfortable on the gravel.

Attila Hamdi had been roaming since early morning. Now he was squatting

"Were she the most painted bazaar women, would still cherish the feet" . . . That was the Hamdi, storm-man, and eagle, for the daughter



on his heels, a blazing log fire warming his back, and on a stick above a small fire a chicken roasting—and we may as well add that he had found this same chicken farther down the valley as he had crossed the village of the Abdalli tribe.

And suddenly, unreasonably, a saddening, curious imagining came to him.

"Here am I," he told himself, "and here are these lichened stones, these grand, spreading trees. Ah—is it not hard that men should have

Girl

*shameless of all the ogling,
I would still love her,
stepping of her narrow
amazing love of Attila
vagabond, cousin to wolf
of the Abdalli Chief*



*"I love you, O
moon of the world!"*

SPURRIER

to age and pass on—and the forests and the hills be eternal and constant . . . ? "

He sat there, brooding.

"Belike," he went on in his thoughts, "it is the old mother who is right . . . "

FOR, last night, Habeebah had brought the news that Umyreyna, the wife of Yussef Yar, had given birth to twins, and had added :

"Bitter my heart when, all about me, I see the storm-men with the pride of fine, strong children . . . and never a grandchild at my own hearth ! "

"What do you want me to do ? "

"Marry ! What else ? "

"How can I ? "

"Why not ? "

"I love no one."

"Who spoke of love ? Love is a barren dream that dies in the waking."

"Did you say so, little mother, when my father came to you with the flaming torches of passion ? "

Habeebah had smiled a little, blushed a little, sighed a little.

Then she had returned to the attack.

"There is Fathouma—a girl as sweet as clover honey . . . "

"And as stupid as a bleating sheep ! "

"There is also Zobeid . . . "

"There are also this same Zobeid's eyes. One looks east, the other west."

"Socrya is both pretty and clever . . . "

"Too clever for a man's comfort ! Her mouth is a running tap."

Habeebah had grown exasperated.

"Is there anybody at all good enough for you in the hills and plains ? " she had demanded ironically. "Wah—whom do you expect to wed ? The Empress of Yellow China ? "

"If I love her—her lips to mine ! If I do not love her—let her look elsewhere ! Little mother"—he had continued seriously—"how can there be mating without love ? "

"Better meat without salt than no meat at all. Suppose love should never come to you ? "

"Then I shall never marry."

"Wrong ! " she had exclaimed. "You must marry ! "

"Why ? "

"It is the way of nature—the way of fate."

"Perhaps not my fate."

"Everybody's fate ! Children you must have—and then grandchildren . . . and the grandchildren will say presently : 'Have we not reached the splendid, green age ? Behold our own great-grandchildren playing about our knees ! ' "

He had laughed.

"You are looking far ahead, mother."

"No farther than mere eternity. For it is the breeding and bearing of children which makes man and woman eternal, constant. A life must aye bring forth a life . . . it is so written ! "

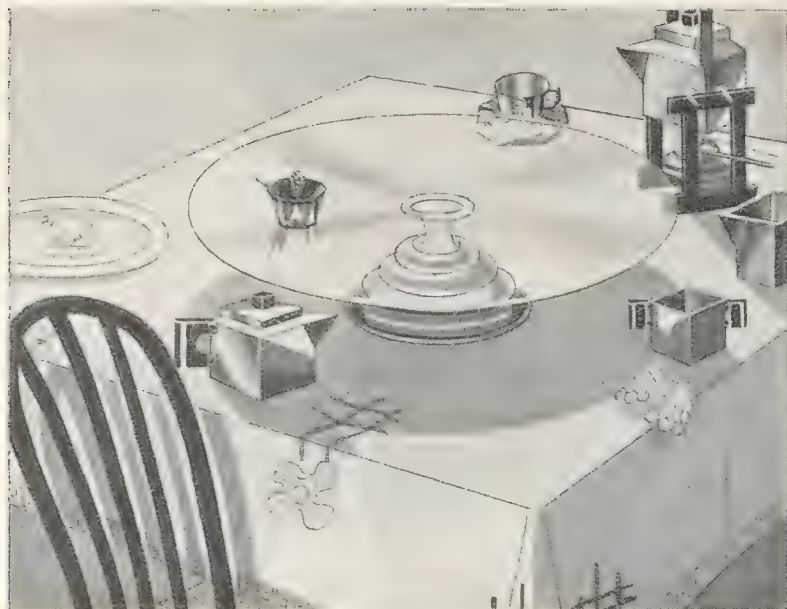
HE remembered the words :

"Eternal—constant . . . a life must aye bring forth a life . . . "

By Achmed
Abdullah

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A WELL arranged breakfast or dinner table adds an æsthetic treat to the prosaic function of eating. Modern decoration has done much for the luxury of the table, and we have evolved a great deal since the Victorian days, when stiff

This unusual tea-service of silver and wood comes from Linton: so does the revolving glass tray. The china is from Jean Luce, and the organdie tablecloth is from the Grande Maison de Blanc

damask linen was spread on a square table, in the centre of which was a three-storey pyramid of crystal and baroque silver, filled with

Parma violets and carnations.

TO begin with, the shape of the table has changed. The square model has been replaced by the round or oval-shaped dinner table, or by the "refectory" table.

Large tablecloths are used for formal dinner parties, but for informal occasions the coloured, striped or patterned linen square is popular.

The modern breakfast table is spread with a tablecloth of fine linen in pink, green, yellow or any other pastel shade inserted with motifs of a contrasting colour, or with the picturesque "peasant" linens of the Basque country and Normandy. Coloured linen is also to be found on the lunch table, but the movable tea table is often spread with diaphanous organdie, embroidered either in flower wreaths or in all-white.

On a linen cloth inset with lace from the Grande Maison de Blanc is laid a dinner service of black china from Jean Luce, from whom also comes the silver-edged glass table-centre. The mauve Venetian glasses come from Capellini et Cie.

Modern Breakfast and Dinner Settings

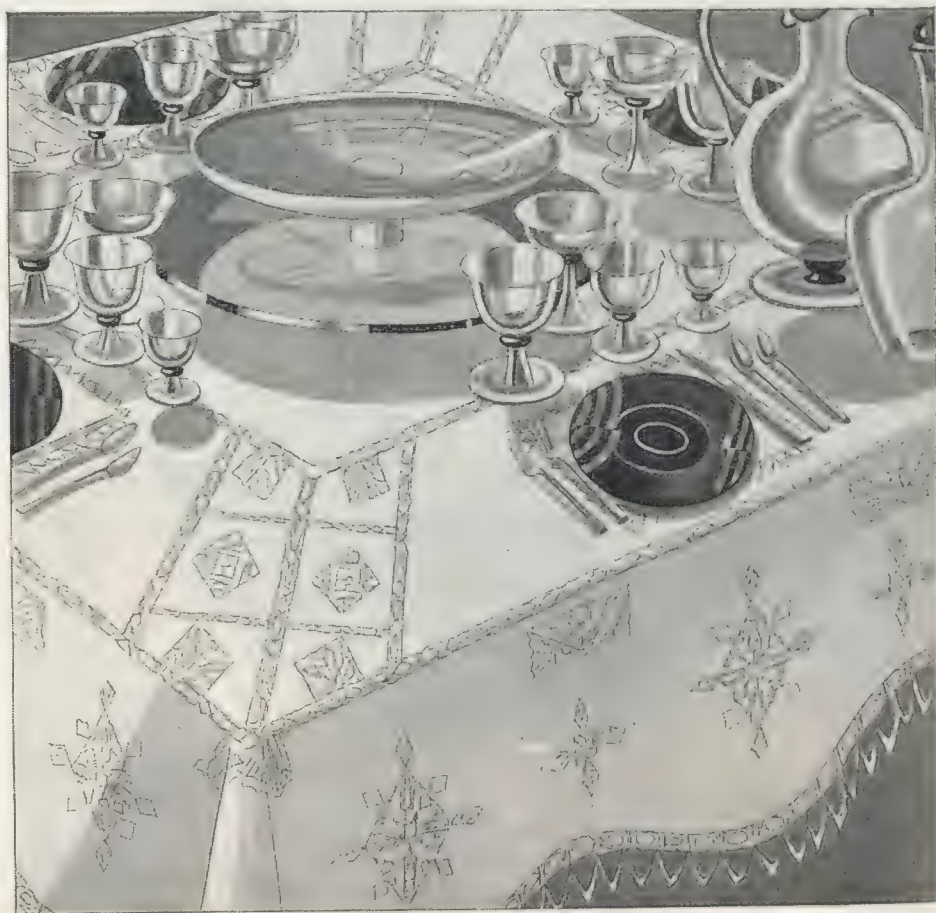
The new tea services are very original in design. Teapots, kettles and milk jugs of silver plate are often square and massive, without any decoration except solid wooden handles. One attractive service of greyish faience was patterned with flowers, another was decorated with geometrical shapes, and another with animals. For owners of country houses, a modern French china shop has made faience services decorated with a picturesque view of the house, resembling a pen-and-ink sketch enlivened with a touch of colour here and there. Cups and saucers are often hexagonal and even cube-shaped, but the round cup of transparent cream china with a monogram in colour or black is very chic, and nearly all services bear ornamental initials.

DELICATELY tinted Venetian glass is often used for dinner parties and with this the centre piece should be a flat Venetian bowl filled with floating stemless flowers.

A crystal rotating tray on a metal base is very useful, and brings the necessary condiments within easy reach without any effort.

Let your tables be gladdened by a festive setting; well-chosen linen and china, flowers and crystal can create a welcoming atmosphere that your guests will appreciate, and a definite colour scheme which includes the service and the flowers and fruit can add considerably to the pleasures of the table.

By
Mary
Pandos



Gowns to Wear Beneath Our Winter Coats



88

88.—Black Celanese satin, patterned in yellow, makes this attractive afternoon dress. The pleated skirt dips at the back; the gatherings around the hips are important, and the little jacket is removable. The satin is procurable in many colours.



89.—A simple dress of Celanese washing silk, similar in design and appearance to a heavy shirting, has a deep hip-yoke from which hangs a circular skirt. The shoulder yoke could be carried out in a contrasting material.



90

90.—Printed Celanese satin makes this afternoon dress, which embodies several new features. The long sleeves are wrinkled, the shoulder and hip yokes are gathered into long jewelled pins, and the box-pleats are stitched down almost to the knee.

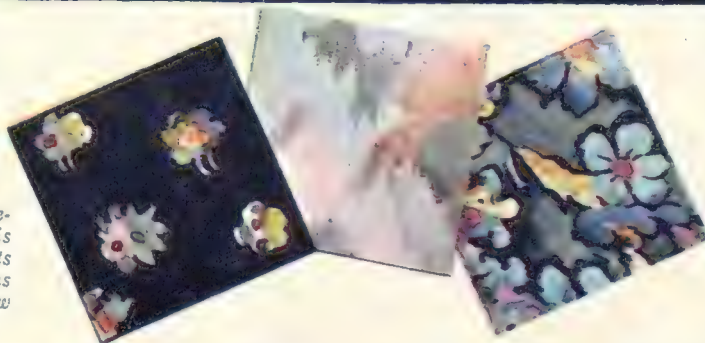
The Celanese materials of which these gowns are made can be procured in a wide range of colours.

Both for Day and Evening Wear



91.—Printed moiré is one of the successes of the season, so this gown is carried out in black moiré with brightly-coloured flowers. Trailing side-panels are cut on the cross.

92.—Chiné taffeta has returned to favour, and this evening gown demonstrates its use, the deep cross-over sections being finished by a huge bow with long trailing ends.



The materials on this page may be obtained from Woolland Bros.

93.—A becoming gown for the older woman is made of cut velvet in many colours on a black ninon ground. The décolletage at the back is surrounded by a cape-like flounce finished by a bow and ends.

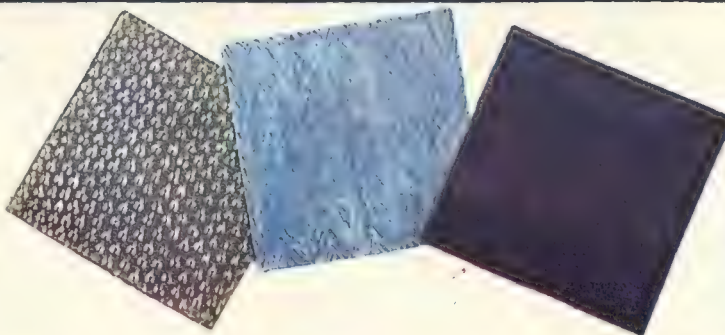
PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN FOUR SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 146.

Skirts Favour a Circular Cut



The materials on this page may be obtained from Selfridge's Ltd.

94.—A skirt of flecked Shetland tweed allows for freedom of movement by a one-sided flare, while its hip-yoke guarantees a perfect fit. The little jacket is of jersey, and has a roll collar and slit pockets.



96.—This coat is of wine-colour face-cloth with a zibiline finish. The front "panels" are formed by lines of stitching, and two slightly circular and longer panels are let in at the back.

95.—A tweed velours, with a herring-bone effect, is used for this wrap-coat, which is finished by plain blue cloth facings, and is worn with a short scarf of novelty jersey.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE MODELS, IN FOUR SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 146.

Here are Designs for All Ages and Sizes



97 .—Little Red Riding-Hood has changed her mind and wears a blue cape of velours cloth, which buttons on the chest. The hood is gathered with an elastic. (For ages 3, 5, and 7.)

98 .—A simple little dress, which could be equally well-carried-out in velvet, satin, or a washing material, has a circular skirt and a yoke finished by a bow. (For ages 5, 7, and 9.)

99 .—This frock of organdie would look pretty in almost any colour. Tiny picot-edged frills finish the neck, the puff sleeves, and the scalloped hem. (For ages 2, 4, and 6.)

100 .—A small boy's party-suit is carried out in heavy ribbed silk for the shorts, and in matching jap silk for the shirt, which is piped to match the shorts. (For ages 2 and 4.)

101 .—A stockinette dress consists of a jumper with a side opening and a pleated skirt. The jumper is bound with a contrasting colour piped with a third shade. (For ages 6 and 8.)



Bedrooms of Today and Tomorrow

The bedroom "perfect" can be attained by providing ample accommodation for the owner's possessions and an æsthetic simplicity in its furnishings

By Elizabeth Ashley

A BEDROOM which is easy to dress in and peaceful to rest in has more to do with the mental and physical well-being of its owner than everybody realises.

In a modern Utopia which was based on the amenities of construction and decoration which have been discovered already, as far as its dwellings were concerned, we may be sure that every bedroom would have its bath dressing room attached, a sliding roof and windows, or a porch, so that one could sleep out of doors whenever one wanted to, and nothing that could distract the mind from the refreshing sleep which is the fundamental purpose of all bedrooms.

But small houses and flats with fewer rooms than are really needed force a great many people to use their bedrooms for other purposes besides sleeping.

Many of us look upon them as a combination of workroom, reading and writing room, dressing room and sleeping room; and are also anxious that they should invariably please the eye and demand the minimum of daily care.

FOR people who own their own houses and intend to go on living in the same one, the answer is nearly always found in fitted furniture.

It may have a distinctly modern flavour if the furniture faces are included in the decorative scheme of the room, and designed in planes of different colours and fabrics. Many modern fabrics lend themselves remarkably well to interesting treatments of this order, as the door transformed by a panel of material in the accompanying photograph proves; and a great deal can be done with different shades of paint used in more or less geometrical sections.

Simple and far less expensive results can be obtained with the help of a local carpenter, three-ply and paint.

In a room with good window space, for instance, it is very easy to arrange an excellent fitted dressing table at a moderate cost. If there are two windows with a narrow space between, the space can be filled with a long mirror; and



An unusual dressing table, in Mrs. Joel's house in Knightsbridge, utilises the window-sill to good effect. The curtain beneath hides shelves for boots



An attractive dressing table in the house of Mr. Hopwood, in Mount St., is composed of two narrow chests of drawers united by a broad shelf

cupboards, painted to match the walls, can be built beneath each window.

People whose temperaments or occupations lead them into nomadic ways of living would find built-in furniture an unsatisfactory investment, and need a different kind of solution.

Hanging space for dresses is probably the greatest difficulty, because the average wardrobe is so clumsy and aggressive. It is usually better to have two small ones than one huge one, and to avoid any furniture that has not good and simple lines.

A PLEASANT substitute for the built-in dressing table can be arranged with two narrow cupboards set at the most convenient distance apart, and a shelf which is placed across them.

The bed with little or no footboard gives an appearance of greater space to the room, and looks very well when wearing its daytime cover. Besides the bed, clothes cupboard, fitted washstand and dressing table, the furniture requirements of the bedroom are few, even when it is used for many different purposes.

A place for books and possibly the telephone and early morning tray beside the bed—good lighting—a chair for the dressing table and another for ease—and a table for writing. A small stool by the fire, and a low table or cube to hold a gramophone are advantageous additions.



Photographs by Humphrey Joel

A comfortable corner of Mrs. Joel's bedroom. Note the modern furniture of uneven height, the lacquer screen hiding a fitted basin, and the ugly door disguised by a piece of modern French fabric

Fashions feminine

The increased complexity of modern life is made simpler by our daily problems and leaves us more

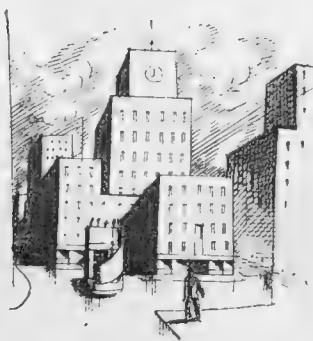
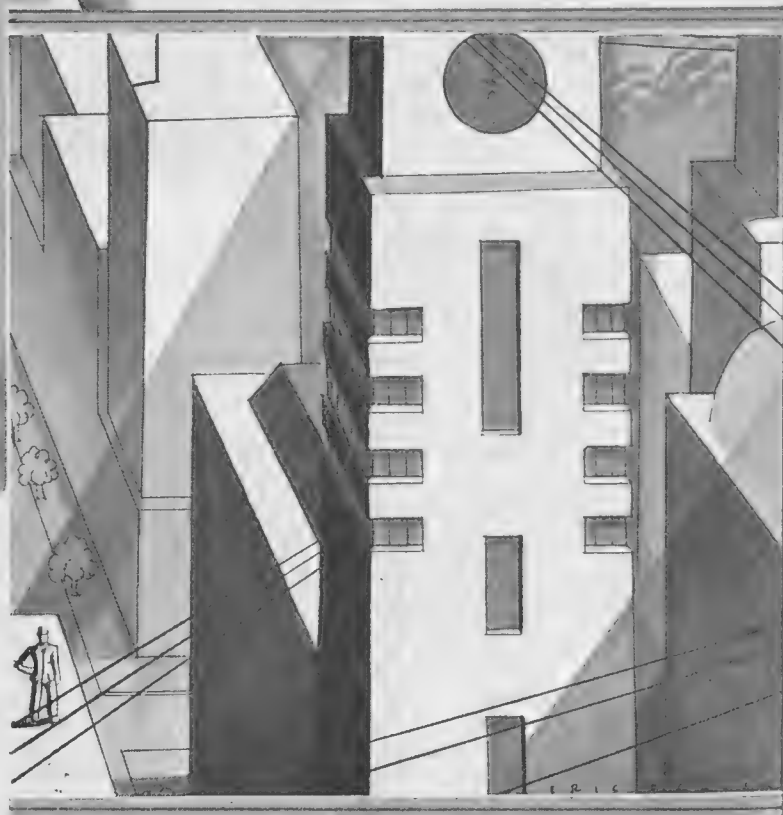
By Madge

her own point of view on all and sundry matters, and she has the leisure for these pastimes because she has ceased to be a household drudge. Gas, electricity and the marvels of science have set her free; the gramophone, the wireless entertain her and bring her the news, the amusements and the chatter of other countries, other tongues. Never in the history of the world have conditions changed so rapidly, and the activities of the young women of to-day are very different from those which occupied their mothers—or even their elder sisters!

The increased emancipation of women which followed the years of the war was reflected in their clothes—short skirts and short hair proclaimed their determination not to be hampered in their work, or to be, erroneously, treated as useless members of society. However questionable the value of political freedom, there was no doubt as to the real freedom from the tyranny of corsets, flounces and hairpins!

Recently, however, there has been a sudden outcry against the new fashions, and it is alleged that women

For evening wear a picturesque gown replaces the workmanlike suit. This one is in Chiné taffeta, and comes from the Maison Ross.



THE aims of the average woman have changed materially during the last quarter of a century; her interests are no longer confined to her own home, but embrace the myriad problems, social and economic, of international life. She is interested in the activities of her sisters abroad, she reads more, goes to theatres, concerts and cinemas more frequently, and has

are again seeking to shackle themselves with insanitary clothes and coiffures—countered by an equally great outcry that at last women are dressing as women should, and that, thank goodness, the Eton-cropped, boyish figure has vanished. But the apparent fluctuations of fashion are rarely, if ever, as inconsistent as they appear at first sight. If each wave appears

and Otherwise—

possible by the inventions of science; machinery
leisure in which to work, dress, or amuse ourselves

Garland

(Woman Editor of
"BRITANNIA AND EVE")



Cecil Beaton
Madge
Garland

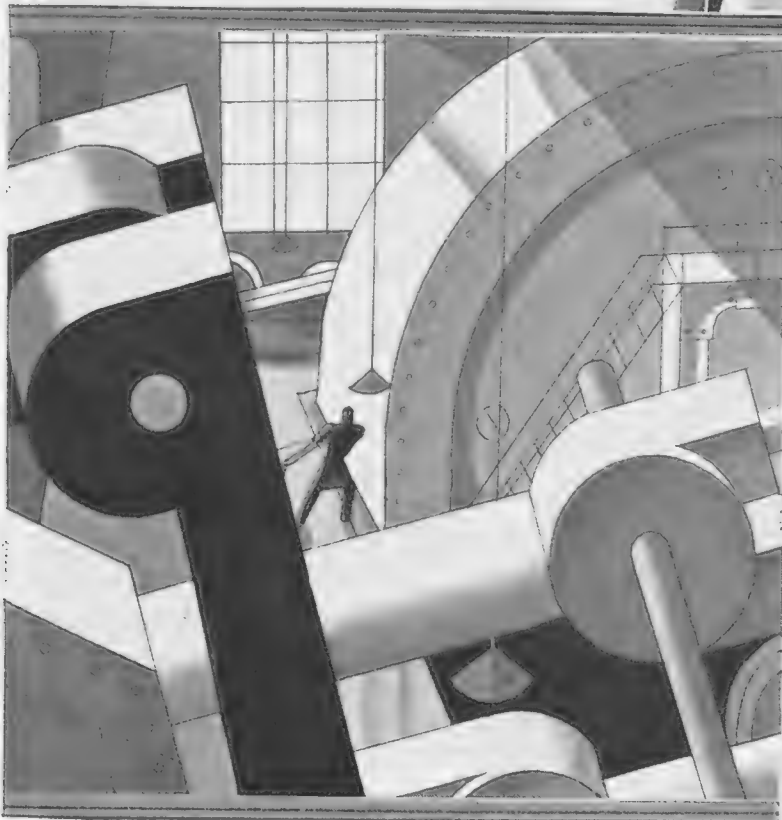
to recede after a forward rush, it is only to give greater impetus to the next, and "reculer pour mieux sauter" should, perhaps, be the watchword of this season's fashions.

It is quite true that waists are again where nature intended them to be, that skirts are longer, and that dresses and coiffures appear infinitely more complicated than they have been for many years, but change is inevitable—why should we expect fashion to be an exception to a universal rule? The evening gowns of last season, with their dipping panels, represented a stage of transition—and, after all, is it less reasonable occasionally to hold up our skirts than to expose our knees all the time to the full fury of winter winds?

The separate panels which gave our summer



A practical costume for the day's work is a brown and yellow tweed coat and skirt and a washing silk shirt. From the Maison Ross

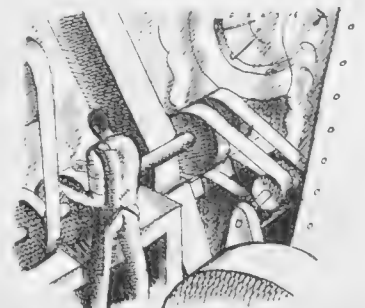


gowns such an air of tattered fragility have given place to circular flounces, to frills and to a more solid silhouette.

The hems are still uneven, although a few of the more spectacular models show skirts which reach the ankles all the way round, but these are destined only for formal evening wear. Our bodices are simplicity itself, the neckline neither

exaggeratedly high nor low, but with a preference for a low décolletage at the back—presumably to show off to advantage the sun-bathers' tan—and our waists are encircled by narrow belts or sashes. Could fashion be more reasonable? And our hats—even the practicability of the felt cloche and helmet has been outdone by the new models—these are elaborately draped, it is true,

(Continued on page 194)



Our Hats prefer to be Bonnets

This little Marie-Alphonsine hat in black cloth is very practical in design, as it can be arranged in various ways to suit the whim of the moment. Its sole decoration is a brilliant placed on the left-hand side



The combination of felt or velvet with flat fur is an important characteristic of our winter hats. This charming helmet, created by Le Monnier, is carried out in broadtail and black felt cleverly cut into shaped sections

Jane Blanchot has designed an attractive model which combines not only black felt and greyshaved lamb, but also the charm of a child's bonnet with the sophistication of Parisian chic. A metal ornament fastens the ear-flap

The newest hats are softly draped and turn back from the face, stressing the importance of the forehead and eyes, but entirely covering the nape of the neck. Several models show a "dustman's dip" at the back

Meiawoz.

A Gown for Winter Festivities



Specially designed and drawn for "Britannia and Eve" by Gordon Conway.

The decorative evening gown shown above, which is carried out in green chiffon velvet and blue silk net, illustrates two leading characteristics of the winter mode—the changed silhouette and the increased length of skirt. The belt, which is of stitched velvet fastened by a green jewelled buckle, is placed around the natural waist-line, and the two tulle flounces compromise between almost sweeping the floor at the back and reaching half-way between the ankle and knee in front. The flounces are cut on the cross, and follow a low rounded line at the back. The square décolletage is partly filled in with net, of which the shoulder-straps are also composed, but the neck-line is considerably lower at the back than in front. The lady ascending the staircase has a coat of brocaded lamé, which is once more so fashionable for evening wraps. This one shows a small Persian design in red and yellow on a gold ground, and is trimmed with a large roll collar of ermine.



Flounces and a High Waist Line

This exquisitely graceful gown with its draped side panels, is carried out in pale-green satin. Callot is the originator, and he has chosen rose, green and gold for the motif which decorates the unusual bodice.

Printed taffeta has returned to favour, and a delightful model of this material is this picture-frock from Callot. Georgette, printed with the same design as the taffeta, forms the lower part of the long full skirt.

Another lovely material which is becoming increasingly popular is faille. This picture illustrates Lucien Lelong's use of it, and the slender hip-line and voluminous skirt is characteristic of this house.



Characterise the Winter Mode

The new house of Mmes. de Saint Claire has many original and practical gowns in its collection, amongst which is this model of red and grey checked velvet with a finely-pleated yoke and cuffs of white georgette.

Martial et Armand is responsible for this charming gown of black crêpe georgette. The sleeves are set in raglan style, and a clever arrangement of flared panels gives originality to the fashionably full, uneven skirt.

Beige crêpe and lace are used for this model from Cyber. The skirt is formed of two circular tiers, and the same movement is again carried out in the dipping bertha-like collar which surrounds the deep lace yoke.



Collars and Ties are Important

The unusual combination of a beige woollen material and black astrakan, gives outstanding character to this severely tailored dress, which is one of the most successful models of CYBER'S attractive winter collection.

A very original little costume from MARCEL ROCHAS relies on contrasting shades of beige and brown for its effect. White collar and cuffs, decorated with close stitching, give a delightfully chic finish.

This black and grey tweed frock with its bolero bodice strikes a fresh note. Its piqué collar and very smart little tie give that air of youthful simplicity for which the house of MARTIAL Et ARMAND is famed.

The Liar

A family drama in which, for once, the Devil's worst liar spoke the truth and lost, while the most truthful woman in the world lied and won

OLD Freddy Bosworth's control of his legs was not what it had been, and they carried him about in odd, spasmodic jerks. He came along Berkeley Square to his Bruton Street house, that November evening, in a series of little bursts of speed succeeded by sudden slowings-up that enabled the Bishop of Frassiter to recognise him even in the foggy dusk.

But Bob Ellis, as his friends still called the newly-ordained Bishop, did not catch the old man up, for it was Enid whom he wanted to see, and he assumed that her father would, if left to himself, make for his study as usual. But as he turned the corner, the Bishop perceived Enid herself just opening the door with her latch-key, and Bosworth let out a yell at her.

"Hallo, Enid," he cried gaily, "there you are! If you'll give me a cup of tea I'll tell you a great piece of news."

The two went into the already lighted hall, and the Bishop with a sigh passed on to Bond Street.

Enid Bosworth preceded her father up along the black and white tiled hall and the stairs, her tall figure drooping a little.

Her dark skirts were not conspicuously short, and her hat had enough brim to be becoming to the fading beauty of her face. Her furs were handsome sables, and her pearls were real.

The spacious dignified drawing-room had but little changed in the past twenty years, and was a pleasant, softly lighted place with well-spaced bowls of flowers, and two wood fires.

"What's your news, father?"

"Give me my tea first. . . . Ah, there you are, Beeman. Are those muffins?"

"Buttered toast, Sir Frederick."



His magnificent gloomy eyes glowered at her. "Oh! I see. Well, I'm going to shock you now. I'm doing it on purpose, and I'm going to succeed. Listen—"

*By The
Baroness
Von
Hutten*

Presently, between sips of tea, he produced his budget of news.

"Kitty Hood is divorcing Archie."

"Oh, Father! I don't believe it. She's always going to divorce him, but she never does, when it comes to the point." Her rather proud, quiet face had turned pale.

"I know, my dear, I know," he answered. "But this time she *will*. Caught him out, I understand. I believe she found a letter from a—ahem, a quite impossible lady. Outrageous feller—an outrageous feller, Archie. Never knew such a feller—"

"Oh, I know all about Archie," she answered. "He's awful, of course, but Kitty will consider poor little Crumpet—"

His milky blue gaze changed as he glanced at her.

"I thank my God," he declared, "that you didn't marry him, Enid. Never so scared in my life as I was when you were engaged to him—"

She rose. "Considering that that was fourteen years ago, father, I should think you could forget about it. If you don't mind, I'll go and change my shoes."

"By all means, my dear, by all means." He leapt to his feet. "But I'm not such an old fool as people think, and I saw how he hung round you that summer at Baden-Baden. Oh, no, I see quite a lot. And that was only nine years ago."

"Archie and I have known each other since I was a baby, you old goose," was her quiet answer, "and he—trusts me."

"Trusts you! By Jove! I should think he might, I should think he might! Trust you? Why, I thank my God you've never told a lie in your life. Now, have you?"

She bent down and kissed his wrinkled cheek.

"No, father, I don't think I ever have. Perhaps that's why poor Archie *does* trust me."

"Biggest liar on earth himself, too," chortled the old man. "Might be a Frenchman or an Italian! Well, Kitty's going to do it this time."

Enid went slowly upstairs and sat down by her fire.

So it had really come. Kitty, the supremely impatient, yet so patient Kitty, had finally given up hope.

There would be a divorce, and Archie Hood would again be free. Free to do what? she wondered in a maze of pain.

"I will not marry him," she thought resolutely. "Nothing on earth will make me——"

"MISS HOOD, Miss."

Enid turned away from her flowers in the little greenhouse, and entered her boudoir.

"Crumpet dear," she cried, "I am glad to see you."

The girl stood on tiptoe to kiss her. Although she was twelve, she was very tiny.

"Oh, Enid," she cried, "isn't it ghastly about mother and daddy?"

"I—I don't know, dear. Sit down and tell me about it."

"But surely you know?"

"I know what some people are saying, dear, but it has been said before, and wasn't true."

"It's true this time, though," the child persisted. "It's about a perfectly horrid person, not a bit a lady. Her name is Inez Aubrey."

Miss Bosworth uttered an odd little sound. "Inez Aubrey? Are you sure, Mabel?"

"Perfectly sure! You see, Auntie Enid, mother told me."

"Good heavens! How dreadful!"

"Dreadfuller than you know. Mother says daddy's a— a disgusting wanton!"

Enid rose and walked nervously to the window. She hated Kitty Hood for saying such things to a little girl of twelve.

"Mother says," went on the little voice, "that this woman's a—a——"

"Mabel!" Miss Bosworth's voice was very stern. "I don't wish to hear these things."

Tea was brought as the little girl voiced her position.

Enid was puzzled, and she wanted to be alone in order to think it all out. Inez Aubrey! Again, after all these years! That awful, peroxide-haired, barmaid-like, so-called actress, who, fourteen years ago, had been the cause of her breaking her own engagement to Archie Hood!

"Eat all the honey you can, darling," she said hurriedly; "father's own bees made it——"

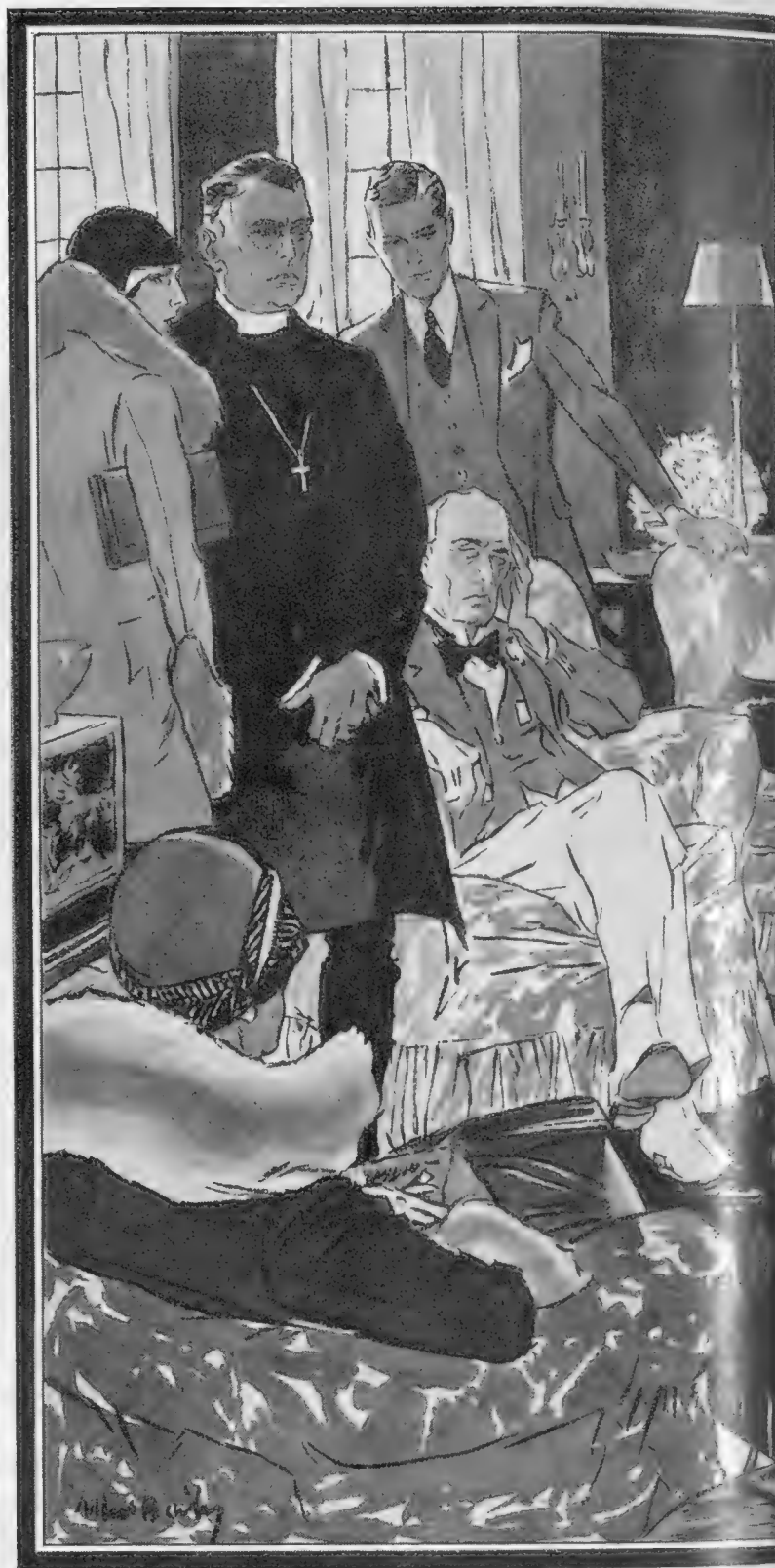
And just then, to her immense solace, the Bishop of Frassiter was announced.



Archie's wife



Enid



"I have not set eyes on the woman
These two things on my sacred word of
one drew away from him."

"Oh, Bob," she cried in a way that took years out of her face, "I am glad to see you."

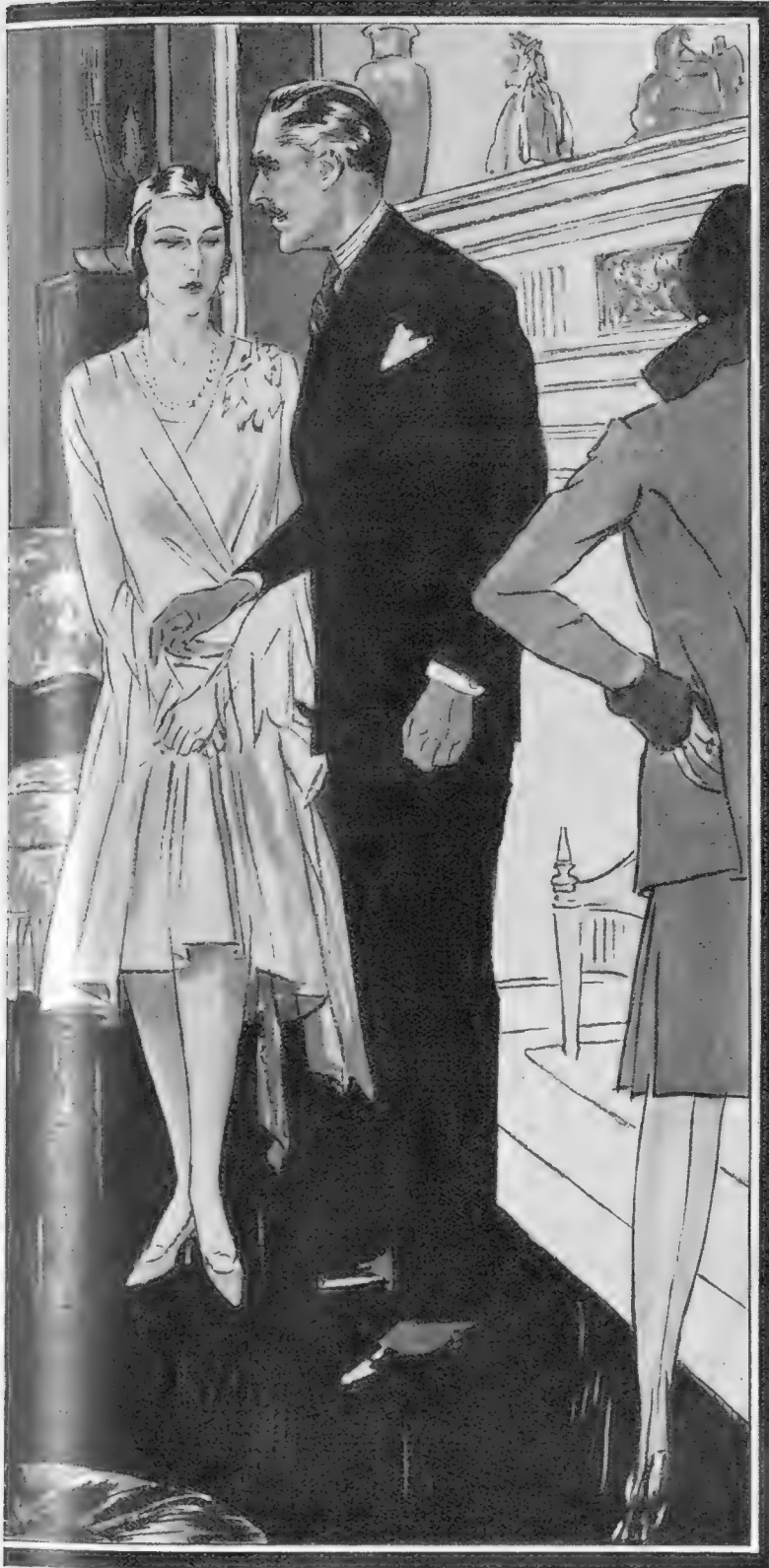
The Bishop flushed, his blunt kind face full of pleasure. "That's very good of you, Enid," he answered. "How d'ye do, Mabel?"

"How d'you do, Mr. Ellis," the child returned politely. "I'm in dreadful trouble. Mother is divorcing daddy because he has been——"

"Crumpet!"

"Don't be silly, darling Auntie. Because he has been carrying on with a——"

"Crumpet, I forbid you to go on. Bob, don't let her go on!"



since the day-I married my wife.
honour." Everyone in the room save
Perjury is an ugly thing.

"All right," he said gravely. "I won't. Besides, Mabel, I know all about it. I've just seen your mother."

"Oh, you have? Well, I'm glad. Isn't she in an awful state?"

A FEW minutes later, when Miss Hood had been sent home in the company of Miss Bosworth's maid, Miss Bosworth asked the Bishop to tell her what he knew of this sad business.

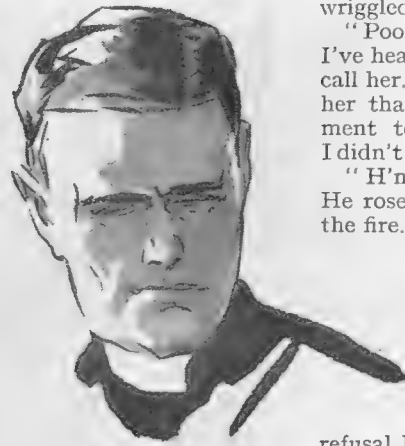
"I know it all, my dear," he answered gently. "It is very sad. Hood ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Have you seen him, too?"

"No. Kitty wrote to me, and I've just left her. It seems she found a—very unpleasant letter from the lady in question."

"Yes. Inez Aubrey."

"Exactly. But how do you know?" His bushy eyebrows



The Bishop

wriggled in surprise.

"Poor Crumpet told me, and—I've heard of the 'lady,' as you call her. In fact, it was about her that I—broke my engagement to Archie. I—heard, and I didn't want him after that—"

"H'm, h'm. Yes, naturally." He rose and stood looking into the fire.

"Enid," he said suddenly, "will you marry me now?"

He had been putting the question to her at intervals for fifteen years, and as a rule her gentle

refusal had come at once.

"Enid—"

"Listen, Bob. You know that I am nearly forty, and

that I don't feel very young—and you know that love is a thing belonging to youth."

"Oh, no! Think of my father and mother," he protested. "They were lovers till death!"

"I know. But they were young when they fell in love. And I didn't fall in love with you when I was a girl, and I can't do it now. But, if you still really want me, I may—yes, I will—marry you."

He was moved to his depths, and his face showed pale under its pleasant red-brown colour.

"If you will, dear," he said quietly, "I—well, you know."

She nodded. "I'm sure, dear Bob. And I'll do my best, too. But I must first tell you why I can say yes—to-day—"

He nodded. "Go on."

She was a little pale; even her lips were nearly white in the merciful firelight.

"It's because of this divorce," she said steadily. "If she really does divorce him, he will—come straight back to me, Bob. He always does, you know."

"He's no business to do it, Enid. It's disgracefully selfish of him!"

"Yes. But it's what he always does."

"You can't think he still loves you, when he is capable of such gross and disgusting infidelity to his wife? This Aubrey woman is, God help her, a dreadful creature, and if he loved a woman like you, he couldn't possibly—like her—"

"I know. He doesn't love me, of course, Bob. He never did! Only—he enjoys thinking he did, and—that I drove him into marrying Kitty."

"Well, upon my word!"

Ellis jumped up in a very unbishoplike way, clenching his fists.

"Now, don't lose your temper," she cried with an irrepressible laugh, "and do let me tell you about it."

Listen to me. Archie still loves to think that in his way he has loved no woman but me; and all his life," she added, "whenever he's got into a mess, he has come to me for—"

"Comfort?"

"No. I've given him no comfort when he has been dreadful. He comes because he knows that next to himself I am his best audience. He tells me all his excuses, all his self-justifying—fibs—and in telling me, he thoroughly convinces himself of their truth."

"You aren't painting a flattering portrait!" His voice was a little dry, and she smiled sadly.

"No. My judgment tells me that as a man,

(Continued on page 162.)



Archie, the
Devil's worst
liar.

PERSONALITIES are definitely the trump-card of today. Journalism thrives on them. Libraries and publishers' lists are full of them . . . portraits in oils giving place to vignettes in vinegar, in fact, and being deplored by most of us even while we revel in them. The popular novel sells better for a concealed (?) or composite portrait or two. ("Did you recognise Lord X. as Toddy Thingumtite in 'The Scarlet Danger,' dear? You must read it . . ." say the knowing, and up go the sales by leaps and bounds.) And so, quite naturally, personalities have also taken possession of their stronghold *par excellence*, the theatre.

A whole crop of the plays produced this autumn depend—or depended, for by the time this is read a good many of them will have silently gone their ways—for their interest entirely on a personality. Usually (with a certain perversity, since authors have been persistently serving us up historical personages who should thrill on their own account when treated to sauces and dressings in the modern manner) the personality of a leading player.

"Jew Süss" has scored its smashing success not because the play reproduces the atmosphere and period of that petty German Court with the broad sweeping faithfulness of its original. It doesn't. But because Matheson Lang plays the Jew. And Matheson Lang, whether he could act or not, would still be a great romantic figure—towering in the contemporary theatre much as he towers on the stage of the Duke of York's.

Few men could have been, physically, less suited to the part of the sinuous Reb Süss Oppenheimer. On the first night Lang was not even at all times perfectly audible. And on occasion—notably the scene over his daughter's dead body—I found myself definitely at variance with him in his reading of the part.

Yet the fact remains—it was Matheson Lang who scored the first night triumph; Matheson Lang who so crowded St. Martin's Lane with enthusiasts that cars could hardly thread their way from the theatre; Matheson Lang who has made "Jew Süss" succeed.

AS another big contemporary figure—a "personality" both unusual and intriguing—put it to me only the other day: "Romance in the theatre lies no longer in the play, but after a period of

Marion Lorne and Hugh Wakefield in a scene from "Sorry You've Been Troubled"

(Right) Mary Newcomb, who gave an excellent portrait of Lady Hamilton in Temple Thurston's play, "Emma Hamilton"

Photographs by Sasha, Stage Photo Co., and Dorothy Wilding



Personality and the

author-and-producer ridden suppression, has returned to be invested in the actor."

Has it ever been truer?

The figures may have been greater in the days of Sarah Siddons, Rachel, or David Garrick. I say "may have," but am by no means convinced; our standards are higher and more exacting, but neither we nor our playwrights have ever been more dependent on them.

Such interest as the play "Emma Hamilton" could boast was entirely due to an American actress with a millionaire husband, whom some materialistically minded people would tell you ought therefore not to be working at all.

She contrived a sometimes startling resemblance to the galaxy of Romney portraits extant of Lady Hamilton. That strange (and strangely attractive) little impediment in her speech that makes one think of mouthfuls of ripe plums was, as usual, mistaken by most of the critics for the smothering of an American accent. And we were shown a number of well conceived and well

After a period of author-and-producer ridden suppression, romance in the theatre is once more invested in the actor or actress, who plays the principal rôle

By

Diana Bourbon

presented pages from the development of a little slut who eventually imposed herself on the imagination of history.

All of which cut very little ice. Mary Newcomb is a good but not a great actress. But as her personality comes to us over the foot-

lights, she is an intensely interesting woman.

And that matters a great deal.

For when we go to the theatre we choose nearly always to see a certain player. There may be others to right, to left, and all round, more talented, more beautiful—who for sheer ability and technical skill could put our favourite back into the kindergarten class. They leave us cold. Why? The answer is "personality."

Plus looks, it has induced the world to take Gladys Cooper at top valuation for more years than gallantry cares to remember, in spite of a pronounced accent and somewhat limited dramatic talents.

Plus looks, it is what drives the public in to whatever Tallulah Bankhead may be doing at the moment, though as an actress—in what one might term her

(Left) Matheson Lang, who has scored another success in "Jew Süss" at the Duke of York's

Tallulah Bankhead, whose charming personality draws the public to whichever play she happens to be acting in

their own heads above water in the flood of personality-popularity, they deserve to be swamped by it. The struggle might benefit them too.

It appears to have benefited Mr. Edgar Wallace, author and producer of the one example that serves to upset my argument; I mean "The Calendar" at Wynd-

ham's . . . A fine piece of craftsmanship, and a first-rate entertainment that owes nothing to any outstanding personality, though agood deal to excellent team performance.

Earlier this season Mr. Wallace (regrettably) produced an exceptionally bad play of American authorship, called "Brothers"—apparently solely to give Hartley Power the opportunity of playing two parts at once.

Power, however, charming though he was as the drawling detective of "Broadway," pre-eminently lacks that mysterious something that Matheson Lang possesses to such excess. It was not altogether, but it was partly, his fault that "Brothers" degenerated into a trouser-changing marathon, that left one wishing Edgar would allot another ten minutes a day to writing all his own plays—or conversely put on nothing that he hadn't written. The wish granted with "The Calendar," he ought now to decide that he himself is personality enough for his own theatrical activities. I for one should be inclined to agreewithhim.

Player

pre-slimming days—he has usually owed everything to her parts.

Plus charm (and accompanied by a superb technique that his public did not even suspect), it placed Charles Hawtrey on that pinnacle of comedy acting that remained untenanted after his death, and is only now being cautiously invaded (as far as a different physical structure permits) by Ronald Squire.

And I have yet to meet anyone who can give me a really succinct and satisfactory definition of what we mean by "personality."

But to return to the checking of the autumn list.

"Charley Peace" appealed less even to that morbid and passionate interest in criminology shared by most of mankind than to our appreciation of an accomplished performance by an individual actor.

At the St. Martin's a play ("Sorry You've Been Troubled") has been deliberately written round the comic idiosyncrasies of two players—and forms part of an avowed and continuous policy of production of a series of plays of the same character, written by the same author, round the same two individuals. And

Yvonne Printemps, whose popularity is legend both in London and Paris

though the play and the parts fit like a pair of gloves—perhaps *because* they do—it is the individuals we go to see.

The one Shakespearian production to which September-October treated the West End of London had as its *raison d'être* the incomparably grotesque one of giving a woman a chance to play Shylock!

The personality business run wild, this, one admits . . . and regrets it. Regrets, because it might bring into disrepute a movement in the theatre that should and could mean a lot to contemporary acting. While if our present day playwrights haven't enough stuffing in them to keep

SINCE this was written London has been treated to a new theatre—the Dominion. It looks uncommonly like the blocks of ice they display on dance club floors in the summer time, with unwholesome coloured lights playing on them.

About the show ("Follow Through") it is difficult to be coherent without being (a) a golfer or (b) catty. It was really incredibly bad. However—it suits the argument, for it looks from a galaxy of nearly colourless stars to salvation at the hands of personality—in the shape of Leslie Henson and another of these vivid American importations—by name Ada May, who dances marvellously.

Nine New Novels

By

Arnold Palmer

titles and the nature of new books which are worth reading, I shall have rendered you a little less dependent on the young lady who hands out novels (as if, like evening papers, they were all much of a

Miss Rebecca West's new novel,

"HARRIET HUME" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.),

is a fantasy. Time, place, music, magic, finance, fairies, London and love are all mingled and metamorphosed. Mannered, affected even, it possesses a charm which overrides its faults. A new book by Miss West is always an event, for she enjoys in literary circles an enormous reputation which seems at present to be but slenderly supported by public performance. In the United States, as well as in England, her name is familiar to, and carries weight with, thousands who have read hardly a line she has written. Her case is unusual; hence the interest attaching to a tangible proof like a novel. "Harriet Hume" will not be everybody's choice. It is too elusive for that. Nor is it important, except for the light it sheds on Miss West. I cannot imagine anyone's life being changed even for a moment by perusal of it. But it possesses real, if intermittent, beauty, and at its best it kindles a lingering delight.

Miss Rebecca West

Lenore

IN making my bow to you, readers of BRITANNIA AND EVE, it will be perhaps advisable if I try to explain in a few words just what I imagine my function to be. You will soon know all about me, for a man gives himself away with every word he writes. I, on the other hand, have to invent you, make a picture of you in my mind. And yet there is only one thing, really, that I know about you, and even that is part assumption. I know, or I assume, that if you are reading this paragraph you take some interest in current literature, and probably belong to a circulating library. If I can give you, every month, the

muchness) across the counter. In addition to novels, there are constantly appearing other books at least as exciting as novels. All these I hope to mention so that you can take your pick. That, it seems to me, is my first and most important duty. There are other duties, but they can wait for other articles. And now I can proceed, pausing only to say that I hope readers will not hesitate to let me know if I am being less useful than I might be. Letters, even letters of abuse, are a great encouragement to a journalist. They show him that he has made some impression, at least, on some one.

ALL the books mentioned this month are novels. I make no excuse for that, for, while it is true that a poor novel is often miserably poor, I hold that a good novel is about the noblest work of

The New Books—Month by Month

authors. The selection is very varied, and only a reader of wide sympathies will enjoy a reprinted collection of ghost stories such as E. F. Benson's *The Room in the Tower* (Knopf, 5s.) and a novel with so modern an attitude towards sex-relations as Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero* (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.). This, Mr. Aldington's first novel, is a story of the war. It has some dull passages, it is sometimes pompous and even silly, but at times it reaches a very high level, and it possesses that vague but unmistakable quality which enables a reviewer to say: "This is a book to read." Mr. Aldington seems to have been moved chiefly by hatred—hatred of the war, the Roman Catholic Church, and even of his

fellow men and women—and although Love may be indispensable to the rotation of our globe, hate is not a bad basis for a novel. I should expect to find that Mr. Aldington had enjoyed and been influenced by the works of Mr. Aldous Huxley.

If it is difficult to imagine one reader feeling equal sympathy with Mr. Benson and Mr. Aldington, it is difficult to imagine any reader failing to respond to the quiet fidelity of *The Monkey Tree* (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Desmond Coke has taken the simplest and nearest materials—a young married couple, a mother-in-law, a shop, a tree which blocked the shop window, a motor car, two toothbrushes, and three dogs—are like a good chef has produced a first-rate repast. He has provided an object-lesson in making much out of little. This does not mean that his story is thin. It is the reverse of thin, and it contains: murder, a seduction, and blackmail. Mr. Coke's triumph lies in this—that he has understood and makes us understand that murder, etc., however terrifying at the moment, stands no chance in the long run against two toothbrushes, three dogs, etc. The first, for all its violence, is an interruption; the second, for all their triviality, are part of the stream that is interrupted.

Drum and Monkey (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), the story of a dealer in old junk by George Manning-Sanders; *The Wise Child* (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), a novel about the daughter of a French artist, by L. E. Gielgud; *To-morrow Never Comes* (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), by R. L. Duffus, and Mr. T. S. Stribling's *Strange Moon* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), two light, adventurous entertainments with settings in South or Central America—these are all worth reading.

AND now the level rises sharply again, for *A High Wind in Jamaica* (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.) is a fine piece of work. The author, Mr. Richard Hughes, is a young man; and I tremble for his future. His novel has been serialised in *Life and Letters*; it has been chosen by the Book Society; it has been hailed in America by Mr. Ford Madox Ford and in England by Miss Rebecca West, two critics who live to recognise *les jeunes*. What is there left for young Mr. Hughes to do, except keep or lose his head? He

(Continued on page 194)

Jillian Sande,
who plays her
first important
part in "To
What Red Hell"



Madeleine Carroll
playing in the British
International all-
talkie picture, "The
American Prisoner"

The Movie Finger writes...

*A monthly review of
current Film Topics*

By Sydney Tremayne

"The Cock-Eyed World"; "The American Prisoner"; "To What Red Hell"



Victor McLaglen as "Top Sergeant Flagg," Edmund Lowe as "Sergeant Quirt," and Lili Damita in the all-talkie picture, "The Cock-Eyed World"

THE dictum that comparisons are odious must have been dictated by a strong inferiority complex. Comparisons are amusing, instructive and the dynamo of progress; what is more they are inevitable. Three talking films seen within a few hours of one another, two English and one American, invite comparison between methods, subject matter and diction.

The American picture, "The Cock-Eyed World," Fox's all-talkie sequel to "What Price Glory," is a stupendous picture from every point of view—on the grand scale geographically, pictorially and vocally. It is chock-a-block with racy Americanisms and unforced humour, and it is also the frankest exposition of certain American conditions, especially the racial conglomeration, and it contains some shrewd hits at "Big Business," in connection with the cause of wars.

There is no plot: the theme is the rivalry in love (of the lighter and brighter variety), and the comradeship in war between two American sergeants of

best American sound film ever shown in this country.

HAVING said so much it must be added that there are scenes and lines which are coarse to the verge of bawdiness and that its noise and length make it exhausting.

All technical difficulties seem to have been overcome: there is at least as much movement as there was in any silent film. One cannot help suspecting that the method employed to overcome any involuntary mechanical sounds was to make even louder voluntary noises.

When one man boasts that he can trace his American ancestry back to the 4th of July, and is therefore "100 per cent. American," and the other retorts that his father was British, his mother German, his grandmother Italian and his grandfather Polish, and therefore he is "100 per cent. American," the whole race problem of America and its solution is summed up.

ENGLISH talkies are in their infancy. Most of the British sound films are

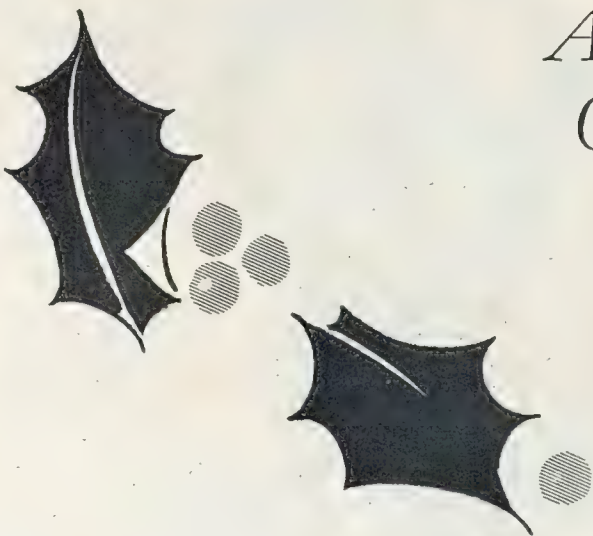
in picturesque costume, and the whole spirit of the picture is essentially English.

It is extremely well done. The settings and costumes are delightful, the photography is good, and the simple love-at-first-sight story, with the relieving incident of prisoners escaping and military pursuit, maintains an atmosphere which is at once charming and orally restful.

"The American Prisoner" again demonstrates the superior recording quality of English voices and diction, especially in the case of that very finished actor A. Bromley-Davenport.

"To What Red Hell" is another English talkie, made by Edwin Greenwood from Percy Robinson's play. What might have been a melodramatic murder mystery resolves itself into a somewhat morbid exposition of mental pathology, for the weight of interest is vested in an epileptic murderer's reactions, while another man is tried for his crime.

Sybil Thorndike, who is starred, plays the part of the mother of a boy who is, first, disillusioned by the confession of the girl he loves that she is not the pure young thing he thinks her, and is then accused of her murder. Either the direction or Sybil Thorndike's conception was at fault. Her behaviour at the moment when she believes her boy is suffering death on the scaffold is incredibly false, and not nearly enough was made of the relationship of mother and son in the earlier part of the film.



A Sincere Message to Our Regular Readers

Our CHRISTMAS NUMBER

It is for the benefit of our regular readers that we make this announcement concerning our December (Christmas) Number. We want to be quite sure that they get it.

Every month the circulation of BRITANNIA & EVE increases, and in many towns the supply has soon become exhausted. The same thing will undoubtedly happen next month—only more so! The demand is certain to outrun the supply.

Most Christmas Numbers are good sellers, but the reading public who have pronounced our ordinary issues to be a most marvellous shillingworth are certain to be on the look-out for the first Christmas Number.

To our regular readers, then, we repeat a sincere invitation: Place an order for the December issue now. We can assure them that its literary and artistic contents will lack for nothing. In fact we sincerely believe our Christmas Number will be by far the most beautiful monthly magazine that has ever appeared. We suggest, too, that a copy would come as a welcome greeting to friends and relations abroad. Let us send them a copy for you. If pen, ink, and scissors are handy,

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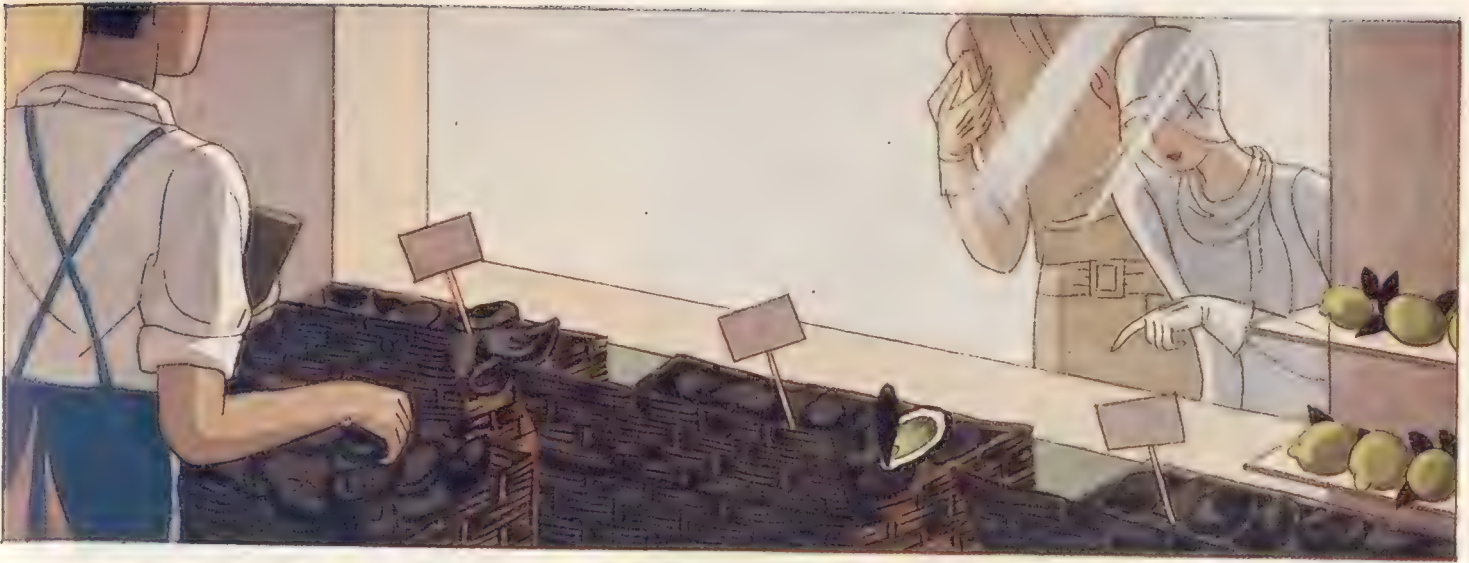
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The RETURN of the Oysters

Where the native is proved to be an aristocrat even when dangerous, and is defended on the grounds that it is terribly useful to be nice

By

GERMAINE BEAUMONT

OYSTERS, with caviar, represent the aristocracy of food, and as such are quite unpalatable to some people. Some people think that the aristocracy could be dispensed with, being a superfluous social ornament. They also think that oysters could be dispensed with, as they cost a lot and are not very nourishing. It is the old quarrel between what is useful and what is nice.

Cannot one think equably, that it is awfully nice to be useful, or terribly useful to be nice?

Besides, if one condemns oysters on the grounds of luxury, what should one do about flowers, for instance? They are also just a luxury. One does not eat flowers. One puts them on linen tablecloths or in buttonholes. If oysters could be worn in buttonholes, would they be forgiven the fact that they are oysters? As it is, modernistic posies for table decoration are made with oyster shells. Are these posies made to humiliate real flowers, or to rehabilitate real oysters?

Whatever the answer may be, one fact is certain, and there is no way of getting out of it. Oysters are of gentle birth, belong to the aristocracy, and move in the best circles. No oyster worthy of its name is ever seen in town between April and September. Like the aristocracy, oysters retire for the summer into parks. It is not true, as Lewis Carroll suggested, that they retire on to beaches. When they do, they choose Ostend, a place where there are very few carpenters and no walruses. And when they meet carpenters, it is because the carpenters have made enough money to go anywhere without involving social disgrace, even to an oyster.

A PART from the society oyster one meets in the best circles, and which gives much pleasure, there is another kind of oyster that gives even more pleasure, the oyster that gives pearls.

Oysters that give pearls do not mix with the other oysters; and they are never served with the pearls, as it might strike the onlooker as being a little parvenu.

Pearls are served first in a beautiful satin casket. And then the lady is so pleased with the pearls that she consents to go to a nice restaurant and eat the oysters afterwards. The first part of the treat is, of course, much more expensive than the second.

THERE is also a third kind of oyster, and it is the kind that gives death. It is not that some oysters have a criminal disposition. Besides, no one has nowadays a criminal disposition, except the judges who think that criminals are criminals and must be suppressed.

The judges should be suppressed, because they ought to know that if a man kills his wife and six children, it is because his great-grand-uncle was chased by a bull when he was twelve, and ever since there has been a slight nervousness in the family, and the man cannot be responsible. No more responsible is the oyster which happens to be full of ptomaine. Ptomaine is a kind of Freudian suppression applied to the complexion of oysters. Had oysters led the life they should have, they would have been sane and wholesome. Can you ask more from an oyster than from a man? Besides, death by an oyster is far more flattering than any other kind of death. It is a death that gives *chic* to the mortuary column and brings distinction to the bereaved family. In fact, it is far more elegant to die because of oysters than to live without them.

OYSTERS give no trouble to the housewife. The only trouble they give is when the bill comes round. The average price of an oyster is the weight of a dozen oyster shells, the ice, the beasts themselves, and a lemon, all in 18 carat gold.

Also, it is rather annoying to be able to offer only one oyster to each guest. Guests, in the matter of oysters, are people who never eat more than half a dozen of cheap oysters when they are in their own house, but expect to eat a dozen and a half of Whitstables when they are invited out to dinner.

With Three

FRENCH DISHES

specially created for this issue of "Britannia & Eve" by

MADAME RAMILLON



HUNGARIAN MINCED MEAT BALLS (For 5 or 6 persons)

Hungarian Minced Meat Balls

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of minced pork meat. 6 large spoonfuls of rice. 1 onion of moderate size. 1 head of lettuce. $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to 2 oz. grated Swiss cheese. $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter. 1 clove. About $\frac{1}{2}$ quart of beef broth. Salt and pepper.

1. Make some small balls with the minced pork meat. Roll them in flour. Put them in a saucepan with 1 oz. of butter. Brown on a quick fire.

2. Peel the onion, and mince it finely. Brown it with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter in a small saucepan over a slow fire.

3. Clean the lettuce, wash it. Cut the large leaves in two.

4. Strain the rice. Put it in a saucepan with 1 oz. of butter. Place the saucepan on a quick fire to brown the rice. As soon as it is coloured, add a little warm broth, salt, pepper, the clove and minced onion. Boil slowly in a covered saucepan for 10 minutes.

5. Then add the meat balls and the lettuce leaves. Stew this mixture for about 30 to 35 minutes—that is, until the rice is done to a turn—stirring it from time to time.

6. At the last moment take the balls away; add quickly the grated Swiss cheese; add the proper seasoning; stir the mixture well.

Place the rice on a hot dish, garnish it with the meat balls. Serve at once.

If desired, a little thick tomato sauce can be poured over the meat balls.



Veal Cutlet à la Provençale

5. Take it quickly out of the oven. Spread a little butter on top. Baste it with hot broth and white wine.

6. Put it back in a moderately hot oven for one hour and a half, basting the cutlet from time to time.

7. Serve very hot in the dish it was cooked in. Garnish with stewed forcemeat balls, mushrooms and olives, if desired.

PEARS WITH CREAM (Poirées à la Crème) (For 12 persons)

12 small pears. 1 large glass of water. $\frac{1}{2}$ vanilla pod. 3 yolks of eggs. 1 teacupful of fresh cream.

1. Put a saucepan containing the water, sugar and vanilla on the fire. Let it boil for a few minutes until a very light syrup is obtained.

2. Peel the small pears, keeping them whole with their stalk.

3. Put the pears at once in this syrup, cover the saucepan and let it simmer. As soon as the pears are done to a turn—that is, when a fork can pierce them easily—take them out and set them up in a shallow dish.

4. Boil the syrup a little longer to thicken it; then take the saucepan away from the fire.

5. Put the yolks of eggs and the cream in a bowl. Mix well. Pour this mixture carefully into the pear syrup, stirring it well.

6. Put back the saucepan over a very low fire, but don't let it simmer, and stir the whole contents until a somewhat thick cream is obtained. As soon as this is done, pour the mixture over the pears. Cool well and serve. A little good red wine can be added to the syrup, if desired.



Pears with Cream

TWO MENUS for NOVEMBER

A soup which is neither too thin nor too thick is always welcome at the beginning of a cold weather meal. The braised bird allows the cook to give plenty of attention to the fish

By CATHERINE IVES



A ptarmigan braised with onions and celery, carrot and turnip, red wine and a little stock, is an interesting late autumn dish

THE English cook who can roast at all usually roasts very well indeed—so well, in fact, that she has been known to surpass the best efforts of restaurant chefs in this particular branch of her art. Where soups are concerned, however, she is often only too justly condemned. They are apt to be so entirely without any interesting flavour as to depress the diners at the very moment when they need cheering; or so overpoweringly strong and "nourishing" that they overlay



Spinach cooked in the Viennese manner appeals to many people who dislike the ordinary method intensely. Ice-cold and well-beaten butter accompanies Globe Artichokes satisfactorily

the rest of the menu, instead of playing their proper rôle, which is that of a mildly stimulating prelude.

The two menus which follow are both appropriate to the month which is just beginning, and both begin with the same soup. It is simple to make, interesting to taste, and not very frequently seen in English dining-rooms.

The first menu produces an excellent effect at a moderate cost; and the cost would be more moderate still if one omitted the spinach and substituted a less expensive fish for the turbot. Fish, however, varies so largely in price in relation to weather conditions that a personal visit to the fishmonger is the only sure way of gauging the comparative values of different varieties on any particular day.

The second menu is rather more costly, though here, again, it is often possible to buy soles and young turkeys at a reasonable price.

In any case, if one is substituting a different fish in either of the two menus, it must be remarked that as the soup is white the fish should be dressed with a different colour. Monotony in menus is always undesirable.

FIRST MENU

Cream of Watercress Soup

Grilled Turbot

Braised Ptarmigan Sauté Potatoes Endive Salad

Viennese Spinach

Baked Pears Cream

CREAM OF WATERCRESS SOUP

From ("When the Cook is Away")

Time, about $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour. For 5 or 6 people.

INGREDIENTS.—2 bunches watercress. 6 medium-sized potatoes. 1 onion. 1 leek. 3 pints of stock or water. 1 gill of milk or cream. $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. of butter. Salt and pepper. Nutmeg.

UTENSILS.—1 large saucepan. 1 small saucepan. 1 sieve. 1 wooden spoon. 1 knife. 1 large basin. 1 small basin. 1 egg whisk or fork.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Peel and cut the onion and the leek finely.

Peel and cut up the potatoes.

Wash the watercress. Pick off and keep some of the best leaves. Chop the rest with the stalks.

Melt the butter in the large saucepan. Cook the onion and the leek in this for a few minutes, but do not let them brown. Add the potatoes, chopped watercress, and stock or water. Season with salt, pepper, and a trace of nutmeg. Boil the soup gently for half an hour. Strain it through the sieve into the large basin, and rinse out the saucepan.

Cook the watercress leaves for a few seconds in boiling water in the small saucepan. Drain and add them to the soup. Reheat the soup. Taste to see if it needs more seasoning.

Mix the yolk of egg with the milk or cream and add to the soup, but do not let this approach boiling point or the egg will curdle.

The only thing to remember about grilling the turbot is to use plenty of butter or olive oil.

BRAISED PTARMIGAN

INGREDIENTS.—Ptarmigan. 3 or 4 slices of bacon. 2 or 3 onions. 1 turnip. 1 carrot. 1 stick of celery. $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of stock. Bunch of mixed herbs. Pepper and salt. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon parsley. Glass of red wine (optional).

UTENSILS.—Fireproof casserole or large saucepan. 1 knife. 1 strainer. 1 spoon.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Peel and cut into dice the onions, carrot, turnip and celery.

Place the bacon at the bottom of the casserole. Heat it. Put the diced vegetables on top to make a bed for the bird. Add pepper, salt and herbs. Put in the bird. Cover the casserole and cook for 15 minutes, shaking the pan occasionally.

Heat the stock, add this to the wine, using only enough to cover the vegetables (not the bird). Cover closely and cook very slowly until the bird is tender, probably $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Ladle the liquid over the bird at intervals. Serve in a hot dish with its sauce strained round.

Spinach in the Viennese manner is very thoroughly washed and cooked in boiling salted water for about twenty minutes. It is then placed in a colander under the cold water tap for a few minutes. Finely chopped onion is fried in two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of flour is stirred in and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. The spinach is added and stirred till very hot. Pepper, salt, and a tablespoonful of milk or cream are added at the last moment.

Pears are baked in their skins, like apples, but for two hours instead of thirty minutes, and with occasional basting of the liquid made by two tablespoonfuls of hot water and three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, which is placed in the baking dish with them when they first enter the oven.



Although prawns are not essential to the fillets of sole with mushroom sauce, they undoubtedly improve it, especially in appearance

ROLLED fillets of sole with mushroom sauce make a dish which suggests far more elaborate preparation than it actually entails. You may make it more decorative in appearance by topping the fillets with shrimps or prawns.

FILLETS OF SOLE WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

INGREDIENTS.—8 fillets of sole (for four people). 2 ozs. butter. Lemon juice. Pepper and salt.

UTENSILS.—Shallow fireproof dish. Paper.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Sprinkle the fillets with salt, pepper, and lemon juice and roll up.
Butter the dish.

Arrange the fillets in it. Cover with buttered paper and bake for fifteen minutes.

Arrange the fillets in the serving dish and pour mushroom sauce round them.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

INGREDIENTS.—6 ozs. mushrooms. 1 oz. of butter. $\frac{1}{2}$ pint brown sauce. 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

UTENSILS.—Saucepan. Wooden spoon. Knife.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Peel and stalk the mushrooms and cut them in quarters.

Put them in a small saucepan with the butter and lemon juice, and cook for ten minutes.

Pour off any butter that has not been absorbed.

Heat the brown sauce, and add.

Simmer for fifteen minutes, and it is ready.

SOUFFLÉ POTATOES

INGREDIENTS.—1 lb. potatoes (4 people). Clarified fat or frying oil. Salt.

UTENSILS.—Frying basket. Deep saucepan. Baking sheet covered with paper. Clean cloth. Colander. Basin.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Wash and peel the potatoes. Cut them lengthwise in slices one-fifth of an inch thick, putting them into the basin of cold water as you cut them.

Let them soak for twenty minutes.

Drain them in the colander and dry them in the cloth.

Let the fat or oil become moderately hot.

Put some of the slices of potato in the basket, plunge this into the fat, and cook until they rise to the surface of the fat.

Lift the basket with the potatoes out, turn the potatoes on to the papered tin, and treat the remainder in the same way.

Now let the fat get very hot, and plunge the basket with some of the potatoes into it for a few moments. Repeat with the rest. Sprinkle with salt and serve.

The slow process cooks the potatoes; the final plunge makes them puff up as they should.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

(Mrs. Leyel's Recipe)

INGREDIENTS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cranberries. 3 ozs. loaf or granulated sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water.

THE SECOND MENU

Rolled Soles Mushroom Sauce
Young Roast Turkey Cranberry Sauce
Soufflé Potatoes
Quince and Apple Meringue

None of the dishes in this menu are complicated, when the instructions are carefully followed, but their effect is by no means negligible, either in taste or appearance

By CATHERINE IVES

UTENSILS.—1 saucepan. 1 skimmer or spoon.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Put the sugar and water in the saucepan, bring to the boil, and let it boil for about ten minutes to make a syrup.

Put the cranberries into the syrup, put the lid on the saucepan, and let the contents simmer very gently until the berries are tender and transparent; but be very careful not to let them burst, as they may do if cooked too quickly.

Remove any scum that may rise during cooking.

The sauce may be used hot or cold.



The ordinary apple meringue is good, but when it incorporates quince it is better still. Cream and brown sugar should accompany it

APPLE AND QUINCE MERINGUE

INGREDIENTS.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 lbs. cooking apples. 1 or 2 quinces. 4 ozs. granulated sugar. $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiled custard. 3 or 4 whites of egg.

UTENSILS.—1 saucepan. 1 silver knife. 2 basins. 1 whisk. 1 soufflé dish. 1 sieve. 1 wooden spoon.

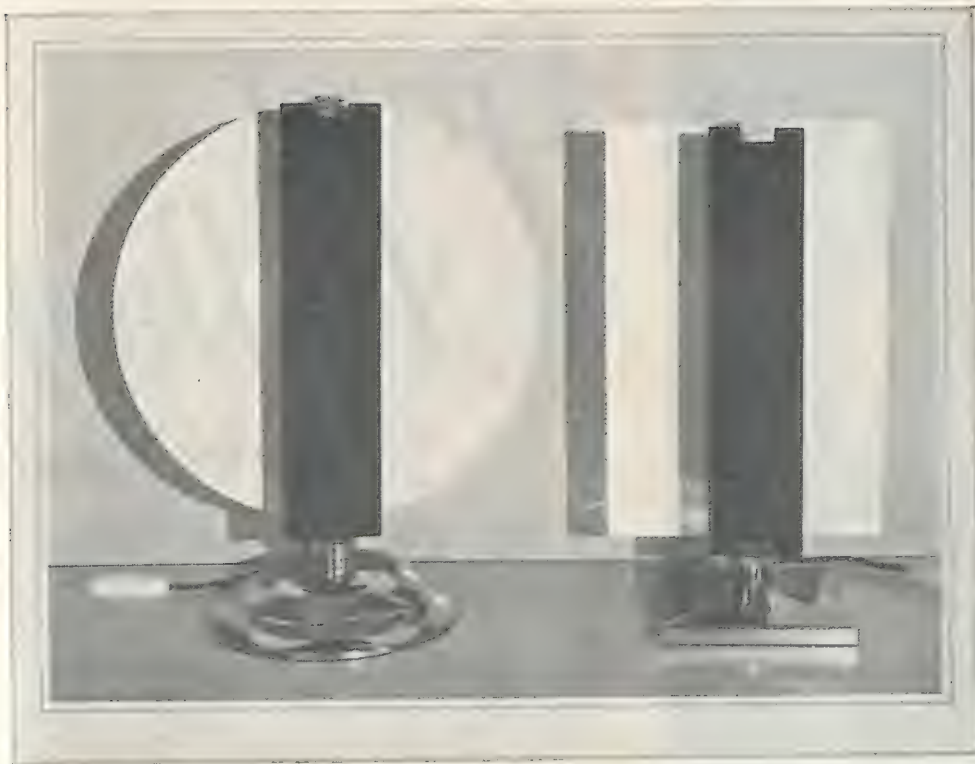
INSTRUCTIONS.

Peel and core both apples and quinces and cut into small pieces. Put the sugar and water into the saucepan and bring to the boil. Put in the quince and stew for ten to fifteen minutes. Add the apples and continue cooking till both are tender.

Rub them through the sieve into a basin and let them cool. Make the boiled custard. When this and the apple purée are cold, put the purée at the bottom of a soufflé dish, and cover it with the custard. Whip the whites of egg and pile them on top.

Place the dish in a baking tin half filled with cold water and bake for about twenty minutes until charmingly brown.

This may be served hot or cold.



Two unusual reading lamps which please by virtue of their simplicity. They are made of pieces of black and white opaque glass and have bases of polished white metal

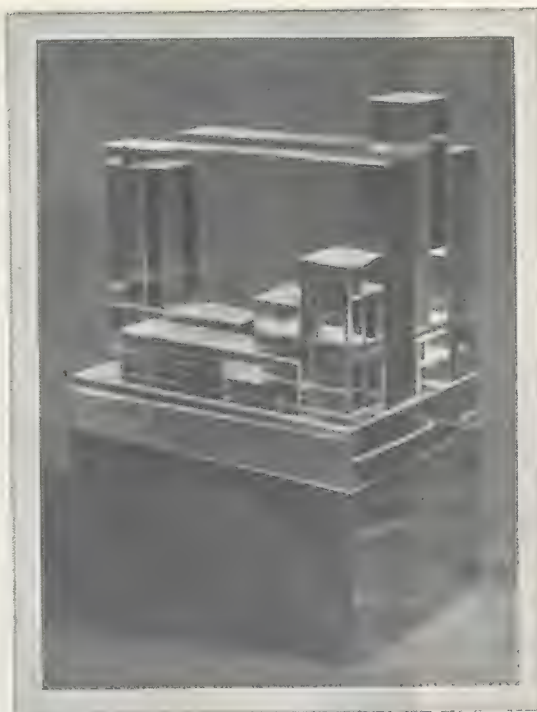
Electric Home Rule

The many possibilities of electricity are only just beginning to be realised, but already they have revolutionised domestic lighting and heating

By Derek Patmore

AS each year goes by, electricity plays a more important part in our houses, and, even now, we are only just beginning to realise the manifold ways in which electricity can be used in the home.

The modern room is no longer lit by a central light. Central lighting is inclined to be harsh and unbecoming, and in a small room it will make the ceiling appear lower than it really is, and thus emphasise the smallness of the room, whereas if the light is diffused the effect is much softer, without the light losing any of its strength. Diffused lighting in a room can be obtained by merely using wall brackets, or by having reading lamps placed in different parts of the room, and the new electric fittings and lamps are to be had in such a variety of decorative and inexpensive designs that the above method of lighting is an easy way of giving a new and modern touch to your rooms. Concealed lighting is a method which is still in its infancy, but its possibilities are enormous. One of its chief advantages is that it can be made to play an important part in the decorative scheme of a room. For instance, one of the latest ideas is to run narrow bands of opaque glass round the walls of a room, the lamps being hidden behind the glass. These bands, set flush with the walls, besides filling the room with a pleasant soft light, also make a striking decoration on the walls.



This fulfils one of the chief aims of modern electricians—to make all electric fittings as attractive as possible without lessening their utility.

The British are notoriously conser-

vative, and perhaps that is one of the reasons why so few of us use electricity for heating. Electric fires are extraordinarily useful in the small flat of to-day, for, unlike other fires, they need no ventilation and they take up very little space. Moreover these fires do not consume the oxygen in the air: this prevents a dry atmosphere in a room, such as you find in a room warmed by any other kind of fire. An interesting example of heating by electricity was seen recently in a new London house where the walls of one room were panelled with mirror glass. These panels hid both the heating and the lighting of the room, the heat coming from behind the glass by means of radiation. This is rather an expensive form of heating at the moment, but in years to come,



Above: This reading lamp is made of polished metal, and gives a strong yet restful light

Left. Modern machinery has influenced this striking table lamp, composed of glass cubes

when we will have learnt how to generate as much electricity as we want by the harnessing of various water powers, this method of heating will probably be used by everyone, as it does away with fire and radiators, is invisible, and can be turned on by just turning a switch!

Finally, electricity has made household drudgery a thing of the past. For instance, there is a washing machine, called the Electric Wizard, which will do all your household laundry, and rinse it out too. This machine can also make ice-cream, mince meat, clean knives, and make sausages! And it is only one of many inventions of this kind, such as an electric sewing machine, and an invention with a particular appeal for men—a shaving mirror, which is heated and lit from behind, so that it is ideal for shaving, and has the advantage that the heat from behind dispels any moisture on the face of the mirror.



Head of Europa in "The Rape of Europa," by Paul Veronese

TO pass, in the National Gallery, from the Dutch rooms to the Venetian Galleries is to pass from a dark Northern interior to the full blaze of Italian sun. It is also to pass from simple middle-class private life to the splendour and display of public pageant.

For the art of Venice, as seen especially in the glorious paintings of Titian and Veronese, is pageant painting of the grandest kind. As superb decoration we can all enjoy it. But its full significance is only apprehended by a stay in Venice. For only so can we see again in our mind's eye the splendid City of the Sea as it was seen by the great artists who invented these pictures to record their delight in its beauty and its power.

When Titian—or, as he was called in his native tongue, Tiziano—started painting, Venice had reached and passed the apogee of her imperial power. But the State, the patricians, and the trading classes were immensely wealthy, and all Europe came to Venice to take part in the festivals and witness the processions and pageants that took place there at frequent intervals in all seasons. Venice as Titian knew it was the pleasure and luxury centre of the world. But it had a stern side also. The patrician families that ruled the State were jealous of their power. There was much parade and pomp in the vast chambers of the Ducal Palace. But upstairs in that Palace there was a little room with a desk that could seat but three or four men only. The room had two doors. An accused who entered that room might be allowed to leave by the door on the right; or might be sent out by the door on the left—in which case he was rarely seen again.

Great Italian Titian and

By R. H. Wilenski

This is the third of the articles on Italian "Old Masters" which Mr. R. H. Wilenski, the well-known art critic, is writing in relation to the great exhibition of Italian Art which opens at the Academy at the beginning of January. Next month Mr. Wilenski will write of Raphael

FOR painters Titian is a supreme master of sumptuous handling, generalised vision, magnificent style. Reynolds spent his life trying to paint a picture that would rival a work by Titian, and never succeeded. To the plain man and the student of history Titian is the supreme technician and something more. He is the interpreter of the spirit of Renaissance Venice, the recorder of the luxuriant beauty of Venetian women in his decorative compositions, the recorder of Venetian conceptions of a united Church and State in his religious pictures, the recorder of Venetian power and manhood in his portraits. No artist who ever lived has summed up a civilisation more completely than this master. No history of Venice would be complete without a full series of reproductions from his works.



"Sacred and Profane Love," by Titian.

*The Painters of
Venetian Splendour*

Masters

Veronese

TITIAN'S life was uneventful—though every picture he painted can be described as an event. He had a long career of unqualified success. He came from a family of standing of Cadore, and was sent to Venice as a boy to study art. He worked in his early years with Giorgione and also with a mosaic worker, and his earliest impressions of colour were doubtless derived from the glowing mosaics in St. Mark's. He lived to the age of ninety-six, and when he died, as a Count Palatine of the Empire and a Knight of the Golden Spur, he had seen kings and emperors competing for his pictures. He went to Ferrara to paint Laura Dianti, the Duke of Ferrara's mistress, and other pictures, to Mantua to paint there for the Duke, to Rome to see the frescoes by Raphael, and to Augsburg to paint the portraits of the Emperor Charles V and his son Philip II of Spain. But he lived most of his life in Venice, and it was in Venice that Henry III of France visited him and where he entertained on a generous scale.

PAOLO VERONESE went to Venice from Verona, and his painting records nothing but the pageant aspect of Venetian life. His superb technique was founded on that of Titian, but he had an ease in execution which Titian, who worked laboriously, was never, I fancy, able to achieve. An impression of the character of his vast decorative pictures in Venice, Turin, the Louvre, and so forth can be



"Venetian Lady at her Toilet," by Titian. This world-famous picture, now in the Louvre, was once in the collection of Charles I

gathered from the splendid "Surrender of the Family of Darius to Alexander" in the National Gallery—a picture which originally he gave as a present to the Pisani family, who had entertained him at Este.

Veronese as a religious painter came in conflict with the Inquisition, which existed in a modified form in Venice in the sixteenth century. In his religious pictures he represented the events of Scripture as occurring in Venice in his day. The "Marriage in Cana," as he portrayed it, became a Venetian banquet on a Palladian stage; and in "The Supper in the House of Simon" there are dwarfs and dogs in the foreground, and one of the Apostles picks his teeth with a fork—a table appointment which at that time was quite new. It was "The Supper in the House of Simon" to which the Inquisition objected, and the minutes of the artist's appearance before them are still preserved.

Here is an extract:

Question: Does it appear to you fitting that at our Lord's Supper you should paint buffoons, drunkards, Germans, dwarfs and similar indecencies?

Answer: No, my lord.

Question: Are you not aware that in Germany and in other places infected with heresy they are in the habit of painting pictures full of scurrility for the purpose of ridiculing and degrading the Holy Church, and thus teaching false doctrines to the ignorant and foolish?

Answer: Yes, my lord, it is bad.

He was condemned to alter the picture at his own expense within three months; but he never did so, and he was not further troubled by the Inquisition, which was doubtless convinced that he was not really subversive or irreverent.



Generally regarded as the painter's masterpiece

Feeding your DOG correctly in sickness and in Health



"Puppies should have separate feeding bowls"

THE feeding of a dog has been a subject of controversy ever since man started to take his best friend seriously, and that is a very great many years ago, and, after many years of experience in rearing and keeping dogs, I am convinced that the simplest and most satisfactory method of feeding a dog to keep him in good health, or nourish him in sickness, from the word "go" to extreme old age, is set out in the following paragraphs.

IN the first place, get rid of the idea that your dog is all right as long as he eats what is given him. Sweets, chocolates, cakes, potatoes and starchy matter, and small bones, must, for instance, be absolutely "taboo." Small bones are terribly injurious, especially to young dogs: the splinters are apt to cause tummy-ache and set up irritation, and it is no uncommon thing for a dog to die from hæmorrhage or jaundice owing to an intestine pierced by a piece of bone. Rabbit, chicken, and game bones are the worst.

The correct food for a dog is, in my opinion, a combination of meat, (raw or cooked), eggs, sterilised milk, brown bread, and dog biscuit, and they are named in order of their vitamin value.

Dog biscuits are produced in dozens of varieties, to suit a dog from the age of five weeks. He can have them wet or dry, mixed or plain. If he does not like one kind, try another, and if the spoiled little man "won't eat biscuit," why, starve him till he will. Biscuit is unsuitable for a sick dog, and in certain abnormal cases it does not do at any time, and the invaluable basic food of puppyhood, brown or wholemeal bread, should be substituted.

"Because he eats what you give him, his diet is not necessarily the right one"

By Violet Small

"Troytown"

A BABY puppy needs three meals a day, and patent foods are not advised. Left over milk pudding can be used now and then, but the regular diet should be a brown bread and milk breakfast, scraped raw meat dinner, and brown bread and milk again for supper. Puppies should have separate feeding bowls, for, if sharing, either one little glutton will get the lion's portion, or they will all bolt their food and have indigestion. Different puppies, even from the same litter, require different quantities.

From three to six months are still needed, but they are more varied and important. The bread and milk breakfast can be altered to junket, milk pudding, a plate of tasty scraps, a slice of brown bread and dripping, or an egg beaten with a little milk. All these are bone-forming, nourishing, and full of the necessary vitamins. At midday

give a dry biscuit or meaty bone, as it is absolutely necessary for a dog's teeth and digestion for him to have a steady proportion of hard, dry, food. If his teeth are yellow or coated with slime he is having too much sloppy food and not enough "hard tack," or he is ill! At night, say six o'clock, give him an appetising dinner of chopped meat,



Testing requirements by the rice and string method

usually raw, mixed with well-smashed biscuit, the whole moistened with a little stock or hot water (not gravy). Substitute beaten egg for stock if the dog appears too poor and light.

When a dog is seven months old, he no longer needs a "breakfast," but he can be spoiled a little by having a saucer of milk and tea. He should have a plate of scraps or a meaty bone or dry biscuit some time during the morning, and his big meal, of chopped meat and broken biscuit mixed with stock, at night. When he is really "grown up" he requires one meal daily, and this is best given at night unless he is a watch-dog and expected to sleep lightly, though a bone or biscuit at odd times will not hurt him.

For all dogs from three months upwards a little cabbage is a

valuable addition to dinner,

AFTER the food—drink! This is a subject on which a dog is a better judge than his master. Contrary to popular belief, he will not drink too much if he has free access to clean, fresh, cold, water. There is, however, the proving exception to the rule of free water supply: in gastritis and enteritis no fresh water whatsoever should be allowed. A mixture of Vichy water and white of egg, with a dash of brandy, should form the whole diet, and when the patient is on the road to recovery a saucer of Vichy water can be placed near him.

In illness, feeding is half the battle. Eliminate the dog biscuits and brown bread, as too heavy for invalids, use scraped raw beef or stewed mutton for the usual chopped meat ration, and retain the eggs and milk: these three foods will form a diet that will put "paid" to most troubles. Distemper and pneumonia can be nursed almost entirely on raw eggs and junket, and as yolk of egg is a little sickly for a long case, it should be used sparingly and have Brand's Essence added. Convalescence brings the patient on to Ovaltine, beaten egg and milk, baked custard, and scraped meat; fish also is a fairly good invalid food.

Throughout a dog's life feeding should be conducted on a "quality rather than quantity" basis, and finally, all dogs should fall upon their food as if it was the first they have ever seen and the last they ever expect to be given.



Tempting the capricious appetite



Miss Edna Best.

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"I find that this method keeps my skin in as good condition as I can desire. Why should I try any other? But in any case you only have to use the cold cream once to be convinced of its cleansing effect. I suppose keeping the pores free makes the skin healthy. It certainly makes it feel very soft and supple.

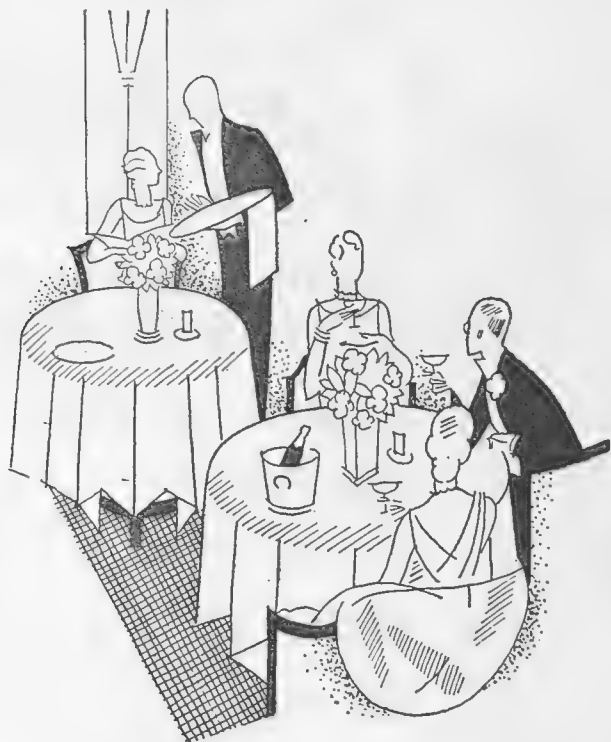
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Edna Best





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Window Shopping



A set of six bottles in a clear vivid green, with the name of the contents clearly painted in white, is a valuable addition to the bathroom. The bottles fit safely into a narrow wooden tray, and may also be obtained in blue. With the tray the complete set costs 35/-. The six bottles alone are 25/-



The bowl of this lamp is ten inches high, and is made of silvered glass tinged with a delicate pink. The pleated paper shade is in grey, red, black and white, mellowed by varnish, and tied with a gold cord ending in a red tassel. Lamp, 35/-. Shade, 12/6



Glasses and ashtrays are almost as essential to a bridge setting as cards and markers. These tall glasses are partly frosted, and marked with a heart, club, spade, or diamond. A small bucket for ice and ashtrays to match are also available. The ice bucket is 9/6. Glass and ashtray, 5/- each.

These discs show one of the newest ideas in match-holders. They are very convenient to use and congenial with modern furniture and decoration. The silver one costs £2-7-6, and the leather one, which includes a silver-gilt ashtray, is £2-12-6

The names and addresses of the firms from which the articles illustrated on this and the following page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Window Shopping



Tip-up Tables which may be used for tea or coffee are very useful in small rooms. This one is in cream lacquer and costs £4 4 0. Several other colours are available, and the coffee set costs £1 19 0



A cashmere rug which is light in weight, warm in use and pleasant in colour makes a most agreeable travelling companion. It is still more useful when accompanied by a neat hide bag with a zip fastening which can be used as a cushion when the rug is inside it. Rug £2 0 0. Complete with case £3 18 6



A real Persian rug which combines a good design and mellow colouring with a moderate price is a welcome addition to almost any house. This is one of several Mesched Beluch rugs ranging from £3 3 0 upwards. It measures 4 ft. 7 in. by 2 ft. 11 in. and costs £4 4 0



This dog bowl for the family friend is guarded by a life-size hound puppy painted on wood. Other kinds are available at the same price £1 12 6



Here is a smoking stand in the shape of a golfing figure which can be easily carried and so placed wherever it will be most convenient at the moment. It is made of wrought iron, painted a terracotta red, and costs £3 3 0

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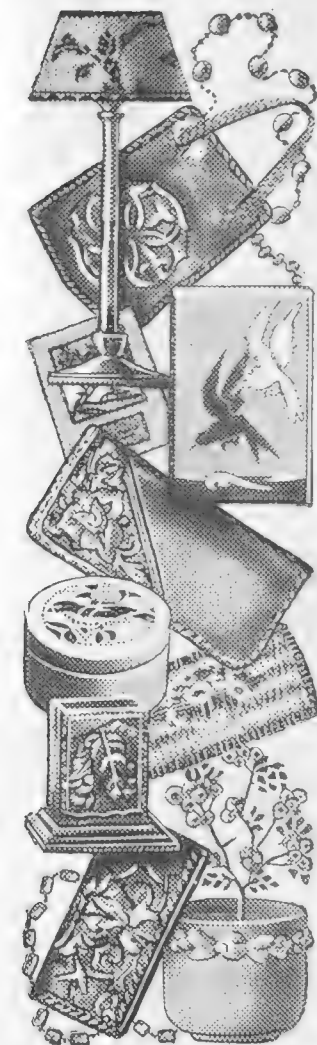
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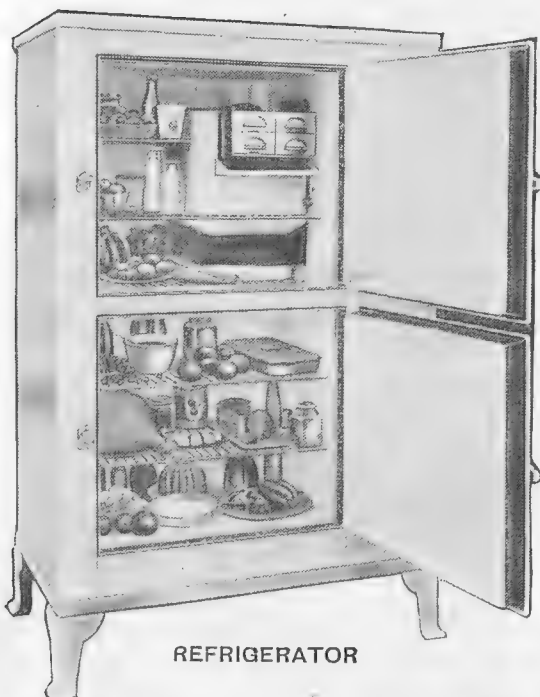
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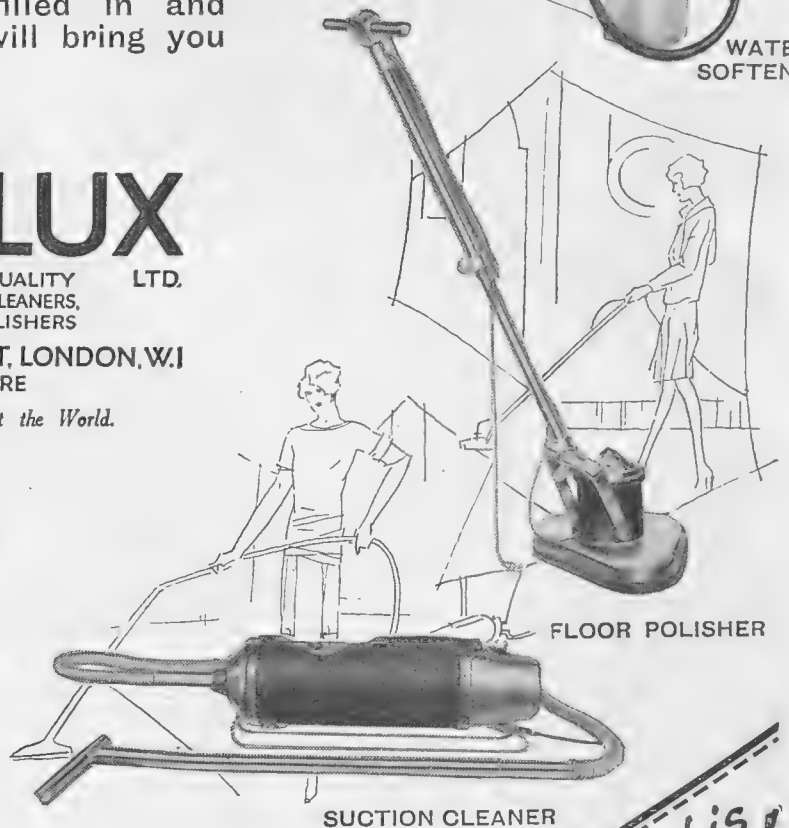
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*Send this
now!*

THAT there is a new travelling case which solves the problem of packing a great deal in a small space?

It is nine inches deep and eighteen inches square.

It has a rod inside the hood which pulls out so that several dresses may be hung over it, and when it is folded back against the lid again they are kept in place by two elastic bands. The rest of the space may be devoted to shoes, brushes, lingerie, bottles, and a number of the sundries which accompany most of us on our travels.



These photographs show a new travelling case before and after it has been filled with all the necessaries for a week-end or a week. A tailor-made suit, four dresses, shoes and brushes, a hat, lingerie, bottles, and a thick woollen scarf, are here packed in it

Madam, did you know—

Practical Paragraphs for Home Consumption

ABOUT three extremely useful recruits to the army of kitchen utensils?

One is an improved onion chopper, which enables anyone to chop onions without shedding tears. The peeled onion is placed inside on the circle of wood at the bottom of the strong glass jar. The metal lid attached to the chopper prevents the onion's aroma from escaping. The price is 1s. 6d.

Another is an improved aluminium two-pint measure. The measurements on this are stamped on the inside, so that milk or other liquids cannot lurk in the embossed crevices, and the unusual shape enables liquids to be safely and easily poured from it whether it is held in the right hand or the left. This is 2s. 6d.

A third is an aluminium saucepan made on the same principle as the measure and therefore valuable for sauce-making. This costs 2s. 3d.

THAT one of the best ways of ensuring that one will start out feeling warm, even on a very cold day, is to warm the inside of the back of one's coat before putting it on, particularly round the neck?

That if you have not already done so, it is high time to consider how to keep your domicile warm and your fuel bill low?

The first things to attend to are draughts. Sometimes a screen is the only solution, but often it is merely a question of placing a rug by the door, or attaching a strip of rubber to the bottom of the door itself.

The possession of, or a small sum invested in, a portable electric radiator will make all the difference between a

chilly and a comfortable room when the weather is unkind and the room has an exceptionally cold corner.

Where coal fires are concerned this is the moment to see whether new firebricks are needed in the grate, or whether a supply of fireballs is indicated as a means of keeping the heat going without using too much coal.

It may also be remembered that a small bag of sawdust has a wonderful power of keeping a fire going if it has to be left unattended for some time, and that bags in which dog biscuits are sold are of a convenient size for the purpose.

THAT if the pillow is put on top of a hot-water bottle when it is placed in the bed, and the bed-

clothes pulled up over the pillow, the water bottle will still be hot, even if one does not come home till the small hours?

That brass objects which tarnish so rapidly in damp weather will keep their brilliance for a longer period if they are rubbed over with a lightly vaselined rag after polishing? This applies particularly to door knockers and letter boxes.



Onions can be chopped without tears with this glass and aluminium chopper. Both the saucepan and measure are exceptionally easy to pour from

ONE of the chief difficulties of keeping house successfully is the fact that it is an occupation consisting of so very many small and apparently unrelated tasks.

A certain number of women are blessed with an instinctive knowledge of how to tackle these in a serene and well-balanced manner, and of how to get through them without undue worry or fatigue. But there is a large number of women whose housekeeping standards are just as high, but who have very little inborn sense of how to attain them.

The innumerable details that have to be considered and dealt with when running even the smallest establishment satisfactorily make enormous inroads on one's time if they are allowed to get out of hand, and most housekeepers have experienced far too many days which were completely filled with work, yet showed no obvious results at the end.

A good memory scores here as everywhere; but its absence can be made up for to a very large extent by putting method in its place.

If your fairy godmothers were as remiss as mine, and did not endow you with a memory for the things that are not particularly interesting to you, or a mind which uses methodical means of its own accord, you may find the following suggestions of considerable use.

Housekeeping may be divided into two principal sections.

(1) Keeping the house in order: which includes seeing that both the house and its contents are kept clean and in good repair, and attending to the important questions of light and heat.

(2) Catering: which may be held to include ordering food, cleaning materials, household utensils and replacements, arranging menus and seeing that they are properly prepared.

I HAVE already dealt with the questions of cleaning, heating and lighting in these pages; but let me repeat that accurate lists of the work which has to be done are invaluable, whether a house has many maids or none. They take the place of an indifferent memory by reminding the housekeeper or the maid of easily forgotten de-



The particular merit of this aluminium vegetable boiler is the perforated inner lid, which keeps green vegetables in place and minimises cooking odours, 7/9. The copper pan scourers are attached to a wooden handle which protects the hands, 1/3. Refills, 2½d. Rubber jam-pot covers, 9d. and 6½d.

Easier Housekeeping

Wherein it is proved that though a good memory is a valuable asset, its absence may be compensated for by method; together with some suggestions for evolving order out of chaos and avoiding unnecessary worry and fatigue

By Catherine Ives

tails; and simplify any questions that may arise when the work has to be rearranged.

A housekeeping diary (which need not be very large) is an excellent place in which to keep notes of everything to do with the running of the house. There are several ways of keeping accounts, and these, when accurate, can be turned to for reference as to when such and such a purchase was made; but the diary will be a speedier assistant for this particular purpose. It takes a very short time to make a note of when the windows were cleaned and the chimney swept, when



A juice extractor worked by a handle is much easier to use for extracting fruit juice than the ordinary kind, and has separate attachments for oranges and lemons, 10/6

purchases of household linen or utensils, electric light bulbs, etc., were made, and when curtains or covers were sent to the cleaners. The diary then forms a record which may be turned to whenever one is in doubt as to how long it is since anything was done or bought.

THE problems of catering can also be simplified considerably by any one who will take a little trouble in the first place.

An ordinary duplicate book which costs about a shilling is a helpful friend. In this you write down each day's orders to the tradesmen; and so have a shopping list which is equally useful whether you shop in person or by telephone, or whether the tradesmen come round to the back door.

The duplicate portion remains to refresh your memory when you are checking the weekly books, and is especially useful if some of the bills have been mislaid.

PERSONALLY, I am not in favour of letting all the tradesmen call for orders. It is usually essential where the milkman and baker are concerned, but if one does not live too far from the shops it is more satisfactory and usually less expensive to order things oneself, or delegate the duty to a reliable cook. If all the staple groceries are ordered on one day in the week, the daily marketing need not take much time, and it undoubtedly helps to suggest more interesting and less expensive menus than the

habit of ordering meals without knowing the most profitable materials of the moment.

People who live at a distance from shops cannot do so much personal shopping, but in this case they usually have a garden to rely upon for a proportion of their fruit and vegetables; and the practice of having a weekly grocery order and arranging all their menus some days ahead still holds good.

Lists, records and methodical housekeeping habits may sound extremely dull; actually they are not half so dull as a disorganised household and a distracted mistress.

The first take only a little time and are quite interesting to tackle; the second last all day and do no one any good.



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PHYSICAL CULTURE, HEALTH and BEAUTY

Toning up the System

for the long, hard winter days

By Margaret Gaye

SUNLIGHT is a physical need, more or less urgent according to the individual case. But the want of it imposes a strain on the body none the less real because it is not so easily and immediately felt as the want of food and drink.

To keep the body really fit, the whole system as perfectly toned up as exercise can make it, then, becomes even more essential in the dull, sunless days of winter than through the summer time. This month's exercises are therefore all strenuous.

For the first, stand erect, feet well apart, and arms extended above the head. Without moving feet or arms, rotate the body on the hips, as far as possible to the left. Now, maintaining this left turn, bend the body back, at the same time dropping the arms and allowing the knees to give a little (the feet must not move). Stretch the left hand as far as possible towards the left heel. (See Fig. 1.)

Still without overbalancing, or slipping the feet about, straighten the knees and return to an upright position, arms once more above the head. Rotate the body back to the front. Then to the right, and repeat

the exercise on the right-hand side. Continue till tired.

THE second exercise is one of the finest imaginable for muscular control. First stand, heels slightly apart. Rise on toes and bend the knees till in a squatting position. Now reach forward, and, placing the right hand flat on the ground, in a well advanced position, shift the whole weight of the body on to it, and immediately reach



Fig. 1. An exercise in bending and stretching. The bent knees make it difficult to keep the balance



Fig. 2. Here the knees must not touch the ground; the whole weight of the body is on the right hand

out as far as possible with the left hand, just touching the ground at the furthest point with the tips of the fingers. (See Fig. 2.)

The next step is to resume the first (erect) position in one movement, by means of a strong

push-off from the right hand. The exercise is then immediately reversed. Repeat this till tired.

The principal value of this exercise lies in the very powerful effort of all the muscles required to resume the upright position with just the help of that one push. Care must therefore be taken to place the hand on the floor far enough away from the feet to make the recovery really difficult.

Number 3 is a simpler exercise to describe.

Kneel on one knee—we will say the right to start with. Extend the left leg directly forward, with the knee straight and the toe pointed. Bending forward from the hips, just touch the toe with the left hand, and immediately swing up, and bend back. Repeat the movement, touching the toe with the right hand, and at once swing up, and bend back. Continue this, alternating the right and left hands, till tired. Then change from the right to the left knee, and repeat an equal number of times.

Photographs posed
by Miss Pat Paterson,
of the Charlot
Cabaret Revue
Company



Fig. 3. Bend forward to touch the toe, and bend back. This exercise must be rapidly performed

66 Dance, little Lady 99

Quick wits and suppleness are two assets of the good dancer

THE exercise shown in Fig. 1 this month is simple. From the dancer's point of view it makes for suppleness. Practised as physical culture it is slimming, and aids in producing the straight-up-and-down line so much desired to-day.



Fig. 1. The back bend, in sweeping the body through a complete circle, gives great suppleness

Stand erect with feet slightly apart and arms, gracefully rounded, raised above the head. Bend from the hips forward and to the right, letting the head drop and the arms fall quite loosely to touch, or nearly touch, the floor. Sweep arms and body through a semicircle from right to left, and raise them on the left side; then immediately bending back as far as possible to perform the other half-circle of movement that will return you to the original starting point—viz., the bend right and forward. It is the back bend that is illustrated. Note particularly the graceful and unstrained position of the arms, which must describe a full, sweeping circle above the head through the whole exercise.

This movement must be repeated fairly fast and with perfect smoothness, without any break as each circle is completed. When giddy the direction may be reversed.

IT has been said that much dancing sharpens the wits, for it is essential to good dancing that the mind should

work quickly, and practice can speed up anything. To call the wits into play, however, it is necessary not to stick too much to purely routine work. More elaborate steps should be practised—better still, invented. An exercise of this type is shown in Fig. 2. The dancer steps out on to the right foot, and at once springs into the position illustrated. (Practise the actual pose in front of a mirror, and be sure you have got it right

before attempting to "dance into it.") She then rises on the left foot, and after a pirouette or some such step—described in earlier numbers—reverses the whole thing.

THE third exercise might be described as a version of the famous goose-step! It improves the balance, and, like all these exercises, makes for shapely legs. Chiefly it consists of walking very slowly round the room, raising each leg in turn as high as possible with comfort and without overbalancing, and pointing the toe. Each step should be counted twelve, slowly; from "one" as the dancer steps on to, say, the left foot, "two" as she starts to raise the right, to "seven" as the right reaches its highest point, and "twelve" as it nearly touches the ground. "One" again as she steps on to it. Be sure to count evenly, and just as slowly while the leg is being steadily and gradually lowered as while it is being raised. If you can do this at once quite evenly and as slowly as you wish, you must have nearly perfect muscular control.

Later this same exercise may be performed much more quickly, with a hop and spring in it. Again be sure to point the toe each time, and hop lightly. A dull thud and a general quivering on the part of any ornaments in the room shows that you are not light enough on your feet.

Fig. 2. The dancer should not stick too much to routine work. More elaborate steps must be practised or invented



Fig. 3. A dancer's version of the German parade ground march—the famous "goose-step"

Two heads with but a single box



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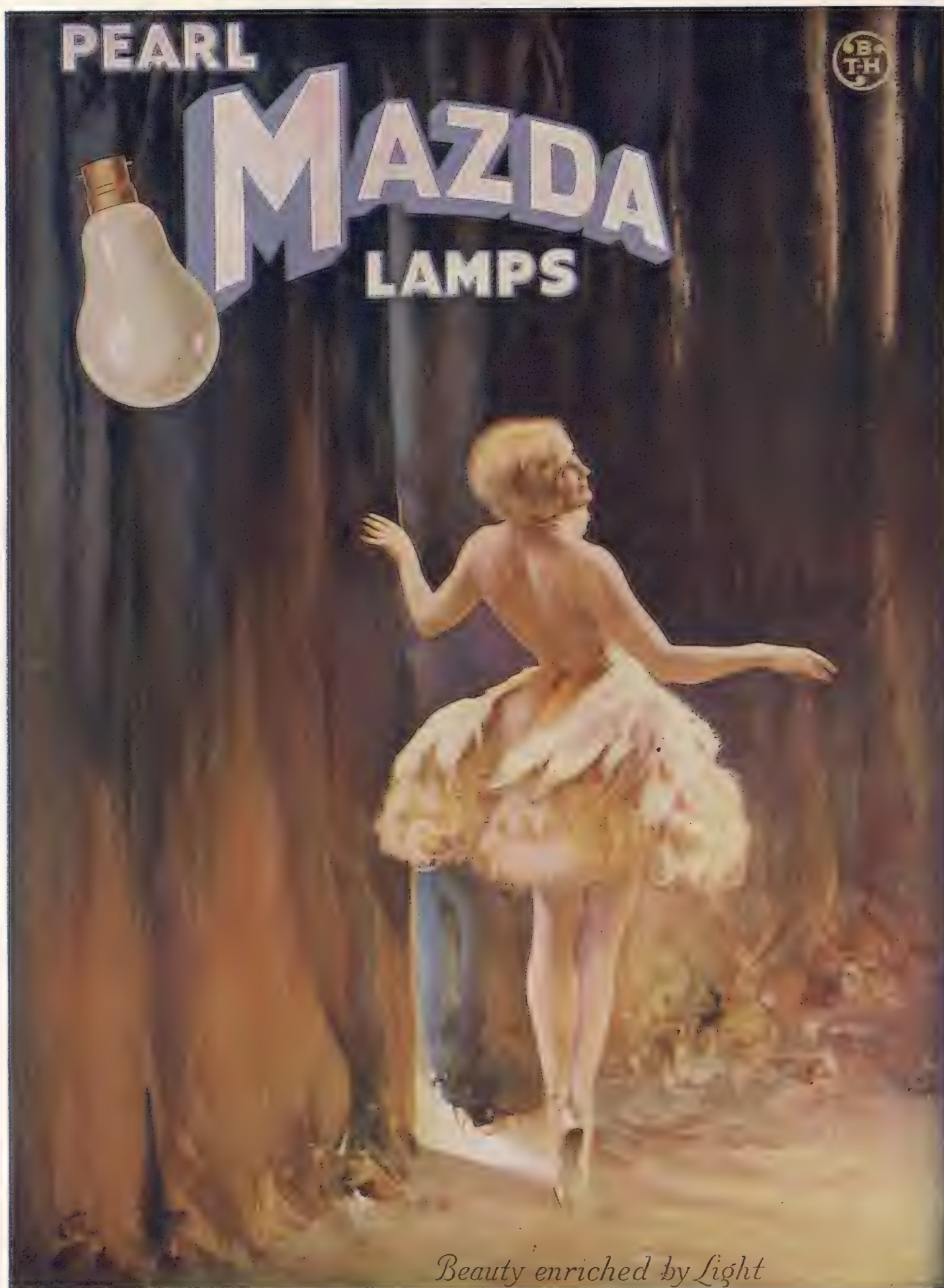
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The advertisement features a large, glowing light bulb in the upper left corner. The background is a dark, atmospheric forest scene with tall, slender trees. In the center, a ballerina in a white tutu is captured in a graceful pose, her back to the viewer as she looks towards the right. The overall mood is elegant and artistic, emphasizing the beauty of the light.

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MEALS have a social and moral as well as a vital importance in our lives. We eat to live, and though few of us would admit that we live to eat, the pleasures of the table have an increasing importance in our lives as our capacity for the other sensational pleasures decreases.

It is now an acknowledged fact that the digestive functions have a nervous synthesis; nervous dyspepsia is not a disgrace, but a curable ailment. We have also, reluctantly, admitted that Nature, perhaps arbitrarily endowed with the feminine gender, is to some extent reasonable and tutorial. The palate and the digestion are allies. It is rare, and indicative of a pathological condition, for a craving to exist for any particular form of food which is injurious to the alimentary system. As examples, there are the craving for alcohol—a well-defined pathological condition—and the desire some diabetic subjects have for sugar, which can be explained as a saturation of the system, which, apparently, demands amplification to the point of destruction. The domination of evil over good, whether it is considered physically, psychologically, or ethically, is unusual; otherwise the inhabitants of hospitals, asylums and prisons would outnumber the denizens of model villas, service flats, hotels, "the stately homes of England," and Council houses.

THEREFORE it is safe for the average and normal person to follow the preference of their palate and eat, within reasonable limits, what they like and what they feel they need both for the sustenance of their bodies and the satisfaction of their tastes.

Only idiots would continue to eat or drink things they had discovered by experience to be definitely harmful. Nature's method of expressing non-acceptance is simple: the result is either discomfort or pain. The unsophisticated have only to consult a medical man for an explanation, but most people have sufficient intelligence and reasoning powers to comprehend cause and effect.

In certain cases there are dietetic idiosyncrasies. A number of people suffer gastric or epidermic ill-effects from eating strawberries. I know of a case where one raspberry was sufficient to cause agonising colic. Honey, which one would imagine was among the purest forms of natural sugar, is poison



Pollard Crowther

TO EAT wisely & Well

One should follow the preferences of one's palate and, within reasonable limits, eat what one likes

Mr. John Kirby, who plays the part of a chef who eats wisely but drinks unwisely in "Hold Everything" at the Palace



Two Islington Girl Guides enjoying a pudding of their own making, cooked under the supervision of Miss Marguerite Fedden, of the Northampton Polytechnic Institute

dietetic schedule are often, from the layman's point of view, acids; they are contained in many fruit juices—lemon, orange, lime, pineapple, etc.—and are extremely valuable as stimulants to the digestion and antidotes to some of the malevolent acids generated by faulty digestive and eliminatory functions.

good Health"

to certain stomachs. Shell-fish or mushrooms are certain causes of stomachic trouble to others. Generally there is an inherent or consequent antipathy to injurious articles of food. Eggs and milk, which are among the most valuable foods, are not digestible in some cases. It is not necessary for the layman to be given chemical or biological analyses to explain the reasons, but it is desirable that he should have sufficient knowledge to evolve a practical substitution for the particular foods which his digestive functions cannot assimilate.

A GENERAL diet should include, in moderate proportions, proteids, which create heat and energy, and are contained in meats, eggs, cheese, and milk; fats, supplied by butter, cream, animal fat, etc.; and carbohydrates, engendered by sugars, starches (contained in cereal foods and certain vegetables, such as potatoes, sugar, etc.). The starchy and sugary foods are essential to the growth of tissue in young people; hence their natural desire for sweets and sugars. The purer the form of sugar the better for the digestion.

What are called salts in the

Form and Rhythm

If a good figure is dependent on a strong character, there are ways to reduce the one and develop the other

By
"Chrysis"



The graceful attitude of these two dancers, members of the Bodenwieser Troupe from Vienna, illustrates the beauty which results from complete control of the limbs

THERE are people who are just naturally the right shape and the right weight, on whom clothes, whatever the vagaries of fashion, look right, who seem to keep fit with a minimum amount of exercise, who can eat and drink what they like without any apparent deleterious effect on their digestion, complexion, or figure. Those less fortunate can only wonder and admire. For them a menu card may be among the banned literature, the diet chart a flagellation, and daily exercises, almost certainly, an infinite tedium.

We are familiar with the charming photographs of bathing beauties, film stars, and ideal physical culturists demonstrating the ease and efficacy of this and that movement—jerk or swing. This is all splendid, and it is indisputable that the right exercises and the right diet will achieve marvels. But when we look at a fat friend, who was, perhaps, a pretty, shapely woman a few years ago, and say to ourselves or to a convenient interlocutor, "How can she have let herself go like that?" the answer is probably that she had not sufficient character to face the daily struggle, silently, insistently, unapplauded, to carry out the "daily dozen" and keep up the diurnal abstinence.

ALL successful business people are good psychologists, and this is necessarily more true of the beauty specialist than of any other professional. Among the things I have admired most (and personally appreciated) about one of the most famous and admirably organised of



An apparently simple, but really exacting, exercise which brings into play all the muscles of the legs and hips, and demands considerable powers of balance

London's beauty culture establishments is the incorporation of exercise salons and the evolution of a system of physical culture which is not only extremely beneficial to general health, but by means of attractive and luxurious accessories and surroundings, and the introduction of personal instruction and music, makes the carrying out of the physical culture or reducing course prescribed an easy and pleasant performance instead of a positive bore.

THE exercises are all devised to make the muscles supple without over-developing them. The danger of exercise that develops muscle is that it must always be kept up, for if muscle, which is surrounded by fat, is ever allowed to shrink, the fat increases in volume, to take up the space left, and increased adiposity is the eventual result. Besides, large muscles are not beautiful in a woman, and are alien to our modern idea of physical grace.

If this system is taken for reducing purposes, it begins by the application of an electric roller, the vibratory massage of which breaks down the fat globules, while the rotary movement encourages their dispersal. Exercises to produce suppleness as well as slimness follow, performed to music, on a satin-covered mattress in a charming airy room. A radiant heat bath carries on the good work and eliminates acids and impurities through the pores of the skin; a shower bath, general massage (adapted to the needs of the patient), and a rest in a specially equipped cubicle complete the treatment.

The exercises, which are in themselves fascinating, can be continued (or learned, if the full treatment is not taken) to the music and vocal instruction of gramophone records, and this dispels the grim loneliness and boredom of uninspired exercising.

The resultant feeling of well-

being and reinvigoration, as well as the evidence of tape measure and weighing machine, makes this an ideal beauty culture

course in an age when the scales most important to women are not those in the hands of blindfolded Justice but those held by wide-awake Hygeia.

These articles are not advertisements, but in response to enquiries as to where the treatments and preparations referred to by "Chrysis," can be obtained, readers are informed that the system of exercises mentioned in the above article is that of Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

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THE name of Elizabeth Arden is a symbol of loveliness to more than ten million women. But Elizabeth Arden is so much more than a name. She is a real woman, an exciting personality, whose enthusiasm for Beauty has placed the priceless gift of charm within reach of every woman.

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Elizabeth Arden's Treatments and Preparations keep muscles vigorous, tissues toned up, and your skin smooth and tight so that your face simply does not get a chance to droop. Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home.

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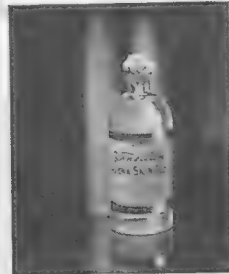
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VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive.

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Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.

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Photos by
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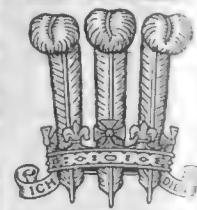
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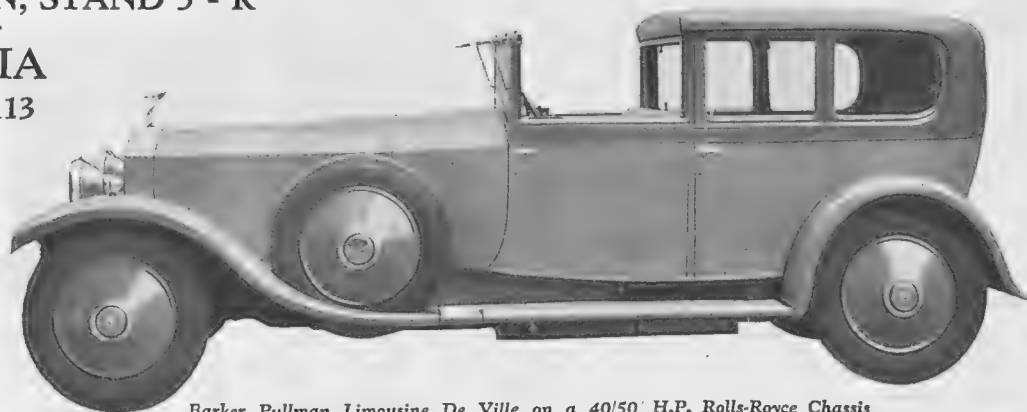
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MOTORING SECTION: Conducted by The EARL OF CARDIGAN

Don't be a "One-Car" Woman

How to tackle unfamiliar makes

IF I were asked the reason for the admittedly mediocre ability of the average owner-driver, I should trace it first and foremost to the fact that she has learned on one car only, and has tackled nothing else. This might cause some surprise, since it is not immediately obvious how anyone could learn to drive on a variety of cars. Any change, it might be argued, would cause confusion in the pupil's mind, and her progress would be seriously delayed. This is, in fact, the view taken by practically all of those who undertake the responsibility of teaching either their children or their friends to drive.

I maintain, however, that such an argument is completely and demonstrably false. No one would pretend that she understood the art of riding if she could only handle one individual horse with any degree of confidence. How, then, can it be claimed that the pupil has learned to drive when she can master only one individual machine? She has, I suggest, learned nothing that she will not have to re-learn each time she changes her old car for a modern one.

Is it, moreover, actually so difficult to learn from the outset to drive all cars with equal ease? I have taught beginners on these lines, and never found it so. The great thing is to realise first of all the ninety respects in which all cars are the same, and afterwards to pick up a working knowledge of the ten respects in which they may be different.

Let us take, for example, the location of the pedals. We know at once that the clutch pedal is *always* on the left. The difference between the accelerator and brake pedal is obvious at a glance, and therefore all three can be located quickly and with certainty.

The engine controls are no less simple. The air-strangler proclaims itself at-once, and the hand throttle can be identified merely by moving it a notch or two. As for the ignition lever, a slight acceleration of the engine indicates its "advance" position, whereas a slight drop in the revolutions similarly indicates "retard."

THE position of the gears is perhaps not quite so obvious, but 99 per cent. of gearboxes obey the following rules. Let us take the three-speed gearbox first. Here reverse gear is forward, and opposite to it is "first." Through the gate and forward is second gear, and opposite to it is



Motoring in the Loch district of Perthshire. On the road to the Trossachs at the Brig o' Turk

"top." Reverse gear is sometimes distinguished by a stop, and top gear *always* has a shorter slot than either of the other three. Nothing very complicated there.

Four-speed boxes, of course, have a



In a Cornish lane, Mr. Derek Oldham and his wife, Miss Winnie Melville, the well-known actors, enjoying a run in a Buick car. They are appearing in the revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy Theatre

separate gate for "reverse." First gear is forward, and "second" opposite. Third gear is through the gate and forward, and opposite to it, as usual, is "top." Where the gate is not visible, it

may be necessary to experiment in order to find *one* of these ratios, but the relative position of the others will be obvious enough.

IS IT REALLY CONFUSING?

Anyone can follow this, but the "one-car" woman will reply that the mere fact of having to move her hand or foot from left to right, when she has always moved it previously from right to left, is sufficiently confusing in itself. This is perfectly true if she drives one car only for a year and then changes to another, but this is exactly what the proficient driver should never allow herself to do. I remember distinctly noticing a definite change for the worse in my own driving after circumstances had once forced me to drive one car continuously for 8,000 miles.

The opportunity to drive an unfamiliar make occurs more frequently than one might suppose. One may be staying in the country and wish to send a telegram. The host may say, "Take my car and run down to the village," and it is a pity to have to admit this feat to be beyond one's skill. To attempt it and make a hash of it is even worse! Moreover, apart from all this, an understanding of other cars makes one more sympathetic with one's own.

ARE SOME MAKES "DIFFICULT"?

In this connection, I have often heard certain makes described as "difficult," although actually I know of no modern car to which this term could fairly be applied. Curiously enough, it is generally a sports or semi-sports model that is so described, presumably because such cars have gear ratios which are higher than normal and respond more rapidly to the controls. In reality, a sports model is generally a good deal easier than a car of the luxurious and ultra-silent type. The engine note is so very clearly audible that clean gear-changing depends merely upon the intelligent use of one's ears.

The engine of a really silent car, however, is sometimes practically inaudible, owing either to the swish of the tyres on the road or to the noise of some other vehicle. In this case the driver must be guided by the slight vibration which all engines make when running free, and must engage his gears accordingly. I have never discovered exactly how this vibration is transmitted, whether *via* the steering wheel, gear level, or clutch pedal, but with practice it becomes discernible.

The only real difficulty arises when one finds a car with so perfectly balanced an engine that, for practical purposes, it is both silent and vibrationless.



The Earl of Cardigan and the "Silver Eagle" Alvis described on this page

ABOUT a year ago I had the pleasure—I use the phrase in its literal rather than conventional sense—of testing the six-cylinder Alvis in its original 14 h.p. form. Although not a fast car as the modern driver understands that term, it impressed me very favourably by the pleasant way in which it handled on the road, and also by the relatively high average speeds that could be comfortably maintained. When I say, therefore, that the new "six" is a good 20 per cent. faster and has lost nothing in flexibility, it will be seen that the



This year of pace sees the arrival of the first woman road-scout. Here she is, at work for the Women's Automobile and Sports Association, with the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce

A FINE "ALL-ROUNDER"

The "Silver Eagle" Alvis

told, which surprised me, that a clutch-stop is fitted, but it is evidently not of the most efficient type.

FOR the performance of the car on the open road I have nothing but praise, albeit there were comparatively few stretches of road which really were "open" on the occasion of my trial run. It happened that the

weather at that time was particularly fine, and the volume of traffic was quite exceptional. This prevented me from testing the "Silver Eagle's" actual maximum, although I several times got near enough to it to give an estimate that should be reasonably accurate. With a saloon body, the car should do approximately 75 m.p.h. in top gear, and something like 55 m.p.h. in "third." This, for a 17 h.p. car which in no way resembles a sports model, strikes me as being exceptionally good.

I should explain that in every respect except its rather startling turn of speed the new Alvis could be

This Month's Motoring Hint

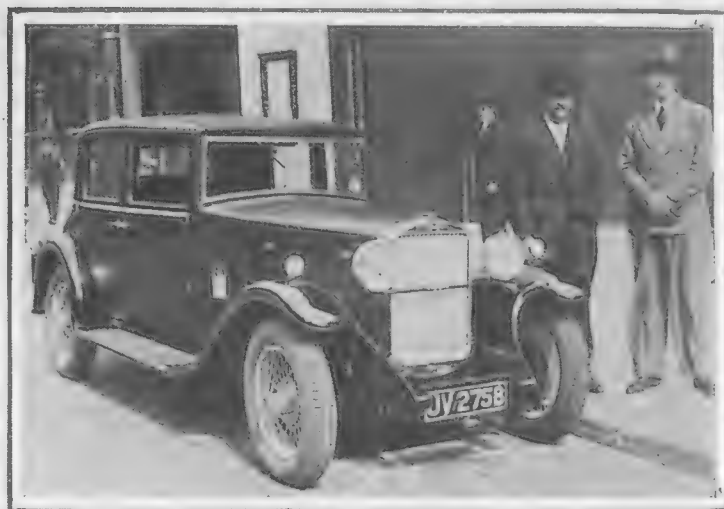
Driving in Fog

NOVEMBER being traditionally the month of fogs, it is an appropriate moment to consider the best methods of combating the difficulties and dangers which foggy weather must invariably produce. The first and most essential step, in my opinion, is to get the windscreen open, for although, on a fine day, a sheet of glass seems to make no difference whatever to the visibility, it appears to become positively opaque when fog is pressing against one side of it.

If the fog occurs at night, get out and slew the headlamps round. I find that the best arrangement under these conditions is to have one lamp pointing into the left-hand gutter a little way ahead, and the other pointing nearly straight down in front of the car.

"Silver Eagle" is an unusually attractive proposition.

It is not flawless, naturally, yet the most serious fault that I could find was with the clutch, in that an unreasonably long period elapses between the time when the pedal is depressed and the moment when first gear can be silently engaged. I was



Captain J. S. Irving, designer of the "Golden Arrow," and Sir Henry Segrave at the big Hillman gathering to announce the new models for 1930

described as a thoroughly sedate machine. It is silent, and only the very "healthy" mutter of the subdued exhaust betrays a power unit of unusual capabilities. It is flexible, and the average driver would probably not suspect the extent to which the highly efficient gearbox can be profitably used. Its coachwork is commodious, and comfort has not been sacrificed to obtain the extra miles per hour.

IN retrospect, moreover, I cannot honestly regret the unpleasantly crowded state of the roads over which I had to drive it. Difficult traffic conditions show off the "Silver Eagle" at its very best, for the acceleration either in "top" or "third" is excellent, and the brakes are just what I think four-wheel brakes should be. They are amply powerful, and quite reasonably light to operate, but the best point about them is the definite and constant "feel" between the driver's foot and the brake shoes acting in the drums. Too often nowadays this "feel" is lost when the power is transmitted by some mechanical device, and one gets the sensation that one's control is so indirect as to be no longer absolute.

The steering is likewise definite, and the springing no less satisfactory. The real pleasure of handling this car, however, is perhaps to be found not so much in the efficiency of any one feature of the chassis as in the admirable way in which they all combine to create what I call "controllability." This is a quality which is not to be found in cars of the cheaper type, and alone would make the "Silver Eagle" well worth the money that is asked for it. Of the coachwork I will only add that it conforms in every way to what the high quality of the chassis would lead one to expect.

GEAR CHANGING HAS BECOME SIMPLICITY ITSELF

ON THE AUSTIN 12 AND 16 MODELS



That is what "The Motor" thinks of the new ball-type gear-change mechanism. The exceptionally long and easily accessible gear-change lever has a very short travel which makes gear changing much easier and adds greatly to the pleasure of driving.

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Women's GOLF Section : Conducted by ELEANOR E. HELME



Mrs. Lewis Smith

Concerning County Golf

By Mrs. Lewis Smith

Who has been Hon. Sec. for County Golf under the L.G.U. for the last eighteen years, to its incalculable gain

THOSE prescient golfers who conceived the idea of "county" golf clubs in the small hours of the present century must rejoice exceedingly in the lusty adolescent into which their bantling has grown. The early years brought certain childish ailments, and one serious illness from which county golf was just convalescent when I became its Honorary Secretary in 1911. A glance over the years which have elapsed since then shows steady progress, only broken by the cataclysm of the Great War, when the County Championship of 1914 was perforce left unfinished, and county matches were not resumed until 1920.

IN 1911 there were 21 County Associations in England and Wales affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union; now the list has swelled to 39, and the only English counties who, as yet, take no part in the battle for the Championship Shield are Herefordshire and Huntingdonshire. Gallant Wales boasts five Associations, amongst whom Glamorganshire can pride itself on a county golf history dating from 1902. It has been my privilege to assist at the birth of some of these Associations, and

I always "take off my hat" to the brave souls of one county who started their match-playing career with a total membership of 12! It took some courage, but they



The Yorkshire Team, winners of the Ladies Golf County Championship (left to right, standing): Miss R. Leatham, Lady Alness, Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss C. Downes, Miss I. Worsley. (Sitting): Mrs. C. Kilson, Miss M. Wragg and Miss J. N. Fowler

were amply rewarded by the rapid growth of their Association.

COUNTY Golf is the most admirable school for the young golfer; "esprit de county" corrects the tendency to egotism of the game, and the training and experience gained in the matches is invaluable. Many past and present champions have graduated from this school, and a place in their county team should be the early ambition of budding aspirants to championship honours. County golf has, un-



The Glamorganshire Team (left to right, standing): Mrs. H. F. Blake, Mrs. Scott-Chard, Miss Marjorie Barron, Miss Molly Marley, Mrs. J. Barton. (Sitting): Miss M. Jestyn Jeffreys, Mrs. W. H. Ricardo and Miss Barbara Pyman



Mrs. Bradshaw (Yorkshire) approaching the 14th green from the rough at Broadstone



The Buckinghamshire Team (left to right, standing): Mrs. John Boyd, Mrs. George Hastings, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Chadwick, Miss E. Johnson, Mrs. Cripwell, Mrs. Maxwell Fowler. (Sitting): Mrs. Kelway Bamber, Mrs. E. H. Dudley and Mrs. Alec Gold

doubtedly, been of incalculable benefit to women's golf in Great Britain during the last twenty-five years.

Fully illustrated accounts of the Eve Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton will appear in the December number of "Britannia & Eve."



The Suffolk Team (left to right, standing): Miss C. Griffiths, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Shaddick, Miss Brown, Mrs. Sutcliffe. (Sitting): Miss Joy Winn, Miss Y Faraday and Mrs. Ronald Garrett

The English Championship

Miss Molly Gourlay's deserved win at Broadstone and Miss Diana Fishwick's brave effort in being runner-up



Miss Molly Gourlay



Miss Diana Fishwick

WHAT is going to stand out presently about this year's English Championship when we have forgotten some of the thrills and incidents which loomed so large at the time, and only a few broad impressions remain?

Is it going to be the difficulty of Broadstone, particularly in the matter of second shots and first putts, or the amazing kindness of the Dorset club, or the surprises which electrified the first few days and completely routed all the prophets and prophetesses? Or will it be of a really great final, worthy successor of any that the event has seen since the palmy days when Miss Wethered, or before her Miss Leitch, played unbeatable golf to the destruction (and education) of all comers?

Yes, that is what will stick in mind after much else has faded, because it was a final that made you take off your hat (be it hat or beret) to Miss Gourlay for beautiful golf and wonderful resistance to confident golf which might have

shaken anybody, and to Miss Diana Fishwick, who, up-setting many forecasts, reached the final quite deservedly and played golf there which was thoroughly in keeping with so great a performance. It showed that she must in all sobriety be reckoned amongst the best golfers of the moment.

Perhaps one

ought not to start with the final. Yet why not? If you were looking at a picture, the chief figures in the foreground would catch your eye first, or ought to if the painter knows his job, and after examining them, then



Miss Dorothy Pearson and her niblick smile at grief in an awkward ditch

you would pass on to smaller figures in the background, or the landscape, or the little birds sitting up in the trees and saying all sorts of things about the main figures down below. So supposing we try to look at the picture of the 1929 English Close Championship that way, and then undoubtedly this is what we shall see. First, a trim, determined figure in a light buff skirt, a dark blue cardigan and beret, who is playing really polished, thoughtful, convincing golf. She has been doing it all the week, chased hard by Mrs. Alec Johnston, but otherwise winning with the ease that became one who had already been English champion, and is reckoned to be just about the best English golfer of the day (leaving aside Miss Wethered, of course). And that chase of Mrs. Johnston's was remarkable for fine golf from them both, 38 out being their common total. She is leaving nothing to chance is that ex-English champion; neither making the mistake of holding her final opponent too cheaply nor of taking fright when that opponent shows herself to be a foeman thoroughly worthy of her steel.

IN fact, one rather fancies that years hence Miss Gourlay will look back on that final and feel that, especially in the matter of morale, she may be prouder of the way she parried Miss Fishwick's thrusts, and then when the time came thrust back herself harder still, than of any other doughty deed of all her successful career. For it was an experience that might have shaken many. Perhaps that mashie niblick third up to the 18th in the morning, and the subsequent putt holed, was as valuable a thing as Miss Gourlay did, but beautiful brassie play, and in the afternoon inspired putting, had a large share all day in making her champion.

Then there is that youthful opponent, such a slim slip of a golfer in a pale blue stockinette skirt and jumper and futurist

Potpourri of the Month

The New Club competition hardly merits the name "new" now, for the fun has waxed fast and furious since May, and the excitement grows: will Ryde win the challenge cup for the year, and who will be the other two clubs who will also earn the right to an Eve competition all of their own next year? Wake up, and turn in the scores by the dozen must be the slogan for all the first half-dozen. As for the rest of the month's events, County Finals must, of course, take precedence, though chronologically they come last. Looking back on the proceedings at Broadstone, it was inevitable that Yorkshire should win; they were too good a team, sound right through, to do anything else, and to lose only three out of twenty-one individual encounters was no more than they deserved.

Record breaking was the order of the day so long as the drought lasted. There was a

great 73 from Miss Gwen Watts, of Sheringham, which won the scratch prize at Brocton Hall—a meeting which had a record number of entries. Mrs. Todd took the first handicap with a remarkable 86—14=72 that first day, and on the second Miss K. Beard won the scratch with

77 and Miss Stokes first handicap with just such a card as Mrs. Todd's 86—14=72. Brocton is one of the most delightful courses of the Midlands; no wonder it attracts such entries. Miss Gourlay's fine win of the *Golf Illustrated* Cup at Northwood with 77 and 78, one stroke better than Miss Enid Wilson's 81 and 75, seemed to show which way the wind might blow at Broadstone, and the Surrey champion was in great form, too, when she followed up Northwood by a win at the Surrey open meeting at Wentworth two days later with 76. Miss Gourlay can certainly call 1929 her year.

SHOTS OF THE MONTH

BRITANNIA AND EVE has had much pleasure in awarding brooches for holing in one to the following:—

- Mrs. M. C. Blandford, 8th hole, Dyke.
- Miss M. Jeffreys, 13th hole, Swansea Bay.
- Miss A. Burnley, 13th hole, Leeds.
- Mrs. B. Smith, 6th hole, Hadley Wood.
- Mrs. S. Nickson, 8th hole, Blackpool.
- Miss B. J. Jenkins, 2nd hole, Southwell.
- Miss G. M. Grogan, 10th hole, Penrith.
- Miss R. D. Campbell, 7th hole, St. Enodoc.
- Mrs. W. Holdsworth Hunt, 16th hole, Worthing.
- Mrs. Tod, 8th hole, United Service Golf Club, Haslar.
- Mrs. R. G. Peckham, 13th hole, Crews Hill.
- Mrs. W. Christie, 17th hole, Banchory.
- Mrs. F. Smith, 11th hole, Lilleybrook.
- Mrs. C. Exley, 12th hole, Cleckheaton and District.
- Mrs. H. V. Gateshill, 14th hole, Benton Park.
- Miss M. Parkyn, 8th hole, Westward Ho.
- Mrs. D. Snook, 3rd hole, Rushcliffe.
- Mrs. G. Lord, 3rd hole, North-Middlesex.

at Broadstone: Described by Eleanor E. HELME



The English Championship at a sitting: an imposing group of the competitors at Broadstone

(or was it Egyptian?) cap, swinging the club with an abnormally straight left arm, timing the shots beautifully, and striking the ball so smoothly, only disarming criticism by the very fact that no other good golfer plays quite like she does,



Lady Alness (left), the Yorkshire captain, and Mrs. Raymond Cooper. Lady Alness reached the fifth round

with identical stance (and, one had almost written, swing) for every shot, long or short. That timing and smooth striking is a wonderful asset, but greater still—and that is the main impression left by Miss Fishwick—is a splendid power of detachment, which seems to make her proof against the play, good or bad, of her opponent. All through the week she kept on her even way, until that culminating point when she defeated Miss Chambers and Mrs. Guedalla in one day, and actually lost to Miss Gourlay by no more than 6 and 5 over thirty-six holes. Miss Wethered is the essence of concentration; Miss Gourlay achieves concentration; the rest of the golfing world hope to have it in fits and starts. But Miss Fishwick seems to be more than concentrated; rather she is impenetrable, impervious to her opponents' play or the fame of them—which defeats so

many people so needlessly. She never cracked under the weight of Miss Gourlay's attack, and Miss Gourlay only won because she has a greater range of winning shots at command and the greater experience for producing them in a crisis. Miss Fishwick, who, it must be remembered, is only eighteen, has earned the highest possible praise for that final.

JUST behind those main figures come Miss Wanda Morgan, another Kentite still in her teens, and Mrs. Guedalla, both bronze medallists this year.



(Above) Miss Wanda Morgan reached the semi-final, a fine performance

(Left) Mrs. Guedalla, bronze medallist, and Mrs. Evers

Miss Morgan is a most impressive youngster, hitting the ball quite beautifully, and must surely be heard of again; Mrs. Guedalla needs no introduction, she has surely been heard of before. And then in the middle distance are Miss Enid Wilson, the holder, taking unexpected defeat at the 23rd from Mrs. Sturgess-Wells and her inhuman putts, and Mrs. Garon going out to Mrs. Payne, and Miss Winn beaten by Lady Alness—a wonderful kaleidoscope of stirring events.

And as background Broadstone itself, that extremely testing and altogether delightful course. And its members, both of the Dorset club and of the Broadstone Artisans, who had combined to fight the drought on our behalf. Of course the

greens were not up to Broadstone's usual standard, which is above the average high, but work could have done no more, lacking water supply, and the number of long putts holed showed that the greens were by no means as difficult as timid

putters imagined. Altogether a real bouquet of interesting memories, with a promise of good golf in the future. The young golfers are beginning to come into the picture, and a warm welcome for them is the urgent necessity of the moment. Early events at Ranelagh (which must wait till next month) showed Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan still confidently playing fine golf. Who shall dare call foursomes the old golfers' game? Not I anyway.



The sensation of the Championship. Mrs. Sturgess-Wells and the holder, Miss Enid Wilson, leaving the twenty-third green after the former's amazing victory

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results of the SEPTEMBER Monthly Medal Competitions

Class I (Handicaps of 20 and under.)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss de Bussy ..	Hale ..	80	19	61	75	14 below
Mrs. Blenkinsop ..	Gosforth ..	75	11	64	75	11 "
Miss F. Kidd ..	Sutton-on-Sea ..	82	19	63	73	10 "
Mrs. G. M. Dixon ..	Hythe ..	86	20	66	76	10 "
Mrs. S. Nickson ..	Blackpool ..	84	17	67	76	9 "
Mrs. M. Firth ..	Blackwell ..	86	19	67	76	9 "
Mrs. Esbester ..	Knowle ..	86	15	71	79	8 "
Miss C. R. Pomphrey ..	Woodsome Hall ..	86	18	68	76	8 "
Miss E. Tetlow ..	Huddersfield ..	77	7	70	77	7 "
Miss E. Holmes ..	Tyneside ..	83	12	71	78	7 "
Mrs. Bailey ..	Northampton ..	86	16	70	77	7 "
Miss I. Shaw ..	Southport and Ainsdale ..	85	16	69	76	7 "
Miss G. Lord ..	N. Middlesex ..	84	18	66	73	7 "
Mrs. Tolley ..	Oakdale ..	88	19	69	76	7 "
Miss B. M. E. Robinson ..	Chislehurst ..	84	19	65	72	7 "
Miss Bond ..	Sidcup ..	87	19	68	75	7 "
Miss Howard ..	Hayling ..	74	4	70	76	6 "
Miss G. Watts ..	Bramall Hall ..	73	4	69	73	6 "
Mrs. L. Foley ..	Hayling ..	79	9	70	76	6 "
Mrs. S. A. Warburton ..	Walmersley ..	80	10	70	76	6 "
Mrs. C. Gotto ..	West Lancashire ..	78	10	68	74	6 "
Mrs. Colm ..	Ashton-on-Mersey ..	80	12	68	74	6 "
Miss Parkyn ..	Camberley Heath ..	83	14	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Bowker ..	Walmersley ..	85	13	70	76	6 "
Mrs. R. Hughes ..	West Cheshire ..	82	16	66	72	6 "
Miss J. Shipman ..	Windermere ..	78	16	62	68	6 "
Mrs. R. V. Atkinson ..	South Shields ..	88	17	71	77	6 "
Miss A. Orme ..	North Worcestershire ..	86	18	68	74	6 "
Miss D. Taylor ..	Seacroft ..	89	19	70	76	6 "
Mrs. N. Frank ..	Northcliffe ..	88	19	69	75	6 "

Class II (Handicaps of over 20.)

Miss E. Eberstein ..	Hadley Wood ..	91	36	55	76	21 below
Miss A. Tibbetts ..	Hallamshire ..	96	36	60	76	16 "
Miss B. Farr ..	Wollaton Park ..	94	33	61	76	15 "
Miss M. D. Bell ..	Langholm ..	97	36	61	74	13 "
Mrs. Sharp ..	Bramall Park ..	99	36	63	76	13 "
Mrs. Lewis ..	Purley Downs ..	91	27	64	76	12 "
Miss W. H. Bryant ..	Blackwell ..	96	32	64	76	12 "
Mrs. E. E. Holmes ..	Ventnor ..	93	32	61	73	12 "
Miss D. O'Connor ..	Elm Park ..	102	34	68	80	12 "
Miss M. Antill ..	West Bradford ..	83	21	62	73	11 "
Mrs. R. Fair ..	South Shields ..	91	25	66	77	11 "
Mrs. Yates ..	Hoylake ..	82	25	57	68	11 "
Miss V. E. Vick ..	South Lodge ..	96	32	64	75	11 "
Miss A. C. Wedge ..	Oxley Park ..	97	34	63	71	11 "
Miss P. Johnson ..	Warrington ..	91	25	66	76	10 "
Miss M. J. Whitfield ..	Woodsome Hall ..	92	26	66	76	10 "
Mrs. J. S. Armstrong ..	Tyneside ..	96	28	68	78	10 "
Miss J. Emmett ..	Flixton ..	97	31	66	76	10 "
Mrs. Tomlinson ..	Blackley ..	97	34	63	73	10 "
Miss J. Blake ..	Newport, I.W. ..	99	36	63	73	10 "
Mrs. V. Martin ..	Ashford ..	102	36	66	76	10 "
Mrs. H. Harper ..	Brocton Hall ..	101	36	65	75	10 "
Miss N. Forbes ..	Aberdeen ..	93	21	72	81	9 "
Mrs. F. E. Pearson ..	Cheadle ..	93	32	61	70	9 "
Miss K. Mackenzie ..	Penmaenmawr ..	88	23	65	74	9 "
Miss E. Myatt ..	Leek ..	90	24	66	75	9 "
Miss D. I. H. Butcher ..	Saltburn-by-the-Sea ..	86	24	62	71	9 "
Miss Dyche ..	Beeston Fields ..	93	27	66	75	9 "
Miss M. Bingham ..	Chevin ..	94	28	66	75	9 "
Miss P. Hague ..	Lansdown ..	95	32	63	72	9 "

The "EVE" Club Competition—continued.

Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Percentage.
Bramhall ..	190	2	1.05
Gosforth ..	96	1	1.04
Ashford Manor ..	98	1	1.02
Alnmouth ..	100	1	1.00
Fairhaven ..	200	2	1.00
Hillside, Ltd. ..	100	1	1.00
The Naze ..	200	2	1.00
West Bowling ..	100	1	1.00

and the following clubs whose percentage is under 1 per cent. :-

Teeside, Huyton, Oakdale, North Worcester, Chislehurst, West Kent, Sidcup, Woodsome Hall, Bramall Park, Blackpool N. Shore, Westward Ho, Lilleybrook, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Chilwell Manor, Cleckheaton and District, Northampton, King's Norton, Worthing, Huddersfield, Northants, Crosland Heath, Ringway, Aberdeen, Frilford Heath, N. Middlesex, Harrogate, St. Nicholas, West Lancashire.

Position of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup.

Club.	Per-centage.	Club.	Per-centage.
Ryde ..	30.89	Datchet ..	1.67
Blackwell ..	10.56	Gosforth ..	1.67
Thonock ..	9.50	Ashford, Kent ..	1.66
Tamworth ..	7.33	Penzance ..	1.66
Gloucester ..	6.16	Ashton-on-Mersey ..	1.64
Bulwell Hall ..	5.88	Southport and Ainsdale ..	1.63
Derbyshire ..	5.60	Cheadle ..	1.50
Hawkestone Park ..	4.18	Sutton-on-Sea ..	1.50
Rugby ..	4.13	The Fylde ..	1.46
Langholm ..	4.05	North West ..	1.43
Newport, I.W. ..	4.00	West Bradford ..	1.43
Gay Hill ..	3.56	Trentham ..	1.40
Saltburn-by-Sea ..	3.46	Cleethorpes ..	1.33
Bowdon ..	3.04	Cleleys and Rossall ..	1.28
Tyneside ..	2.93	Grove ..	1.25
Knott End and Fleetwood ..	2.56	Penrith ..	1.24
Cowes ..	2.50	Leatherhead ..	1.23
Market Rasen and District ..	2.50	Brocton Hall ..	1.20
Moseley ..	2.37	West Bowling ..	1.20
Clacton-on-Sea ..	2.33	Chilwell Manor ..	1.14
Rowlands Castle ..	2.33	Chislehurst ..	1.18
Camberley Heath ..	2.28	Middlesbrough ..	1.09
Hyde ..	2.28	Driffield and District ..	1.07
La Moye ..	2.22	South Shields ..	1.07
Bramhall ..	2.21	Mersey ..	1.03
Coxmoors Woods ..	2.14	Todmorden ..	1.02
West Essex ..	2.06	Dukinfield ..	1.00
Hales Owen ..	2.01	Maidstone ..	1.00
Hythe ..	2.00	Newcastle United ..	1.00
Hayling ..	1.97	Stamford ..	1.00
Dudley ..	1.91	Stockton Brook ..	1.00
Sandwell Park ..	1.77	Walmersley ..	1.00
Gerrards Cross ..	1.71	West Cheshire ..	1.00

and the following clubs whose percentage is under 1 per cent. :-

Lancaster, Manchester, Holywell, Crosland Heath, Harton Moor, Bramall Park, Maidenhead, Frilford Heath, Oxley Park, St. Austell, Ormskirk, Southwell, West Derby, Droitwich, Leek, Sunderland, Morecambe, Sherwood Forest, Heaton Park, Ashford Manor, Evesham, Lymm, Sale, Whittaker, Wollaton Park, Chevin, Rothley Park, Beeston Fields, Chorley, Heysham, Hoylake, Old Manchester, Paisley, Wilmslow, Oakdale, Kingshorpe, N. Worcestershire, Wadsworth Castle, Canterbury, Swanage and Studland, Alresford, Marple, Ringway, Bowring, Leamington and County, Alnmouth, Hillside, Nuneaton, Leighton Buzzard, New Galloway, Willesley Park, Harrogate, Huyton, Outlane, Bexhill, Cruden Bay, Hesketh, Lowestoft, Aberdeen, Tees-side, Northampton, Prenton, Yeovil Mapperley, Chesterfield, Fairhaven, Ifield, Milltown, Walmley, West Kent, Scarborough, Whittington Barracks, Gosforth Park, Royston, St. Melyd, Churston, Gorleston-on-Sea, Buckingham, Brynhill, Clitheroe and District, Furness, Matlock, Ruthin, Dorset, Enfield (Lancs), Longcliffe, Market Drayton, Pannal, Wilpshire, Chippenham, Kings Norton, Lyme Regis, Prestbury and Upton, Carlisle, Chigwell, Hazel Grove, Hendon, North Hants, Swansea Bay, Walmley and Kingsdown, Wimbledon Park, Worsley, Burton-on-Trent, Ealing, Werneth, Bungay and Waveney Valley, Farnham, Rushden and District, Newquay, Kendal, Alderley Edge, Barrow, Oswestry, Sidcup, Stone, Bury, Moortown, Ramsey, Carlyon Bay, Dunstable Downs, Llandrindod Wells, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Davenport, Peterhead, Tredegar Park, Huddersfield, North Shore (Skegness), Pontefract, Brand Hall, Dunblane New, Flixton, Sudbury, Walsall, Exeter, Preston, Princes Mitham, St. Albans (Notts), Woodsome Hall, Hale, Pwllheli, Rushcliffe, Tenby, Great Yarmouth and Caister, W. Middlesex, Wetherby, Whitby, Woodford, Bloxwich, Edgbaston, Hastings, Stoneham, Benton Park, Cheltenham, Copthorne, Fulwell, Hindley Hall, Naze, N. Middlesex, Highgate, Brent Valley, Curzon Park, Romford, St. Annes Old Links, Blyth, Chester, Folkestone, Wearside, Ilford, West Lancs, Whalley, Birkdale, Copt Heath, Formby, Lilleybrook, Minchinhampton, Nelson, Northamptonshire, Thorpe Hall, Westward Ho, Cleckheaton and District, Craigmillar Park, Holyhead, St. Nicholas, Sutton Coldfield, Birstall, Tyrrells Wood, West Kilbride, West Surrey, Worthing, St. George's Hill, Wimbledon, Troon.

All entries for Eve's Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE for the current month. Coupons must be attached to the cards, and addressed to the Golf Editor of BRITANNIA AND EVE, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2. The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON. NOV.

Name Mrs. Miss ..
Address ..

For Club competition this card to be entered in the total of Club, of which I am a member.

The "EVE" Club Competition

BRITANNIA & EVE offers the following Club Prizes in connection with the Monthly Spoon Competitions.

I. A prize each month to the Club which sends in the greatest number of cards, relative to the number of its members, for Eve's Monthly Spoon Competition.

II. A Challenge Cup to be held for one year by the Club which sends in the greatest total number of cards, relative to the number of its members, during the eight months, May 1st to December 31st, 1929. (A memento will also be given.)

III. The three Clubs who have sent in the greatest total numbers of cards, relative to the number of their members, during the above period, will each be entitled to hold an Eve Club Competition at their own Club during 1930, for prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE.

The cards which entitle Clubs to compete for these awards must be sent in to BRITANNIA AND EVE Office for the individual Monthly Spoon under the conditions of that Competition previously given.

LEADING RESULTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Per-centage.	Club.	Membership.	Entries.	Per-centage.
Ryde ..	68	15	22.06	Heaton Park ..	48	1	2.08
Thonock ..	80	16	20.00	Sherwood Forest ..	145	1	2.07
Tamworth ..	60	10	16.67	Lyme Regis ..	49	1	2.04
Cowes ..	40	5	12.50	Southport and Ainsdale ..	98	2	2.04
Langholm ..	79	8	10.13	Swansea Bay ..	100	2	2.00
Gloucester ..	99	10	10.10	Brocton Hall ..	100	2	2.00
Newport, I.W. ..	25	2	8.00	Stone ..	60	1	1.67
Blackwell ..	89	7	7.86	Walmley ..	120	2	1.66
Rugby ..	92	7	7.61	Ashton-on-Mersey ..	61	1	1.64
Hayling ..	81	6	7.41	Saltburn-by-Sea ..	127	2	1.57
Ashford, Kent ..	48	3	6.25	Leatherhead ..	130	2	1.54
Tyneside ..	130	7	5.38	Carlyon Bay ..	130	2	1.54
Bowdon ..	46	2	4.35	Hoylake ..	66	1	1.52
Derbyshire ..	35	3	4.00	Camberley Heath ..	133	2	1.50
The Fylde ..	55	2	3.64	Bulwell Hall ..	140	2	1.43
South Shields ..	149	5	3.35	Harton Moor ..	74	1	1.35
Gay Hill ..	90	3	3.33	Warrington ..	149	2	1.34
Datchet ..	60	2	3.33	Ealing ..	150	2	1.33
Trentham ..	100	3	3.00	Flixton ..	152	2	1.32
Walmersley ..	80	2	2.50	Old Manchester ..	77	1	1.30
Sutton-on-Sea ..	40	1	2.50	West Cheshire ..	80	1	1.25
Stockton Brook ..	40	1	2.50	St. Melyd ..	85	1	1.18
Cheadle ..	80	1	2.50	Churston ..	88	1	1.14
Hythe ..	40	1	2.50	Hale ..	88	1	1.14
Hawkestone Park ..	43	1	2.32	Wollaton Park ..	175	2	1.14
Beeston Fields ..	132	2	2.27	Oxley Park ..	90	1	1.11
Sandwell Park ..	90	2	2.22	Dudley ..	94	1	1.06
La Moye ..	45	1	2.22	Pannal ..	183	2	1.06
West Bradford ..	140	3	2.14	Sunderland ..	95	1	1.05
Leek ..	95	2	2.10				

READ "THE TAILOR" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.



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A game which gives its players many chances of constructive and congenial team-work

By **MARJORIE POLLARD**



*frustrated by the Oxford goalie.
An incident from an inter-
Varsity match at Cambridge*

ONLY those who play team games can fully realise what it means to stand on the threshold of six months of hockey. To see stretched before the mind's eye those merry meetings, close-fought matches, tournaments, journeyings, hopes, and so on, all that goes to the making of a perfect hockey season. The game has such wonderful by-products—if I may call them that—and their influence seems unbounded. But here we are—cricket finished—the focus removed from tennis—and now to hockey.

I was permitted the other day to see the revised and enlarged Women's Hockey Film, and—though I take part in several of the shots—I must admit I was tremendously impressed by the whole thing. It really does give a very clear idea of the whole game, and, what is more, it captures somehow the real atmosphere of hockey—hockey as we would have it.

Last year—even as an initial venture—20,000 players saw the film; school-girls, students, club players, and all clamoured for more. That is why it has been enlarged. All hockey players should see it, if only to support an enterprising venture on the part of the All-England Women's Hockey Association. Soon county trials will be on us—those days when the youth of the county is agog with hope. Last year there was a dearth of real forwards. Why it was, I cannot imagine, but it was true that the defence players seemed to hold the upper hand everywhere. I would say to any young county aspirant that she has a much better chance of international honours (am I flying too high at once?) if she plays as a forward. It is a wonderful place in which to play—the work is creative—positive—whereas defence is destructive—negative. It is surely better to be creative than destructive. So to it, young players—play

forward! After a series of county matches will come the Territorial Tournaments. These are wonderful gatherings. Counties send their best team to an appointed place in their respective territories, and for a whole week matches are played every day. Players live together in the same building, and other things happen as well as hockey matches—that goes without saying!

OUT of the Territorial Tournaments will come the territorial teams. Then will be played what is always reckoned as the cream of hockey matches in England.



Clever stick-work in a match between Chelsea Polytechnic and Berrylands at Merton Abbey

Each territory will play the other, and these matches produce the fastest and finest hockey of the season. The All-England Selection Committee will be at all these matches, and they will pick the English team.

Last year—as I said before—forwards were at a premium and goal scoring was low. Even Wales, who were beaten 22-0 only three years ago, only lost by 2 goals to 1. England has for so long been supreme, and now that supremacy is challenged it makes international matches much more interesting.

The season will end with a match against the touring team that is going to the Empire Tournament in South Africa. This tournament is by far the most

enterprising event ever undertaken in the hockey world. Teams will be present from New Zealand, Australia, Scotland, South Africa, England, and matches are to be played in several places in South Africa. The organisation is in the capable hands of Miss Hart, who is on the staff of the Girls' High School at Pretoria. It means, of course, a tremendous amount of work—but it will be done.

This year the England versus the Reserves match will be at Durham. Usually this match is in London, but it is felt that, from an educational point of view, it should be moved about, and so give different players the opportunity of seeing hockey played as correctly as possible.

There are no visiting teams this year, and it rather looks as if the season will be quiet: that is

what we want, a long period when we can just get on quietly with our own game—it is good to have such a season now and again.

THE climax of the season will be the International matches which take place in March. There will be two home matches for England, both Ireland and Wales coming up to London for their encounters, on March 5th and 15th respectively. On March 22nd, England go to meet Scotland in Edinburgh. The standard of play in Scotland, Ireland and Wales has improved greatly in the last few years, and all the International matches last season were close, well-fought games, and resulted in narrow victories for England.



A well-known pair of Badminton players. Miss C. Nevitt (near figure) and Miss Browne-Greaves playing in the Ladies' Doubles of the All-England Badminton Championships

BADMINTON is a game which has increased enormously in popularity within the last few years. Reasons for this are not hard to find. It is not a costly game; being played indoors, it is independent of weather; and as it is mostly played in the evenings, it provides an ideal form of recreation for busy workers.

The season commences at the beginning of October and ends in March, and in most clubs play takes place two or three times a week. A few words as to the probable cost may interest those who think of taking up the game. Subscriptions, of course, vary according to the type of club, number of courts, times of play, etc., but a fair estimate would be from 10s. 6d. to a guinea entrance fee, and subscription from 1 guinea to 30s. In *The Badminton Association's Annual Handbook*, price 1s., intending players will find a full list of affiliated clubs and their secretaries.

A good racket, which should weigh not less than 5 nor more than 8 oz., and should be the product of one of the well-known makers, may be had for 21s., though anything up to 2 guineas can be paid.

As regards playing kit, tennis clothes are correct in every detail on the badminton court.

BADMINTON makes a special appeal to the tennis player, as anyone with a fair idea of the ball game can very quickly achieve a certain measure of proficiency with the shuttle. Having reached that stage, keenness and determination will soon bring about a real advance. The game is also invaluable for improving one's speed and agility, and a season's play will be found to have a marked effect on overhead work and



A view of the Ladies' Doubles of the All-England Badminton Championships at the Royal Horticultural Hall

quickness on the tennis court. The close connection between the two games can be proved by quoting the names of many who have distinguished themselves at both games, two which at once come to mind being those of Sir G. A. Thomas, still a marvellously skilful player, and Mrs. Godfree.

IT is, moreover, a game which may be played by all ages and classes of players. Those who are no longer so young and active as they once were can derive great enjoyment without undue exertion, while a fast game of badminton will prove as strenuous and exhausting as even the most vigorous athlete can desire. This statement may amuse those who know little of the game, but a moment's thought will show that with a 5 oz. racket and a shuttle literally "as light as a feather," which never touches the ground throughout a rally, the agility required to reach the "bird," and the force needed to hit it hard, call for an enormous output of physical energy.

There are three principal strokes in badminton: the smash, the drop-shot and the short shot. In the smash the shuttle is played when well in front of the body; the player, putting her weight on the left foot, swings the right foot forward with an action similar to that of an overhead service at tennis, at the same time smiting the shuttle downwards with all the strength she can muster.

In the drop-shot she makes the same

BADMINTON

A game which not only offers an ideal recreation for winter evenings, but is also an excellent method for tennis players of keeping up or improving their form

By **ALICE M. COOK**

swing in order to delude her opponent into thinking that the shuttle will fall at the back of the court; she then checks her racket and, as it were, strokes the shuttle just over the net.

The short shots, the most delicate and artistic of all, are executed entirely with the wrist and within a few inches of the net. The mastery of them takes a great deal of practice, and produces a corresponding glow of satisfaction. A supple

wrist is the prime necessity, and it is surprising how much can be done to acquire this by just leaning the elbows on the table and winding and unwinding an imaginary ball of wool.

A fourth shot, which, though entirely defensive, is extremely useful in time of need, is the clearing shot. This is a high deep shot, directed towards the very back of the court, comparable to a lob at tennis, and with the same object—namely, to slow up the game temporarily and thus afford the player and her partner an opportunity of getting back into position.

The service should be delivered from a point close to the service line. The shuttle, which must be hit when below the waist, must fall in the square diagonally opposite; it should be kept low and as short as possible, or else hit very high and deep to the opponent's backhand. An experienced player will vary the service so as to keep her opponent guessing.

AS the novice improves, not only a club, but Cup and League matches will take on a lively interest for her. These are county events, but while the former are run on the "knock-out" principle, the latter are of the American tournament type, each club playing every other one in its section at home and away. A new Ladies' Doubles competition has just been instituted, with the special object of encouraging weaker players by giving them chances of match play.

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THE FREEDOM OF THE SNOWS

Winter Sports for Children

By MARJORIE POLLOCK-SMITH

WHILE winter sports are apt to be regarded as "grown-up" joys, the fact is becoming more and more acknowledged that a Swiss Christmas is just about ideal for children.

There is, perhaps, no more unwholesome life led by youngsters than during the average English Christmas vacation, which comes at a time of year when an invigorating holiday is particularly desirable.

English winters tend to become more trying, and frequently children return to school thoroughly debilitated by an irregular indoor, overfed existence, quite unprepared for the severe January-March weather, and ripe and ready for the epidemics which prevail at that time of year.

Christmas at home—what does it include?

Parties, days alternating crowded gaiety and boredom, sweets and almonds and raisins chewed solidly between meals during indoor games—perhaps the pantomime and late nights!

What a contrast to the Winter Sports Christmas!

Two or three weeks of fogless mountain air, indulging from early morning till tea time in the natural joys of hot sun and boundless snow, indoors only long enough to eat hearty and excellently cooked meals—no time during exhilarating hours of snowballing and learning to "sport" even to think of "tuck."

What a toning up preparatory to the depressing period of English winter to follow!

That is the physical side, and the romantic is hardly less important to children; for they all dream of a Dickens Christmas with sparkling snow, log fires, Christmas trees, and Santa Claus arriving by sleigh, which vision is usually dispelled by fog or rain.

SWISS hoteliers, with the ideal climate at their command, provide an "old-fashioned English Christmas" of a perfection unattainable in this country, and nothing, from the proverbial arrival of Santa Claus to the carols and game of "Snapdragon," is forgotten.

Where the actual sports are concerned



A HAPPY TRIO

Children of Dr. Kahn Jaffa on a luge at St. Moritz

babies of five and six can find "rolling space" on gentle snowy slopes, and ceaseless joy in sliding and tumbling on a luge, for this is a game shared by all ages, and many mountain resorts echo childish laughter as parents, school children and the smallest babes all sprawl helplessly in dry glittering snow!

Luge-ing, then, is a sport for all. What about skiing? Little Swiss children learn to ski as they learn to walk, and one frequently sees

chubby-legged infants with pieces of curved barrel planks tied to their feet—therefore obviously a child cannot start too young.

At any rate, 8 to 10-year-olds will thoroughly enjoy ski-ing. Tuition can be obtained at most resorts, and the Dôle Ski Club at St. Cergue devotes an entire branch to children. Diablerets is



LIKE FATHER: Miss Megan Taylor, age 6 years, practises figure skating at St. Moritz. She is the daughter of Mr. Phil Taylor, the well-known exhibition skater

excellent, and Lenk is the favourite of many family parties who go there year after year—so ideal is the variety in sports grounds.

IT is known that youngsters learn more readily from strangers and when competing together, so generally it is wise to leave them to the instructors until a certain proficiency is acquired.

When one remembers that a fall on snow is more startling in its suddenness than painful from its bump, it will be understood how quickly children gain confidence after a few tumbles, and how the most timid appear almost reckless on skis.

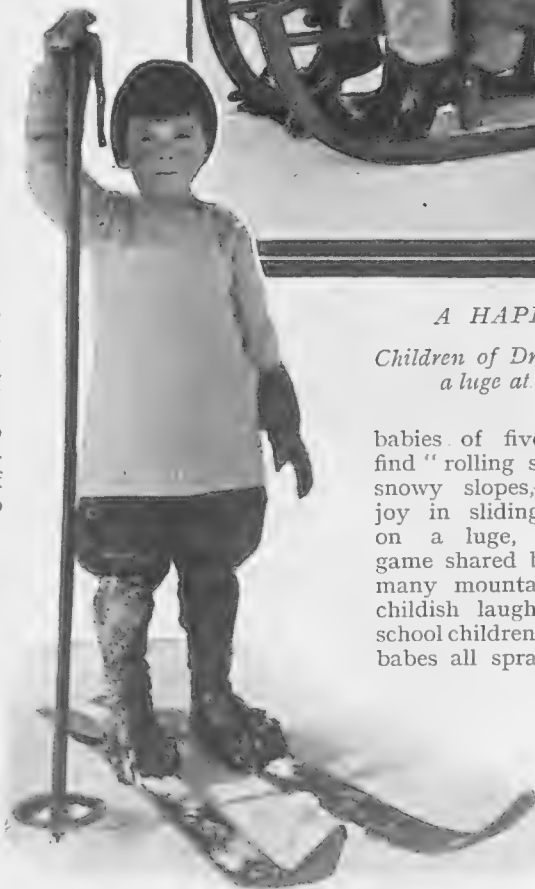
All ages skate with extraordinary facility, but here falls should be guarded against; for, apart from the danger, a really painful crack on the ice will shatter the confidence of the most daring.

Although five is not too young to begin, for health and convenience twelve may be taken roughly as the ideal age, for it is then that schools begin to put on pressure, nervousness starts, and the freedom from all routine is particularly beneficial to the health.

Clothing is a vital subject, for chills result from dressing small children in attractive woolies, to which snow clings, melts, and damps. Although an obvious fact, it is frequently ignored, and whatever the undergarments, the legs and body should be covered entirely by smooth—if not actually waterproof—material, or corduroy.

Older children, like grown-ups, are most comfortable in breeches and stockings, with "shower-proof" or light leather coats, cloth caps which will pull down over the ears, and mittens.

As long as youngsters are not allowed out after sunset, when the temperature drops suddenly, and are guarded against reaction on the return to damp and fog, a Christmas holiday in the land where there are no "don'ts" should be the most beneficial and enjoyable of the year.



Julian Amery, a sturdy son of the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, on skis at Pontresina



The field pause in a woodland ride while hounds draw the coverts and await the sound that is the best music in the world on a hunting morning

HUNTING

ON THE CHEAP

*With Some Words
of Advice to the
Beginner*

I OFTEN wonder what encouragement there is to the young and inexperienced rider of very modest means to try her hand with hounds. I look at the pictures round my room as I write, and am reminded how many of our artists seem to go out of their way to strike a certain terror into the minds of those who have never hunted.

Hunting obstacles, believe me, are not so formidable in real life as sporting illustrators, both ancient and modern, depict them, nor must one be mounted on three-figure horses to enjoy the best game in the world. Of course, unless a girl can borrow a mount, hunting will cost her money; but the sum will be moderate and well worth it for the health and pleasure which will be derived.

Let me assume, therefore, that a girl can ride fairly well—by this I mean has had a fair experience, and is master of any reasonably "confidential" horse, and that she has had a few jumps. She probably lives not far by rail or motor-bus from a hunting centre—if it is that of one of the provincial packs, as distinct from the "Shires," so much the better, as less will be expected of her, and the country will probably be not so formidable. The all-important question of her mount must be considered, and, unless she can borrow a hunter, she must go to a job-master and hire a horse. It may be assumed that where there is hunting job-



The younger generation, suitably mounted on "well-mannered" ponies, are well represented at the meet of every pack

masters will be found not very far off, and, believe me, there are plenty of reliable hunters to be found quite capable of carrying a girl, and carrying her well, and of taking any reasonable obstacle in safety.

THE best advice I can give to a novice in these circumstances is to make as many enquiries as she can about the available stables where hunters can be hired, and take the manager of the selected yard into her confidence. Let her tell him, quite frankly, that she is a novice, that she must have an honest jumper, and one that does not pull or kick at hounds or horses—never mind if the horse is on the slow side—she must not aim at being on the tail of hounds. There are horses answering this description to be found in plenty, and, having secured her horse, and arrived at the meet, what must the novice do or not do?

First, be as inconspicuous as possible.

By

MARTIN CALE

Keep on the outside of the meet and watch. To press in with the other horses and among the old hands may cause her to get her horse's tail against another horse, which asks for a rebuke, and causes embarrassment just when this is to be avoided at all costs. A hound may stray a few yards from the pack and find itself about her horse's legs, and let me say, and please remember, "always turn your horse's head to hounds." At covert side silence is more than ordinarily golden, and here watch and watch, which is the best way to learn. Watch the old hands—they can be recognised at once; but again, do not be conspicuous. Keep well in the background. When the sound is heard that is the best music to every hunting man and woman, the fun is at hand, and now the

novice must keep a cool head and again watch and watch. Watch for a groom in charge of some youngster (but not too young), or a riding-master who is similarly employed, and follow them, or a farmer who knows all the short cuts, and the safe jumps, and he is not the man, as a rule, who will ride at anything: for, anyway, he is probably not too well mounted. Incidentally, he is usually the best fellow in the world in the hunting field, and will always give a hand if necessary—and now, Miss Novice, you are well on the way, and may it be a topping run. You will be as safe as a church, and have the time of your life, but I want to shout after you: "Don't jump five-barred gates and don't jump anything that is not an obviously fair jump to take, and don't mind in your early stages 'going round the other way.'" There will be many like you, and please watch and watch, and so you will learn something of this game that is so typical of England.



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"Who says I'm shy?"
"Wilfreda," owned by Alida
Wilton, A.C.S. 881, joins the
Pets' Club to represent bunnies

NEWS of the MONTH

THE £5 Quarterly Prize for May, June, July, is equally divided between Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642, and Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872, who tied for first place. Next on the list in order of merit are Muriel Malvern, M.C.S. 2691; Margarita Boude, M.C.S. 2709; Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4547. Saloners should note that a new quarter begins this month with the competitions of November 18th.

MY many thanks to Ena Hollier, Jean C. H. Crawford, Joan Hamilton, and Doris Birchall for their very kind donations to the Cinderellas Holiday Fund.

HOME-MADE sweets are evolved in most kitchens to-day, and I don't doubt the majority of Saloners are more or less expert at this fascinating business. Anyway, there is a prize—or rather two prizes—to be won by those who are. On our last page you will find particulars of our annual Goodies Competition, held in December in place of the Handicraft Competition. All entries for this competition are afterwards dispatched to the Children's Wards of the hospitals where our cots are situated, as Christmas gifts from Saloners. Isn't it a jolly idea?

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, August 31 Graduates Circle

ART COMPETITION. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Beatrice Harrison, G.C.S. 4553. Hon. Mention: A. M. Higgins, G.C.S. 5649; Margaret Metherell, G.C.S. 5674; and Marjorie Tudor, G.C.S. 5661.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Letter to a Friend advising Books for Holiday Reading. Prize 10s. Awarded to Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5101. Hon. Mention: Dinoo Bastavala, G.C.S. 4540; and Amy Boude, G.C.S. 5668.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242; Violet Spear, G.C.S. 5610; M. Champion, G.C.S. 4772.

Members' Circle

ART COMPETITION. A Poster Advertising Lemon Squash. Prize 10s. Divided between Cynthia Greaves, M.C.S. 2839, and Marjorie Dennis, M.C.S. 2750. Hon. Mention: Fred O. Thurgood, M.C.S. 2818; Jean Wheelhouse, M.C.S. 2738; Betty Wilkinson, M.C.S. 2816.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. An Inscription for a Library. Prize 10s. Awarded to M. S. Bartlett, M.C.S. 2864. Hon. Mention: Nancy Dean, M.C.S. 2406; David W. Goodall, M.C.S. 2715; Cathleen Ibbotson, M.C.S. 2814.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Divided between Gwendoline Dewsbury, M.C.S. 2724, and Molly Moon, M.C.S. 2258.



Gwendoline Dewsbury,
M.C.S. 2724, a mem-
ber who is distinctly
clever with the needle

Saloners' Portrait Gallery



Deirdre Patrick-Wilson,
M.C.S. 2689, is a
regular competitor
in the Art Section

Open to All

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. "Trees in a Landscape." First Prize 10s. W. H. St. A. Davies, G.C.S. 5662; Second Prize 5s. Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557. Hon. Mention: M. Higgins, G.C.S. 5649; Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998; M. D. Langley, G.C.S. 5616; Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881; Mary Brierley, G.C.S. 5656.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION. Subject left to competitor. First Prize 15s. Awarded to Florence Crangle, M.C.S. 2821. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Awarded to Penelope Harling, A.C.S. 1219. Hon. Mention: Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881; Peter Bowman, A.C.S. 1178; Gwendoline Dewsbury, M.C.S. 2724.

Award of Prizes, September 5 Graduates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. A design for a book-jacket. Prize 10s. Divided between Theodora Fuller, G.C.S.

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page 134.

Associates' Circle

ART COMPETITION. A Garden Sketch. Prize 5s. Awarded to Mora Hope Robertson, A.C.S. 912. Hon. Mention: Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189.

LITERATURE COMPETITION. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Alison Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1195. Hon. Mention: Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872; Helen M. Lillie, A.C.S. 1163; John Durkan, A.C.S. 1204; Ruth P. Smith, 1062.

JOHN BOUDE.—The moral in your tale is amusing and to the point, but it might have been stressed a little more. The figure in the drawing is entirely appropriate in treatment, but all parts should have been given a wash of some sort. As it is, the appearance is unfinished. So glad you have joined. Compete as often as possible.

ROBERT HARRISON.—Very nice to get something from you again. The machines are more convincing than the men, but that is not unnatural. Study nature with the same determination to get the detail accurate. The sense of speed is excellently portrayed.

BETTY ROBSON.—The irony is scarcely intentional, I fear; but in any case this is an interesting entry, and when your talents are backed by further knowledge you should do very well.

JOHN DURKAN.—Your psychology is not at all bad, and you write easily and well. Take all your detail from actual experience as far as you can.

STELLA BULL.—Very interesting, but it would be better with a rather different beginning—something more in keeping with the spirit of the legend itself. Keep it by you, and you can look at it again later.

DEBORAH CRAIG.—Very delicate, but almost too colourless for a picture of this type. If the underdress had avoided green, for instance, you could have obtained a useful contrast with the landscape.

LOVEDAY BRADSHAW.—Slight, but charming. You are making great progress, and within its limits this could not be much better done. Compete whenever you can.

MILDRED W. STEPHEN.—Lilt and matter are appropriate, and the first part is technically quite good. Its fault is that it is too imitative. It is better to work on a theme which is more individual, and in the long run much more fascinating.

AMY G. HAYDON.—Most dainty and charming in fact, a little gem in every way. My many thanks.

CATHERINE BALDWIN.—Some little slips mar a very interesting entry. "Resuscitated," for instance, was the correct word for line 6, even though it upsets the metre.



"Sir Woolly," a distinguished titled
member of the Pets' Club, and the pro-
perty of Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872

The Children's Salon COUPON

MAY W. HARRISON.—Charming colour and tone with some quite beautiful passages, but unless the vases were miniature the flowers are out of scale. Most pleasing.

W. B. McMILLAN.—An excellent idea, very well carried out. Quite difficult to do well, but you have succeeded in doing it.

W. ST. J. C. TAYLEUR.—The metre seems a little out of harmony with the subject, which calls for a graver measure. Technically excellent.

IAN ROSE.—Probe a little deeper, no matter what subject you are dealing with. You touch upon a number of interesting points, so that it is obvious that the capacity to go one better is there. Quite interesting and good.

DOUGLAS FISHER.—Go ahead on these lines. A sense of the picturesque allied to a sense of humour are valuable assets. Entirely up to standard. I shall be interested to see what you do next.

VIOLET SCOTT.—A little too unsophisticated in style, but the matter of it very well worth while. A simple style is delightful, but it must be art concealing art.

BEATRICE LONG.—Down to "holiness," very good indeed, and the closing couplet is in like case. In between comes a passage which is just a little weak in comparison. Two "joys," for instance! Much over.

AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.—Artistic, and the dress quite delightfully indicated, but for the solid black background a more decorative treatment of the features was imperative. In the essay the intensity of your emotions on the point discussed has led you into some extravagance of expression. A subtler method makes a more lasting impression. Much love.

MARJORIE DENNIS.—Clever technically, but too theatrical in treatment for a purely domestic scene. Observe values closely, and use your brush more freely.

WINIFRED WHITE.—Admirably sincere and suitable to sonnet form, but a little uneven in actual accomplishment. So many thanks for this generous gift to the Holiday Fund.

B. HANCOCK.—Well composed and not at all badly drawn, but the line lacks style. Look carefully at some of the work of the masters of black and white. You can pick up so much in this manner.

YVONNE EARLE.—The gipsy is not in the same key as the landscape, which is charmingly handled, and the picture fails to hang together, although individual bits could not be better. You are not often caught napping in this manner, I fancy!

M. STANLEY LOW.—Good grouping and pleasant treatment. The limbs, etc., are a bit over-indicated for the subject, but the suggestion is quite happy and successful.

VIVIEN BELBEN.—The yellow underdress is quite a pretty idea, but the path should not have been of the same shade. Otherwise you have secured a very pretty effect.

EILEEN WATLING.—I suspect you have enjoyed your William Morris? An excellent poet to read, anyway. This is quite good, but I always think that we should try to dig the original ore out of ourselves rather than work on a metal already handled!

DAVID W. GOODALL.—The rain was cruel! You have summed it up in this semi-parody quite cleverly. Just the right touch all through.

ENID MORRIS.—The statue is happily placed and treated, the trees and flowers are not so convincing. If this is from memory or imagination, I can understand it. Charming colour.

JEAN E. CAMPBELL.—Verses two and three should be compressed into one, as the ideas repeat themselves a bit here. It will greatly strengthen this amusing little poem to shorten it in this fashion.

MURIEL MALVERN.—Your appreciation and observations are delightful, but you are much too hard on the person who fails to see. What if his dreams with head down are as beautiful as the reality above him?

KATHLEEN LONGBOTHAM.—A very pretty design and well adapted for the purpose except where the points occur towards the centre overlapping the inner circle. Some simplification would probably be necessary here. The little story is quite well handled, even if a little thin.

PRISCILLA BELBEN.—A blue print should be avoided as it adds to difficulties. More vivid colour was

necessary to outdo the colour of the ink, but otherwise you have handled the scene very well.

DOROTHY LEACH.—Very good appreciation of form, and light and shade, but the method is a bit stiff. A freer handling would make this much more attractive. You have hit upon a good idea for the paper and the light touch is just right.

P. B. (ROMEO AND JULIET).—Excellent decorative in colour and gracefully composed. A trifle ghostly, but full of romance.

C. R. H. BRABHAM.—A very taking and smart suggestion, needing only a sharper touch to come off completely. A delightfully daring and effective illusion.

JOYCE BIDDER.—A charming little study, just a bit harsh in the impact of high lights, but most artistic as a whole.

VIOLET G. SPEAR.—Vivid and spirited work, charming in colour, effect and fire, but a bit careless of one or two facts of construction. Still, brilliant work.

MAUD HIGGINS.—Admirably graceful and spontaneous, rather too warmly lit for daylight, but, in all other respects, accomplished and excellent work.

MARY A. JONES.—Your rather etched pencillings are distinctly clever, extremely accurate, but a bit metallic in quality. Your method is excellent for construction, but rather severe on fragility. I can quite imagine how these ideas arose. Fantasy needs rather less matter-of-fact handling, but that is the only fault I have to find.

August 31

"Near Bantry," by W. H. Davies, G.C.S. 5662, wins the first prize in the August Snapshot Competition—



RENA RECALDIN.—The many virtues of your scheme are negated by the treatment of the distant border, where heavy masses of flowers are growing without casting any shadows. This throws a very artistic bit of work somewhat out of gear.



—and Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557, takes the second prize with the above interesting picture

FRED THURGOOD.—Spacing and lettering very good, but not very venturesome as a scheme. With your expert technique you can afford to be more daring.

MORA HOPE ROBERTSON.—As design this promises well, but a sketch must take account of nature's light and shade. Work direct from an actual scene another time.

BETTY CRIGHTON.—The last two lines are the weak part of these charming verses. They are not necessary, and the poem ends quite satisfactorily without them.

AMBROSINE CAREY.—Irreproachable in matter and manner, but just a trifle stiff in style. A letter to a friend is an opportunity to unbend, and we should seize it!

MARGARET METHERELL.—Poor composition, but charming in colour and very artistic. Select subjects with a careful eye to good picture making.

CATHERINE M. BALDWIN.—An excellent letter, particularly the first half. The quotations towards the end were scarcely necessary, and check the natural flow of the rest.

MARGARITA BOUDE.—As a rough idea this looks promising, but a bigger effort to avoid poor technique from spoiling your scheme should be made. Vim is good, but vim plus skill is better! **DOROTHY CRAWLEY.**—Very well done indeed, especially after the opening, which is just a little tame. The unexpected phrase is as entertaining in a letter as elsewhere.

M. HIGGINS.—This vigorous short-and-sharp method has a tonic charm undoubtedly, but gives you a rather brief result for a competition. More in this vein would have been quite welcome.

AMY BOUDE.—Your enthusiasm and industry are remarkable. Well done! The horse is very well designed and placed, but his rider is woefully small and thus quite out of scale. Watch proportions carefully. The skilful bag commands my praise, but the pretty frock is not quite suitable for a needlework competition, the object of which is to encourage fine stitchery. The choice could not be better, but the letter itself is just a bit prosy.

BEATRICE LONG.—A wise choice and a good letter. In my

opinion it would have been better to have made a selection of items not so well known, but few competitors appear to agree with me. The colours in your note case are charming, but the butterfly is a bit too big for the scale of the rest to be quite satisfactory as ornament. Many thanks for letter and much love.

PENELOPE HARLING.—The coloured plates are one and all excellent in feeling and promise splendidly. You are handicapped by inexperience, but if you persevere you should do fine work.

PATRICIA SMITH.—The paper on your favourite games is very well done, particularly towards the finish. The opening sentence is something in the nature of a false scent—a thing to avoid.

LILY SOSNOE.—Some very good points are made in the letter, but the style is a bit formal. A friend might very well look for something in warmer tones. Otherwise excellent.

MARJORIE F. DENNIS.—The unusual shape of the bottle might not commend this to the commercial mind—a point to remember—but technique, colour and design are all praiseworthy. The one weak spot is the nearly illegible name of the drink.

JOHN DURKAN.—Only one entry for each competition. The idea inspiring these verses was worth exploiting, and you have been very ingenious. An excellent exercise. You may send me more along these lines, and cultivate your critical faculties at the same time.

SANCHIA GRIMSDALE.—A sense of style remarkable for your years is portrayed. Lines seven and eight let down a charming effort. Work on these again.

BEATA BOUDE.—Lettering is often an important part of a poster, and some attention to this point would have been advisable. As design this would work out well, but a pencil sketch is only a beginning. Work in colour for a competition of this type.

MAUDE TAYLOR.—In its mannered way a happy bit of composition, and skilful in its use of crimson. Some colour relief to this "pinkishness" would have helped, and the stance of the lady needs attention.

MARJORIE IBBOTSON.—Some solid blocks would have helped this ably designed scheme, and were necessary to give the figures more importance. The perspective of table top is not in agreement with the rest, and lettering to right would have been better below the lady's feet.

MAY W. HARRISON.—Pencil used in this manner gives little assistance to a subject of this type. Pen and ink would serve you better if treated more simply. Otherwise well drawn and good in feeling, as always.

ENA HOLLIER.—The clear label on the bottle does away with the necessity for the one at the side, which is disturbing to the design. Cleverly indicated and very pleasant in handling, but needing a narrow frame to form a panel of the figure and bottle.

BETTY WILKINSON.—Very well drawn, but rather anæmic in colouring and the lettering not sufficiently considered as part of the design. The method is a bit delicate for poster work. Very many thanks for your interesting letter.

PETER BOWMAN.—Your dexterity at four and a half is astonishing. You have only just missed the second prize. What about a picture of you for our Portrait Gallery?

AMY HAYDON.—You excel at this type of thing, and I can only admire and say thank you as so often before! I am sure you know how much I appreciate your continuity of effort, and the beautiful results.

THEODORA FULLER.—I shall be sorry if nothing arrives for September 5th, but your industry for August 31st will compensate. The cup is beautifully proportioned, and charming if not very novel in pattern. In the letter, which is very well written, the plots of the books should have been suggested in subtler fashion to stimulate curiosity. Very many thanks for the crawler, which should sell easily and is very carefully made.

GWYN GAISFORD.—You can imagine how pleased I was to see your handwriting again! The doyleys are very well done, but the rather casual laundering scarcely does justice to the stitchery. Do try to send in more often now you have made a start again.

BARBARA CRAIG.—The colouring of your chair seat is very well managed and the result most attractive. The stitchery is also very creditable for your years.

JOHN BOUDE.—Your otherwise neat and ingenious puzzle is spoiled by the rather weak seventh clue. Always avoid a wrongly spelt word. The garden plan is quite attractive, but I had intended a sketch taken from the real thing. You have used the chalks cleverly.

HILDA BARROW.—Quite an interesting selection, but the comments might have given rather sharper suggestions as to the nature of the books named. The snapshot is a fine one and I hope our reproduction will do it justice.

MARJORIE WEBB.—This bib is most prettily decorated. What a pity the hem does not reflect the care which has gone to the embroidering of the dainty design!

JEAN WHEELHOUSE.—Execution could not be better and ingenuity is by no means lacking. The pale chocolate colour is not a very useful colour, however, for poster work, and more positive colours would have helped your clever scheme.

BERTHA LOVE.—A very attractive example of the craft of knitting, which I am delighted to be able to add to our needlework box. Very many thanks.

ELLEN DIGGLE.—Pleasant low tone colour, but too vague to quite express reflection and boundaries. A scheme worth pursuing.

BEATRICE HARRISON.—A charming little note, which would be still better with the profile nearer horizon and daintier drawing of shoulders. Well worked and effective.

A. M. HIGGINS.—Very free and clever work, with excellent pen feeling and real humour. Might have more depth and solids at this size.

(Continued on page 137)

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a

Graduate	} of The Children's
Member	
Associate	

 Salon Competition Circle. (Strike out words which do not apply.)

Signature

Address

..... Age, if under 20.....

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon. Please say if you would like to become a Fairy Godmother (see May issue).

The Children's Salon

COUPON



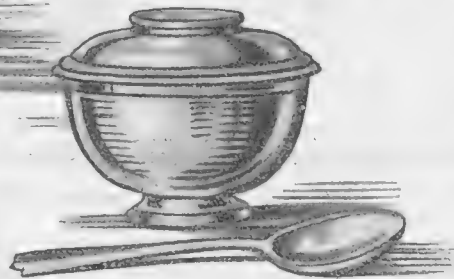
Sterling Silver Mug with engraved Nursery Rhyme decoration £5 5 0
Silver Spoon and Food pusher. In case .. £1 6 6

Sterling Silver Bowl and Spoon with engraved Nursery Rhyme decoration. In case £7 5 0
Silver Plate and Spoon. In case £4 4 0

Silver Gilt and Enama Brush set in case .. £11 10 0
Silver Beaker £2 5 0
Silver Rattle with Mother o' Pearl Handle .. £1 1 0



Sterling Silver Porringer and Cover
£8 6 0



Sterling Silver Porringer and Cover
with spoon. In case .. £7 6 0

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of Gifts for Children will
be sent on application.*

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Godmothers, godfathers and others in perplexity should visit our salons in Regent Street. They will find a difficult choice made easy; and an array of gifts worthy of the great occasion they are destined to mark.

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Dining By "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight
is the vogue.

For a time the friendly candle was in disfavour and the electric lamp — powerful but harsh — ruled unchallenged.

To-day fashion's pendulum has swung back and the dining tables of the discriminating are lit once more by candles.

"Nell Gwynn" Candlelight sets the silver and glass-ware sparkling so enchantingly and glows so warmly in the depth of wine. Candlelight is mellow. It extends



There is an enchanting mellowness in the light
of "Nell Gwynn" Candles.

sympathy to skin, eyes and hair, and brings a new loveliness to every complexion. The lines of care on the older faces are no more. The beautiful become more beautiful. Conversation runs easily and unconstrainedly. For burning on the dining table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn" Antique Candles. They taper artistically throughout their length. The trouble and annoyance of candle shades is thus avoided.

Decorative Value of Candles.

The "Nell Gwynn" Candles as made by the centuries old firm of J. C. & J. FIELD LTD, are no longer merely candles. They possess real decorative value. There is not space here to describe all the different types, but there are as many as 10 beautiful varieties and 36 different colours. What would our grandmothers think of that! Which ever variety you choose for

your drawing room or your study, you will find it a perfect work of art.

Candles as Gifts.

"Nell Gwynn" Candles bring a warmth of colour to gloomy winter rooms and will the year round pleasantly recall the giver. Their vivid colours are long-lived, they are solid dyed not surface tinted. "Nell Gwynn" Candles are inexpensive, the smaller size costing only 9d. per box of two candles. Should you desire any further information, write to J. C. & J. FIELD LTD, Department "E", LONDON, S.E.1. They have a delightful free booklet on Decorative Candles with coloured illustrations, called "Lights of other Days."



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"Nell Gwynn" Candles



This 3-Tablet Box costs only 1/-

"Our Nell" Toilet Soap is a fragrant perfume
and complexion cream in one.

"Our Nell"

TOILET SOAP

You really should try it—
Such a luxury should cost 6d.
but Field's charge only 4d. per tablet.

J. C. & J. FIELD, LIMITED, LONDON, S.E.1.
Established 1642, in the Reign of Charles First.



Correspondence and Criticisms (continued)

MARGARET SMITH.—Try pen line and colour; you will get strong effect combined with dainty drawing. This is too slapdash.

CYNTHIA GREAVES.—A witty and amusing idea, better suited to advertising the lemon than lemon-squash. Excellent in wit, style and sense of pleasant proportion.

J. PEYMAN.—Nice water-colour and good allusion, but too simple and naturalistic for vividly attractive effect. Inscription should be more part of composition.

HERMAN WILKINS.—A much simpler treatment would please and attract more, as your details compete for attention, just as the multicoloured lettering puzzles the eye. Well composed, but redundant.

MARIAN G. BLACK.—Your black and yellow scheme is effective and has advertising merit. It takes the eye at once and tells a story, but the hands are not very good and rather out of scale. Might work out well.

MARJORIE TUDOR.—A very difficult subject. A solid black door would have thrown your tree into better relief, and some background is necessary for this type of work.

DOROTHY L. HACKET.—You tackle a difficult theme very well. It is not easy to relate a dream with good effect, but you get very near to success. So glad you are all right again.

PRISCILLA BELBEN.—The very pretty wool stitchery has come to some grief owing to the cardboard foundation not being stout enough. Be sure to get this right another time. The little paper shows improvement on earlier efforts. You are getting along well.

FLORENCE CRANFLE.—The plate is extremely well painted, and the character aimed at has been very successfully seized. I think the underlying pink rather harsh for the gold, but as a whole the effect is distinctly good.

MARGARET PARKER.—You have managed the flowers very well indeed, but the untidy raffia stem just spoils a charming effect. Fasten such an item very securely, as it will obviously meet with much handling.

BETTY ROBSON.—The idea of the poster is quite clever, but as a design it is somewhat marred by the huge lemons on a stem which does not fit in with the rest of the scheme. Take this away and the rest is quite effective. The "fretsaw" puzzle is very neatly done, and I am delighted to have it for one of our hospital cots.

GWENDOLINE DEWSBURY.—The raffia pochette and purse are both very well executed. With your skill you might launch out rather more in the matter of design. The knitting is also thoroughly competent, but the garment itself is rather on the heavy side.

ALISON ACKROYD.—You have a remarkably good notion of dialogue, and with some necessary alterations this little plot would work out quite well. A most promising effort. I shall be interested to see what you do next.

MARJORIE WATSON.—A very good letter—the light touch is exactly in the right key. I dare say I could bring myself to quarrel with your choice, as likely already to have been read, but that is beside the point.

LILLA TAYLOR.—A very good effort for your age, neatly and accurately rhymed. Send in again soon.

DOROTHY LEACH.—Appropriately coloured, it is quite possible this sketch would work out well. In its present elementary condition it scarcely suggests a poster. Work in colour next time for a competition of this character.

M. CHAMPION.—I have seldom seen, in these days, more lovely stitchery. The colour is possibly a little against its being popular with everyone, but on the score of fine needlework it is easily one of the best pieces we have ever had submitted. My very many thanks.

VIVIEN BELBEN.—Your candlestick is most artistic, charming in design and colour, but alas! a bit untidy in execution. I see glue where no glue should be! The garden sketch suffers in the same way, not from glue, but from too careless a style.

JEAN C. H. CRAWFORD.—As dainty and well executed as ever. Thank you so much.

MARGARET HASTINGS.—The stories are better than the verse and would stand more chance of acceptance. But this is, I believe, a very overcrowded field, and some influence might be necessary for success.

DIANA WILTON.—The rhymes have the effect of being too much searched for, but otherwise this is most interesting and promising. As long as you observe for yourself in this manner, you are on secure ground and must progress.

MABEL SANDERS.—Very nicely made and finished, but a little less charming in style and design than you at your best.

HELEN M. LILLIE.—You cannot tear yourself away from your hero! Well put together and advanced in every way for your age. Let characters speak according to the outlook and temperament with which you intend they shall be endowed.

DINOO BASTAVALA.—An interesting choice. I think I would have put Ruskin's "Queen of the Air" in place of the other, however. A lively, attractive letter. Yes, the one in the centre, and no to that interesting idea!

VIOLET SPEAR.—Beautifully done, but not quite the type of entry for a needlework competition. Nevertheless I admire it very much.

AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.—A very good layout except for squeezed type. A much stronger line and colour effect would be better, but good in taste and idea. Don't try to do too much. Take things a bit slower. You will then give your talents a chance.

ALIDA WILTON.—The scarf is charming and you very nearly captured a prize again. I wish more would follow your example and send in weaving.

September 5

MAY W. HARRISON.—Charming colouring and good design except for the placing of the title. "Of the" should have occupied the "field" line, the name of the author going in the white space below. This would have given a perfectly balanced scheme.

JEAN WHEELHOUSE.—Very clever in construction and of accomplished technique, but the effect of the

flowers is a bit spotty. Duller tones would have easily avoided this jumpiness.

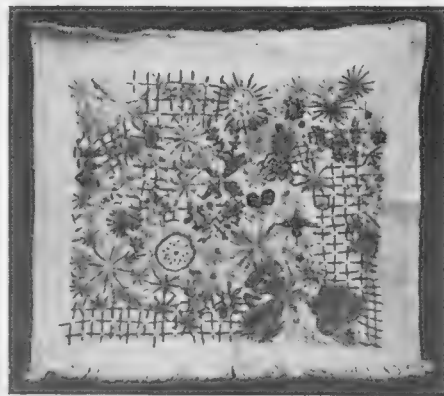
G. M. ACRAMAN.—Considering the nature of the background, your satin stitches are beautifully even. A pretty piece of colouring.

MAUDE TAYLOR.—For this particular purpose the method is a bit finicky, but the arresting quality of the picture is valuable. The title should, of course, have appeared on the front cover as well.

THEODORA FULLER.—A remarkably good cover, the balance of colour cleverly planned, and execution excellent. You have managed this extremely well.

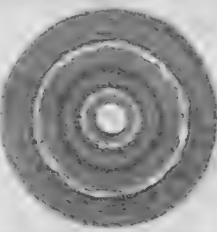
MARGARITA BOUDE.—The sketch is a bit rough, but I have little doubt that a cretonne along these lines would be very attractive. A repeat effect should have been shown. The colours are very cleverly blended. The verses are slight, but distinctly graceful and sensitive. I think "joy," however, strikes a wrong note in line 9.

DIANA WILTON.—Hearty congratulations on winning a share of the Quarterly Prize. From this timely essay I can make a shrewd guess as to how you



A chair seat in vivid and cleverly blended colours submitted by Barbara Craig, A.C.S. 1058, for the August Handicraft Competition

A raffia table mat (Handicraft) by Peter Bowman, A.C.S. 1178, aged 4½, wins an honourable mention



will spend it! You are making strides in your Literature entries, and although your method is a bit staccato, the matter is to the point.

MOLLY McINTOSH.—With your facility and ability to get an interesting outlook well expressed, you can afford to be very critical of everything you do. I think you imply too great a blindness in Autumn in the last lines. Very charming, accomplished work.

RENA RECALDIN.—Your window reverses the rules of perspective, but otherwise this sketch is full of merit and shows great control and much ability for your age. I am glad to see you competing so regularly.

MARJORIE F. DENNIS.—A good symmetrical design, a bit morbid in colour, but well thought out and worked. A less heavy green would add to effect and give relief.

AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.—Pleasing, frank quaintness, needing flat colour and sharp drawing to succeed in full effect. Rather stencilled, but bold and original.

VIOLET HORN.—A very satisfying colour note, incomplete without spandrels, but one assumes continued scheme. Extremely good taste, rich and graceful.

KITTY EARP.—Striking, bold design, a bit top-heavy and needing more sober relief to escape garishness; still, large and clever in scheme and method.

BETTY WILKINSON.—A brilliant use of natural form in convention. The dark purple note jumps a bit, and it might help to allow some crossing of foliage to escape too vertical feeling. Very artistic and free.

AMY BOUDE.—With better drawing the book cover would be entirely appropriate. The idea and the placing of the lettering are satisfactory; all that is necessary is the graceful line the subject seems especially to demand. The synopsis is distinctly interesting, although the "plot" is most unusual and would demand very skilful handling to overcome the prejudices of most audiences.

AMY G. HAYDON.—As usual, excellent stitchery, but the colour is a little hot for an article of this type, although it would look very well in the right room.

MAUD HIGGINS.—Your abilities are obvious, but handling is a trifle old-fashioned. Look at some good up-to-date black and white and model your penwork upon it. The lettering, in this sketch, is the weakest feature.

BEATA BOUDE.—Sprigged designs are seldom unattractive, and this one is quite successful both in colour and pattern. It is, of course, not very new, and

rather more precision in the drawing should have been attempted. The verse is refreshingly original, and the almost epigrammatic ending quite good. Very promising.

M. S. BARTLETT.—"Florid" scarcely seems the adjective for the rest of this expressive picture, a word suitable for the full glare of midsummer, not your "dimly peering" orb! The rest is entirely right, charms and satisfies.

B. BATEMAN.—A beautifully worked edging. Although one misses a centre design, one cannot help feeling that such items are more appropriate not decorated in this fashion.

C. R. H. BRABHAM.—Very many thanks for your kind donation to the Cot Fund. It is much appreciated.

AVIS EARLE.—The swing and lilt are excellent. The matter is a bit obvious. Observe at first hand, and then endeavour to set down such experience with the same facility you exhibit here. You will then do fine work.

MURIEL M. MALVERN.—This begins very well, but the method then changes rather too abruptly from the general to the particular. In a short poem this must be avoided as far as possible.

WINIFRED MITCHELL.—The second verse lags a little behind the very good first one. A very little revision would soon bring it into line.

MARY JONES.—I am so sorry these cretonne studies arrived too late to compete. They are both expertly suggested, the natural growth in both instances being cleverly handled as decoration. The blue and green harmony is the more agreeable as colour.

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.
2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.
3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.
4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.
5. Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresh House, Strand, W.C.2.

Competitions for November-December

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 18th. A design for a Calendar. No. II. Closing date, December 4th. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, December 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 18th. Choose a passage from one of the great poets illustrating (a) fine scenery, (b) solitude, (c) jealousy, (d) sorrow, (e) joy of living. No. II. Closing date, December 4th. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, December 18th. A short paper entitled "The Spirit of Christmas."

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 18th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, December 4th. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, December 18th. A Novelty.

Members' Circle (over 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 18th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, December 4th. Anything taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. III. Closing date, December 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 18th. A paper on "Choosing One's Friends." No. II. Closing date, December 4th. A Sonnet. No. III. Closing date, December 18th. Review any Novel.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 18th. A Pin cushion. No. II. Closing date, December 18th. A D'Orléans.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

ART COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, November 18th. Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. II. Closing date, December 4th. Draw yourself in the looking glass. No. III. Closing date, December 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITIONS. Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, November 18th. A Letter to a Friend on her Birthday. No. II. Closing date, December 4th. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, December 18th. Do-As-You-Like.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 5s. Closing date, November 18th. Anything White.

Open to All: Age specially taken into Account

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. Closing date, November 18th. Subject left to Competitor. First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s.

SPECIAL "GOODIES" COMPETITION. Closing date, December 18th. A box of home-made sweets, entries for which will be sent as Christmas gifts to the occupants of the Salon Hospital Cots. First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s.

The Children's Salon

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A Private Income

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In addition to the foregoing Plan this great Company is responsible for protecting thousands of men and women under its Group Assurance and Pension Policies, and it also specialises in provision for Children's Education.

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THIS ENQUIRY FORM SENT NOW WILL BRING YOU DETAILED PARTICULARS OF A PLAN WHICH WILL MAKE YOU A HAPPIER AND RICHER MAN. POST IT TO-DAY. NO OBLIGATION IS INCURRED.

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Assuming I can save and deposit £.....

per.....please send me—without obligation on my part—full particulars of your endowment plan showing what income or cash sum will be available for me.

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Britannia & Eve, Nov.

SOCIAL

ETIQUETTE

A monthly feature of "Britannia & Eve" in which various matters of Taste and Manners are lightly discussed by

THE HON. MRS. DOWDALL

FOR a reason never discovered, Gossip has always been the spoiled darling of the gods and goddesses who decide which vices may or may not be admitted into a select company representing perfect manners. Candour is well received but warned not to go too far, Truth has definite instructions to be always present but never to appear in *négligée*; but Gossip, darling little creature, must be allowed everywhere because, "really if one is never to say what one thinks, even among friends . . . But I do think it very wrong, don't you, to repeat disagreeable stories like village people do? I think villages are dreadful, don't you, the way people simply invent things wholesale?"

"Yes, and small neighbourhoods, too, are dreadful. Don't you find them dreadful?"

"Yes, perfectly dreadful!"

"I should like to go back to the old days when scandalmongers were ducked in the pond—and, by the way, I wish someone would do something about Mrs. Fraser. Did you hear what she was spreading about the Turners?—Would you mind coming up to the Post Office? I've got to send this parcel off."

"Of course not—look out! There's a car coming—Well, it wasn't anything very much, but she got it firmly into her head that the reason why the Turners go abroad every year is that he gambles so that they can't afford to keep up their house all summer and they have to run a hotel in Bordenougat—take a job, you know, as managers. I know someone who has a great friend who is an invalid and he stays there and is quite certain it was Mrs. Turner whom he saw at the desk in the bureau. Evidently they live there free of charge from May to September and spend all night at the Casino and then come back here for the hunting . . ."

THE student of etiquette will be told by advisers who take pride in their own perfect manners that giving advice about the general conduct of all their acquaintances from far and near does not come under the heading of "gossip." Derogatory comment has, they say, nothing at all in common with the village people's vulgar way of chattering about each other's affairs—you know the

kind of thing you hear at cottage doors:—
" . . . Yes, so that will 'ave been *hon* the Monday; well, *hon* the Tchuesday she was down at Alfred's and Minnie makes out as Alfred said to her, 'I suppose you'll be going with the outing just the same as the rest,' he says, just like that . . . well, *hon* the Friday she was up at Greene's and I wasn't going to say nothing . . . so *hon* the Wednesday—that will have been the next week . . ."

The student must judge for himself



"There are plenty of male gossips in the world"

and decide whether there is any resemblance between this style and the following:—

"My dear, I don't know a thing about it, and for heaven's sake don't say I told you. All I know is that George saw them climbing in at their dining room window and that was the night before the robbery at the Muffets'. George called out to them in fun and Mrs. Arthur muttered something about a cat, but he couldn't hear what it was. Anyhow, one knows that burgling needs a tremendous lot of practice and if, as you say, they were nailing a creeper over the same window two days after, and one of the spoons the Muffets lost has been found, it doesn't necessarily prove that they actually took them. . . ."

There are plenty of male gossips in the world just as there are women who genuinely like the taste of whiskey, but if the student finds himself constitution-

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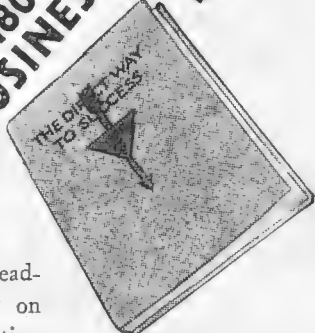
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ally impelled to gossip in order to develop his personality he had better force himself to adopt the more characteristically male type of gossip which has its reason in the goodness of the story as a story rather than in the wish to contrast the comparative virtues of the narrator.

To begin with, his story often has a



"They formed a habit of saying what they thought from behind the shelter of a bush or cave"

point and has therefore more chance of being repeated correctly; and, secondly, the impulse to repeat the story (still complete with point) is prompted by a desire to laugh and cause laughter in others rather than to create some news. "This is my story about you," says the definitely male mind, "Sorry it happened to be about you, but that was sheer bad luck. It would have been about somebody else, if somebody else had done it."

THE opposite style of *raconteur* was, no doubt, adopted by our foremothers because they were always in a state of fear, escaping from someone or something. They formed a habit of saying what they thought from behind the shelter of bush or cave. ("A word in the bush is worth two at the board" was probably the original proverb, adopted by them to conceal gossipmongers behind a convention that the untruths complained of were circulated by "a little bird.")

One cannot help thinking that some form of verbal duelling, carried on in the presence of neighbours would be a more select method than secret gossip for expressing rectitude and disapproval. Instead of pretending that we have the best interests of a friend at heart and are only too eager that he or she should neglect no opportunity for knowing how differently we should have behaved in the circumstances we might clear the matter up as follows:—

Let us suppose that we are all interested in the question whether Mrs. Loames was justified in alleging that Mrs. Soames conducts her domestic affairs very badly. The debate might open in this way:

"I was saying the other day, Mrs. Soames, that it's a great pity you should go about to the shops so much as you do, and secondly that you should encourage Agnes to poke over (whatever she does poke over); and thirdly that you don't stop Lionel from doing (whatever he does do), and fourthly, that Mr. Soames loses so many collar studs about his floor and fifthly, that Reg. isn't a bit taller. And now, what about it?"

"There's this about it, I think, Mrs. Soames, that when I do go to the shops I buy something fit to eat . . . and as to Amy poking, I've heard it said all round, never mind by whom; I don't gossip, about other people—it's been said all round that the gas was full on in your house from twelve to three in the morning . . . and as for collar studs, someone was saying the other day that the reason of the mayor's chimney catching on fire as it did was owing to all the paraffin your maids waste and it ran under the wall into his coal," and so on.

WOULD the above subjects of controversy keep their piquancy if thus debated openly by the combatants, or would the whole pleasure of the morning's gossip be ruined by cutting out the pleasures of secrecy? Would the audience also disperse in agonies of boredom or not?

A further perplexing quality in the information gossip loves to impart is its invariable triviality; real tragedy or comedy is rarely found in it.

In our opinion, the student will do well to suppress from the first any tendency he may experience to give his judgment on any reputed affair in which he is not called upon by the principals to take part. If strict self-examination reveals his probable ignorance of the facts, his



"Mr. Soames loses so many collar-studs about his floor"

improbable power to alter them and the doubtful foundation of his own self-esteem he will be well advised to leave the matter alone. The chief use of acquiring good manners is to raise ourselves as far as possible from the social instincts of the ape, to whom imitation of himself is still the sincerest form of flattery.



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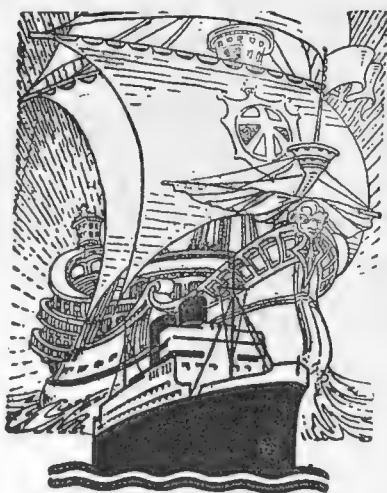
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MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has been delivering himself of some ecstatic nonsense on the subject of using the talkie to bring Shakespeare back to the heart of the English and American-speaking peoples. All that this amounts to, of course, is that Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are going to appear in a talkie version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. But there is many a true word spoken in advertisement, and it may be that Shakespeare has a future on the films. You never can tell in these matters. What is it, if it is not the gramophone, which is bringing back Haydn into popular favour?

For myself, I confess to a youth largely spent in disliking Haydn and Mozart, whose music I lumped together in one indistinguishable, innocuous whole. The reason is not far to seek, and is entirely a matter of dates, and the fact that my youth was spent in the provinces. In the nineties, London and Manchester were many more musical miles apart than they are to-day.

My father happening to take in *The Saturday Review*, I read every week wonderful criticisms by the late J. F. Runciman upon this and that glorious excerpt from Wagner, with an occasional account of some whole opera which Covent Garden had had the temerity to produce. Even *Tristan* was being heard, and Runciman would speak quite familiarly of Rhine and Flower Maidens and curious beings called Valkyries. But in Manchester in those days musical art stopped short at the cultivated court of that old bore, the Landgrave of Somewhere or Other. The visiting companies occasionally got as far as *Lohengrin*, but as a rule *Tannhäuser* saw the end of their wild adventuring.

It is true that I fell in love with a page who stood behind the Landgrave's chair and in the other opera faithfully reproduced Dickens's Miss Belvawney in that she "went on as a page in white silk hose, to stand with one leg bent and contemplate the audience" including me. But to continue in this tale of unrequited love is no part of musical criticism and would probably, as that distinguished critic, Mr. Ernest Newman, might say, tell my readers more about me than about Wagner. Also, if I remember rightly, we began by talking about Haydn.

The point is simply this, that whereas the young men of my period were thirsting to hear the works of the later Wagner and of the infinitely exciting Richard Strauss, they were fobbed off

with the symphonies of Haydn. It was just as though one were to offer milk and soda to somebody who has just heard of champagne. Then there was that wretched word, *Papa*, with which the old composer's name was always prefixed. Melancholy dissyllable of sound which to our ears was unison to Nincompoop, and every name vituperative under heaven! In fact we took the same dislike to *Papa* which Mr. Shandy, Senior, had for *Tristram*. How could anybody nicknamed *Papa* be expected to deal with the terrific emotional carryings-on current in the worlds of Siegmund and Electra?

That was the kind of stuff we wanted to be tasting, and all that we were offered were Haydn's symphonic milk-puddings. No wonder that we revolted. But the wheel has come full circle and we have returned to our first dislikes, or most of us have. I make so bold as to say that if ever that great master, Haydn, is to come into his own again it will be through the instrumentality of the recording companies. It is true that the Promenade Concerts are doing their bit in this matter. But, as I am always pointing out, London is not England, and not everybody can have his ear glued to the wireless every Tuesday night. What goes on at the Queen's Hall is really of very little moment to the good people of, let us say, Chipping Sodbury or Appletreewick. If the Mendips, the Cotswolds, and the Chilterns are to skip in their hundreds to the rollicking tunes of Papa Haydn, I am convinced that the credit must be given to the makers of gramophone records. So let people on banks and braes, in wolds and fens, on Cumberland Fells and Wanstead Flats—let the entire hill-bound and water-logged population of this country order from their local dealer Haydn's Clock Symphony. They will not regret it. Haydn, unlike Mozart, does not open up a new heaven and a new earth. He does, however, explore very pleasantly into the world and sky of which we know. These H.M.V. records are played by the New York Symphony Orchestra conducted by Toscanini.

PARLOPHONE send three admirable records from *Tannhäuser*, including the "Bacchanale" and the "Herd Boy's Song." They also give us Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeria* Overture, which is the sort of thing that amiable composer could have composed in his bath. Probably Mr. Newman's forthcoming volume on the physiology of criticism will tell

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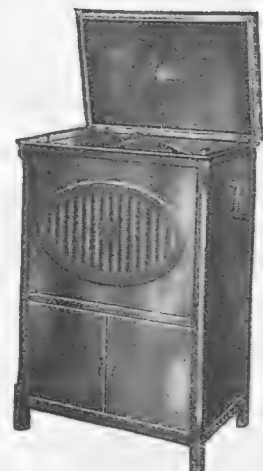
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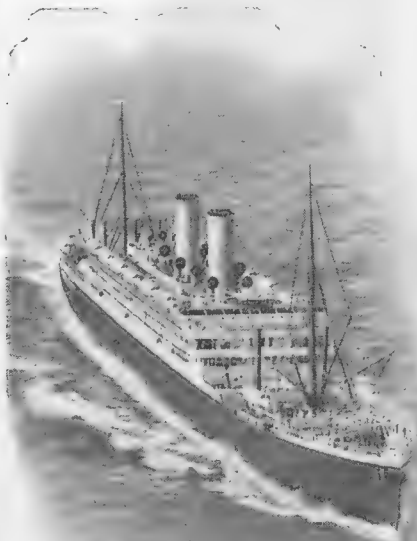
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us whether Rossini ever took a bath, and if this was one of the pieces likely to be composed there. Personally, my view is that if the bath had been hotter, the overture would have been livelier.

Let me, however, return to seriousness, and by way of Respighi's *The Fountains of Rome* (Columbia). The first movement, despite some borrowings, is not, so far as I can make out, about anything in particular. The real business of the piece begins with the second movement, which starts like an unruly bathroom geyser, and the suite continues in a manner to suggest that if the Roman fountains are really like that the Burgh Council concerned should be immediately communicated with. It is probably very difficult for a composer to be completely ineffective who has a whole orchestra to play with and the knowledge of what other people have done with such a force. But Signor Respighi should be told gently but firmly something which many moderns ignore, that an ounce of tune is worth more than a pound of orchestration.

LET us turn now to the month's lighter records. Everybody who has walked the piers and promenades of Southend, Clacton, and other delectable resorts must have known what it is to be confronted with an overture of which every note is familiar, but to which he cannot give a name. As a matter of fact, it nearly always turns out to be *Pique-Dame* or *Light Cavalry*. Anyhow, Suppé is always the culprit. This month we welcome that heartening affair which is **Morning, Noon, and Night in Vienna* (Parlophone). Columbia sends a fantasia entitled *Waldteufel Memories*, which is a warning against taking this second-rate Strauss in bulk. And talking of second-rate, here is Johann's own *Dorfschwalben* (H.M.V.), which was hardly worth reviving. Continuing in the waltz refrain, the same company sends us the *Valse des Alouettes* of Drigo, which shows us the Coldstream Guards engaged in entirely pardonable larks. This famous band is also heard in *Selections from The Geisha* and *The Belle of New York*, as to which I must say that these two delightful works do not particularly become military bands. In each case the delicacy of the score has completely evaporated. There are probably people who like folk-dances, though why anybody not paid a colossal sum of money should engage in such fantastic anachronisms I personally have never been able to understand. However,

since nobody is more willing than the present writer to let other people have their opinions, the following tuneful rigmaroles from Columbia shall be recommended: *Newcastle, Picking Up Sticks, Fourpence-Halfpenny Farthing* and *Lilli Bulerlo*. Readers purchasing these are recommended to wear bowler-hats adorned with orange-blossom, join hands, and prance round the dining-room table. And lastly, among instrumental pieces, M. Rachmaninoff performs a *Polka* by W. Rachmaninoff which sounds as though some relative of the preludist had made a close study of Mr. Cyril Scott.

IN the matter of the month's vocal records, easily the best is **Agatha's Aria* from *Der Freischütz*, beautifully sung by Mme. Lotte Lehmann and recorded by Parlophone. For the same company Costa Milona's singing of Tosti's *Ideale* is very far from ideal, and the same is to be said of his rendering of "O Paradiso" from Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. Why will Italian tenors fly at birds which Caruso has brought down once and for all? Mr. Milona has neither the voice nor the style for this magnificent piece of musical vulgarity. The Don Cossacks Choir perform a "Cradle Song" (Columbia), which successfully removes the impression that Cossacks are born grown-up and ready to sweep the Russian steppes. Master John Gwilym Griffith sings *Drink to Me Only* (Columbia) very nicely, though it is possible that this lyric is not the most suitable for a choir-boy, who should not be looking for wine anyhow. Also for Columbia, Master John Bonner sings *Should He Upbraid?* another unsuitable lyric, the only person entitled to upbraid a schoolboy being his schoolmaster. It is pleasant again to hear *Down the Vale* (sung for H.M.V. by Miss Essie Ackland), that stand-by of Fairy Queens while the Palace Scene is getting ready. Lastly, among the vocal items we have two ditties chirped by Maurice Chevalier in the film, *Innocents of Paris*. In the matter of this record I will only say that there are those who affirm that Mr. Chevalier can sing and others who affirm that he cannot. Readers are recommended to hear this H.M.V. record and judge for themselves. In the matter of the month's dance-music, the least noisome tune is that entitled *Um-Tcha, Um-Tcha, Da-Da-Da*. It is confidently expected that Beachcomber will comment on this title, if indeed he is not responsible for it.

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taffetas, two of this season's most popular materials, are chosen for evening gowns. Page 71 is devoted to the more serious business of tweed and cloth coats and skirts. The nursery, and schoolroom too, are not forgotten; for Miss 2-10-year-old and even her small brother are included on page 72.

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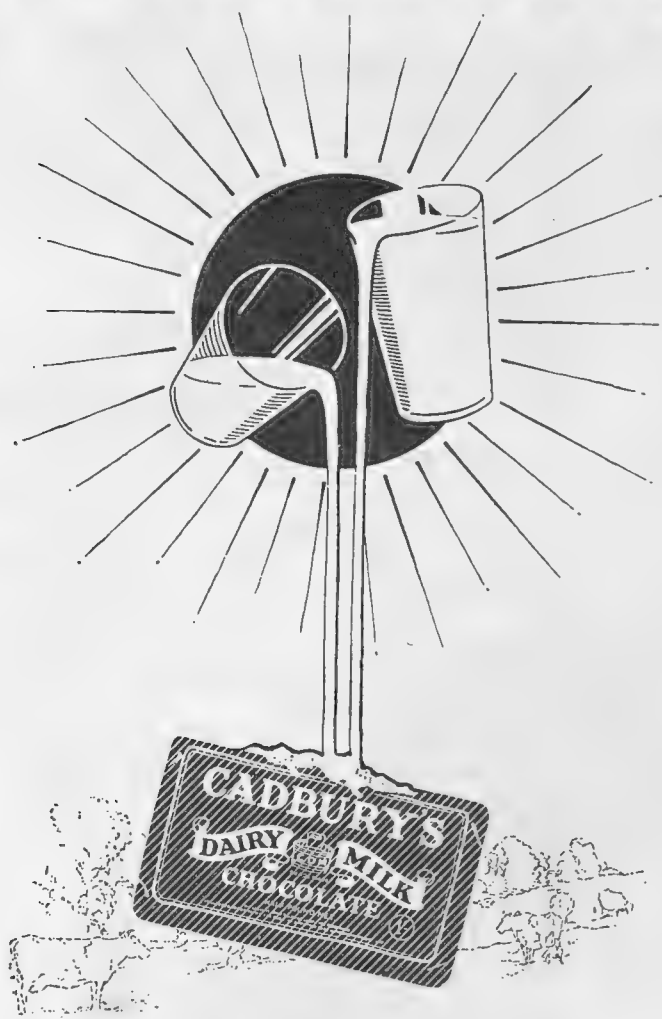
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Give us back our Dead

by SHAW DESMOND

(Continued from page 23).

For we are just beginning to discover that in materialisation the ordinary physical qualities sometimes show themselves.

Was this man mad? Was he fooled? Was he a trickster?

Well, he is regarded in the scientific world as an authority upon his branch of physics, in the social world as an absolutely honest man, and as a sane man.

I know of the finest electrical secret apparatus being used by an electrician to detect fraud if such existed in a similar materialisation. In no case did the apparatus show trickery.

IN the case of one of a prolonged series of tests by Sir William Crookes the spirit form was able to appear from nothingness and to disappear, even with a light in the room, in a flash.

If our dead are not with us, waiting to speak, how is it that two of the most famous archaeological discoveries of our day, that of the lost Edgar and Loretto Chapels at Glastonbury, were made through the gifted mediumship of Mr. John Alleyne? These discoveries moved to the depths the whole world of British archaeology, and they were made directly from communications from the old Abbot Bere, one of the builders, partly in monkish Latin and partly in the English dialect and idiom of the time of the Saxon King Edgar.

In these cases, which I have personally investigated closely, the exact dimensions, the embrasures, windows, etc., were given correctly to a foot—all before a spade was put in the ground by the ecclesiastical architect, Mr. Bligh Bond, to uncover the lost buildings lying many feet beneath.

In these days the most valuable communications from the so-called "dead" are coming over. No longer can any man who is not an ignoramus say that "when the dead speak they say nothing."

THAT there are psychic pitfalls goes without saying, but that these pitfalls are now being understood and avoided is also fact. Charlatanism, both conscious and unconscious, was once the handmaid of psychic science—not so to-day. The charlatan to-day, amidst the colleges being established everywhere for investigation, has a slim chance. Of these, the British College of Psychic Science, with Mrs. Barbara Mackenzie as head, is a notable example. Their ectoplasmic and materialisation experiments made in light have broken new ground in psychic investigation. Their *bona fides* are beyond reproach.

What we have hitherto called "death" is but a gateway to new life.

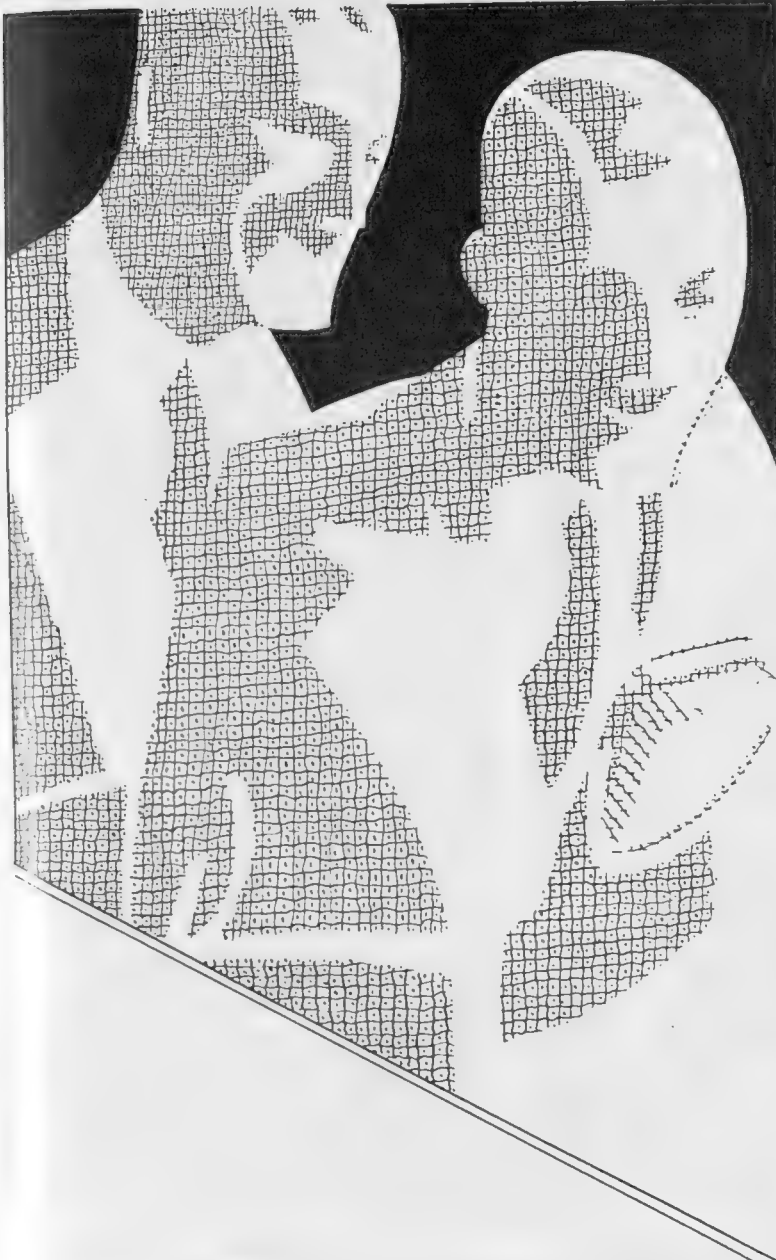
I have given my reasons for appeal to the Churches and to the scientists to give us back our dead!

I appeal to them to break down the last barrier which veils the world of the unseen from the world of the seen: to restore to us those dear ones who live all the more strongly in our memories because they are no longer with us in the flesh.

But they are with us in the spirit, as we know to-day. They are about us as we work and walk and talk and sleep.

They are only waiting to be called.

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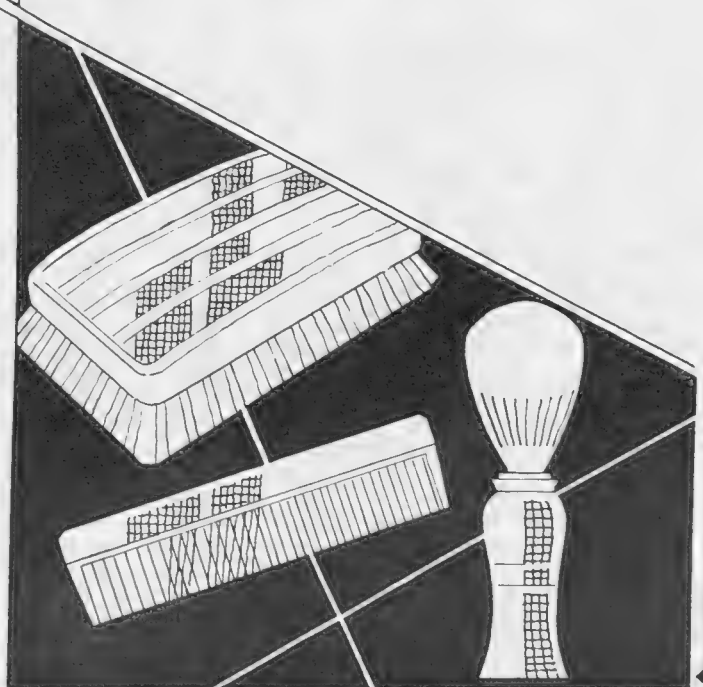
John has only *one* grudge against his B.M.C. brushes. The moment he got them Doris insisted on having some, too! So he had to buy her a complete toilet set of B.M.C. undentable silver! But, as Doris says, it will certainly last the whole of her lifetime and probably their children's, too.

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The Castle in the Wood : by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

(Continued from page 27)

pen and made it stop short of the concluding "Rose." She did not know why she was to leave out the first and last of it; she had never been married before; doubtless it was all right, and would save scandal. . . . The registrar offered a drink of whisky and water to Hugh, and had one himself; and it was all over.

They went back to the hotel, and by and by, when she had put on the curious dress Hugh gave her—folded silk sarong, white combing jacket, white cotton stockings, heel-less slippers embroidered with gold; silk scarf twisted well over her hair, thin veil across her face—she was joined at her doorway by a tall, tawny turbaned pedlar wearing a jacket and sarong rather like her own. By backstairs and byways—Hugh seemed to know just where they were going—they made their way out, in the suddenly fallen twilight. This was the maddest part of the dream; this, and the long, strange vessel that lay floating like a dusky swan among the thousands of Oriental craft below the bridge. Behind them, as they stepped on board, balancing carefully, sparkled a world of electric lights, of trumpeting, proud motors; of tall steamers dominating the quays; the white man's powerful, busy universe.

About them as they stepped into the prau, and the lateen sail went creaking up the mast, rose like a flood the secret, immemorial unchanging world that is the East. Then Hugh showed her her share of the vessel, a space of deck partitioned off into a sort of little hutch by walls of split bamboo. And the dark-skinned turbaned Malays got out the sweeps to help the sail down stream and they were away.

After that the dream became a nightmare. Margaret was prosaically, horribly sick.

Hugh laughed at her, and tended her like a nurse. There was a night or two, and a day or two, and then the smooth, rolling seas that shone oily and enormous through the low door of her cabin magically lessened. The prau began to sail among hundreds of little islands, like baskets of bright-green fern set on tablets of ivory. The air was like warm wine; heady and sweet and delicately spiced. Sitting cross-legged, on deck as the Malay crew sat, Margaret drew it into her lungs with delight.

"Smell it," said Halloran, dropping to a seat by Margaret's side. "Smell the islands. Good islands. Nobody's ever cold, nobody's ever hungry, nobody has to work all the damned days of his life where that smell goes. The Malays know a thing or two. What's a man want more than plenty of fritters and curry, and island tobacco, and a drink of sagobeer three or four days old; put a head on a Presbyterian parson, it will. Have you ever had better tucker than these chaps are giving us, now you're beginning to peck again? No you've not. . . . One more thing that a man wants, and that's you." He put an arm about her.

TOWARDS noon the wind dropped a little, and the crew, wildly excited over something incomprehensible, seized their sweeps and began tugging like galley

slaves. Their chief stood higher up in the bow, perched upon half nothing, like a bird, conning his craft with shouts and gestures, through a maze of jewel-coloured reefs. They swept round the corner of an island, and behold! another hidden away; a small, bright, wooded place, with a sloping beach, and behind the beach, facing out to sea, a veritable castle.

It was grey, cloaked in creepers, crowned with battlements. It had a long broken banquetting hall, open to the winds, and a low tower, with an arched doorway, full of darkness. Huge kanari trees and banyans impended above; their roots, like gigantic serpents, thrust themselves through the torn embrasures, and poured, in cataracts of twisting cordage, down half-ruined flights of stairs that led from the vanished upper storeys to the long stone stringers that had, once, upheld a dancing floor below. White and yellow flowers burst through the crenellated openings of the walls, and trickled down to earth, as if the whole grey ruin were filled with blossoms.

"Oh!" breathed Margaret. "Is it really yours?" But what a wonderful thing to own! How *did* you find it?"

"There's whips of 'm in these seas. Marble palaces about the Moluccas, sound as a nut, that you could have for the asking, to live in; ruins like this in all sorts of places. They used to fight like billy-oh over the nutmegs and spices generally—funny things to fight over!—and they sent soldiers out from Holland to live in forts like this; used to bring their wives and sweethearts, too: there's been farthingales and what you callems dancing on that floor, when it was a floor, and men in ruffs and armour shooting off culverins out of the embrasures you see up there, and kissing their girls in the cubby-holes down below. And now its you and me. Hop out, Pink Daisies, and let's land you; it'll take us the rest of daylight to get out our stuff and fix up."

They had a tiny canoe on deck; a dark youth paddled her ashore in it and left her, in the midst of the broken banquetting hall, with the scent of spice stealing in from the forest, and the sea-wind blowing.

Margaret, excited, fatigued, overwrought to the last fibre of jangled nerves, looked about her, and all but wept at the beauty of it.

"This is what one sees in wonderful dreams—then, dreams are true," she thought. "Which is the real thing, the world or the dream? Oh, little God of Good Luck" (she knew, by now, that there really was such a god; she had seen his squat brass image on the prau), "Oh, little God of Good Luck, keep me in the dream."

By sunset all was ready; stores and camp furniture placed inside the tower, lamp hung up, suitcases set out upon the white camp beds. Long since the prau had sailed. As she swept away Margaret and Halloran had eaten supper; he frankly hungry, she scarce able to touch food. He had drunk sagobeer, and made her drink it too. The green, fresh-flavoured liquor was wonderfully strong;

after she had sipped it a veil seemed to fall, for her, between past and present; she scarce knew where she was; she saw, and did not see, the thin new moon creep forth.

Hugh leaned to her, and spoke.

"Our moon—our honeymoon," he said. And the stars, and the moon, and the world went out, for Margaret, in his arms.

Nobody came to the island. It seemed as if no one knew the place existed, or as if those who once knew had forgotten all about it. Over the horizon the slim sail of a prau showed once in a way; never the plume of a steamer, or the ivory, leaning tower of a sailing ship. Dawn "came up like thunder," red, in an empty sea; night fell, with rain-like dews bringing out the heady-sweet scent of the nutmeg flowers. Day passed after day, and they were still alone. Never before had it happened to either to taste the bliss of isolation. Margaret had lived in schools, in the dreadful camaraderie of boarding houses; latterly, in a cabin that for six weeks overflowed with the goods, tempers and persons of four women. She had visited, taught, collected, committee'd, gone to meetings and concerts abroad and at home uncomplainingly, beneath rain of gramophone music and hail of 2 L.O. Halloran had lived the life of the sea, in which there is no solitude for any man below the rank of master.

They fished, they hunted for nuts and wild mangoes in the forest, they swam in the shallow, safe waters of the enclosed lagoon. They sat in the deep embrasures of the seaward wall, and talked about Portuguese ladies, dressed in ruffs and farthingales, who had sat there three hundred years ago, watching the sea for the sails that would bring home their men.

"It hasn't altered since," said Hugh. "It looks to-day just as it looked then—except for the broken walls. And the fellows in tights and armour loved their girls, and the girls loved them, just like you and me."

"Just like you and me," echoed Margaret, leaning back to rest her head on his shoulder. "They were just like us, and they're dust on the winds ages and ages ago."

"Don't," said Halloran, suddenly stiffening. "That's unlucky sort of talk. I swear you've given me the shivers."

"Why, you are actually shivering!" she cried, sitting upright. "Hugh, I didn't know you were so superstitious!"

"Not more so than the next man," he said lightly, recovering himself. "Anyhow, I think we've been out here long enough; what about a spot of supper?"

They set the meal, sharing the work, as usual, and Hugh was gay over it all. But when the snapper was ready he ate little.

"Living on love these days," he said, making a jest of it. "Love and Pink Daisies. Pink, have I made you happy?"

"Happy!" she said, "happy!" The cup fell from her fingers, tinkling to unheeded ruin, as she clasped his hand.

IN the middle of the night she woke. Hugh lay with one arm thrown across her; he was restless, and stirred in his

(Continued on page 152)

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sleep. Usually, he slept silent as the dead, but to-night she could hear him muttering and talking. Suddenly he flung out his hand, almost striking her in the face. She caught it; it was hot as fire.

"Is he ill?" she thought, wonderingly. It had never occurred to her that Hugh could be subject to any weakness of common mortality. But—to-day—he certainly had not been quite himself.

"He's been too long in the sun," she thought, fighting down the devils of doubt and fear that assailed her. "He isn't—he couldn't be—ill."

She had not spent six weeks on an Eastern-bound boat without learning something of the swift, terrible diseases of the Orient. But she had managed, somehow, to imbibe an idea that white people were not likely to suffer from them. Margaret knew all about modern hygiene and its victories over dirt-born disease. What she did not know was the effect on modern hygiene of violent, unavoidable contact with millions of people who were neither modern nor hygienic.

Margaret did not know. But Pink Daisies, the older, wiser sister of Margaret, began to guess.

Hugh, restless and feverish during the night, by morning was delirious; by midday was displaying every symptom of violent fever. It did not seem to be malaria; it was surely too rapid, too sudden in its onset for typhoid as she knew typhoid; it couldn't be typhus. Whatever it was, it was plainly serious. Without any doubt the fighting of it would call for care, courage and skill. Pink Daisies rose to the call; skill she had not, but care and courage she could give down to the last breath in her body, the last throb of her heart.

She searched the medicine chest for remedies. She chose the milk, the beef essence from the stores, and put it aside for Hugh. She went down to the beach, and with great labour lit three fires in a row; somewhere she had read that this was a recognised signal of distress the whole world over. Ships would surely note those three columns of smoke; people would come to help.

But the book knowledge of Margaret served Pink Daisies little. One cannot keep up a single fire of driftwood, much less three, and at the same time attend to the wants of an invalid. While she sponged Hugh to reduce his temperature, and tried to force spoonfuls of medicine through his resisting lips, she saw the fires sink down; later she lit them again, and again they went out. With them something in herself seemed to sink down and fail; from that moment, though she laboured on, she gave up hope.

In five days he died.

She put a white suit upon his body, composed his limbs, smoothed his hair. She wished him to have things done for him as other dead, other dear dead, had them done.

SHE remembered that he would have to be buried. She lit three fires again; now she could tend them. She sat down upon the beach by the fires. It was very early; the sea was pearl colour, faintly flawed by running tide-lines. Behind, in the tower that looked to the beach and the sea, he lay who had done with it all.

She could not cry any more; she wondered that she did not suffer more keenly. It was not because Hugh, in those five

days' delirium, had told her, unconsciously, all about the other women—the many other women. It was not because she guessed he had meant to abandon her, married or not married, as he had left the others. These things would come up to be thought of, by and by. Now she was dry-eyed, quiet, simply because she had suffered so much that her heart was seared. If the whole world had dropped dead before her she would not have given it a tear.

She sat in the shade of a rock, as the sun came up, and tended her fires.

About ten, the triple smoke was sighted on board a cruising prau, and by noon the self-same party of Malays who had gone away, landed again on the island, and gave Hugh Halloran burial. They carried Margaret to the prau.

"The white woman," they said to their friends in Singapore, "was not sick this time, but she cried all the way."

MARGARET, lying on her bed in the Stamford Hotel, was crying no more. She thought.

The two weeks' dream was over. Life remained. What was she going to make of it?

She knew, now, with a certainty to which Margaret could never have attained; which was second nature to Pink Daisies—that Hugh had planned a way out, even while giving her marriage. When he whispered to her to sign falsely—for it was false to sign "Mary Wilson," instead of "Margaret Mary Wilson Rose"—she had thought he was protecting her from gossip. She guessed, now, that there had been another idea in his mind. But she knew more. She had looked up books of reference; found that the law would uphold her; law, in such cases, was kind, took account of intention.

She had loved him. But—

No one knew. Hugh was dead. The registrar was dead—she had learned that since her arrival; heard that he died of swift and violent typhoid; he who had drunk with Hugh on the day of the marriage, of what water, carelessly boiled, or not boiled, by the usual careless servant, it was impossible to say. The witnesses to the marriage had been bored, uninterested, they had scarcely looked at her, and in any case she had worn a veil—it was hardly possible they would recognise her, if she encountered them again.

It would be known, no doubt, that Halloran had married some girl with an undistinguished name, and disappeared. Plenty of people disappeared in Singapore. Plenty of men like Hugh eloped with girls.

She had slipped through the looking-glass, like the child in Carroll's immortal fable; she had found, on the other side, a world where nothing was the same; it was a world so immense that people didn't matter. It was a world where marvels and impossibilities, splendid and terrible, defiantly came to birth. It was half golden dream, half nightmare . . . and it was over.

Back through the magic glass again; safe in the little daylighted world, in her ordinary room in the respectable hotel. Back from passion, and danger, and wild beauty, and wild seas, and death. Back, incredibly back, to the dropped thread, the closed door—to the Bishop.

Letters had been waiting for her. Everything was explained. A cable had

missed her at Colombo; it was to have told her that the Bishop was ill, not dangerously so, but obliged to enter hospital and undergo a slight operation. Margaret was to wait at Colombo; go to the Galle Face and stay with friends of the Bishop's there. She was to come on to Singapore by the next boat. Further letters accompanying the belated cable said that the Bishop was well again, that he would expect her at Singalaya as soon as possible after the boat came in, and that a deputation of ladies would meet her in Singapore and see her safely to the train.

THIS was the day the boat was due from Colombo. The deputation would meet, miss her, and, as a matter of course, come to the Stamford, where "everybody" stayed. There would be explanations. She would tell the truth about the strayed cable. She would tell the truth about coming on to Singapore. It would be quite true to say that she had spent the intervening time in a journey through the islands; that was the correct tourist-y thing to do; there were dozens of boats running scores of trips, and a Malay name or two that she could quote would be true also, and nobody would understand or remember.

Yes, the door was open, the dropped thread in her hands. What was she going to do?

She was a widow; a legal, honest widow. Albert was a widower. It was even between them. Should she explode the shell that would shatter her life and his—and his—or should she, for both their sakes, keep silent?

The midday traffic of Singapore beat by outside. Motor horns blared, rickshaws and gharries rattled.

Nothing was changed, since she lay on that bed, two weeks ago. Nothing—but herself.

A knock came at the door.

"Some ladies wanting to see you, Missy," said the voice of the Chinese "boy."

Margaret rose from the bed.

"I'm coming," she said.

IN the grounds of the Bishop's Palace at Singalaya there is a beautiful garden. Tropical flowers flame there; a few of the stronger and coarser English flowers make shift, uncertainly, to live.

Albert Singalaya and his wife walked through the garden, in the cool of evening. "Is everything as you wish it, love?" he asked her. "It is your garden; you can have it as you like."

"It's beautiful," she answered. "There's hardly anything I would like to alter."

"If there is anything—"

"Just one thing. Will you have that clump of flowers taken away?" She pointed with her hand. The fingers trembled a little.

"Certainly," said the Bishop. "After all, pink daisies are hardly appropriate—are they?"

* * *

HIGGINS is high up in the shore service of the Line; too busy and prosperous to remember anything about the Third who deserted and went, somewhere, to the bad. He has quite got over his feeling about the outdoor men, now.

Halloran, who lived, and died, says nothing.

THE END.

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THE INTRIGUING SCENT SPRAY

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Lulu was a Lady: by GUY GILPATRIC

(Continued from page 49)

"Go in and help Joseph with my trunk," she ordered. Then, stepping from the curb, she made a deliberate and admiring circuit of Lulu. "Ah!" she exclaimed. "What a lovely, lovely little car!"

"Lulu is the finest car in the world," Madame," agreed Bouron.

"Lulu?" laughed Madame. "*Quelle bonne blague!* And now, let's get going, my good . . . strangler!"

"Strangler"! As they headed through the side streets toward the boulevards he wished that she hadn't thus brutally reminded him of the police vigilance which, by now, was undoubtedly being exerted towards his apprehension. He quailed when, at the Ported'Ivry, the usual quota of gendarmes was augmented by a slim-waisted man in plain clothes, who played an inquisitive flashlight upon Madame, and frowningly considered Lulu's licence plate. Once or twice he referred to a notebook. Never, strangely enough, did he so much as glance at Bouron.

Madame in a temper flung open the door. "Let us pass!" she ordered. "My time is too valuable to be wasted by the stupidity of mere policemen!"

"Without a doubt, Madame," he replied in a shrill, cold voice. "However—and Madame may remember this when we meet again—I am not a 'mere policeman' . . ."

AN hour later, on the long black road which leads through the Forest of Fontainebleau, Bouron halted to adjust the acetylene headlights and the kerosene tail. The latter shone directly on the licence number, which should have read "R.F. E7751." Instead of the familiar legend, however, he beheld a strange "R.F. L115." Bewildered, he struck a match and saw that parts of certain numbers and letters had been covered with paper pasters. These pasters, inspected closely, proved to be neatly scissored bits of paper—envelope flaps, in fact. In the red glow of the tail-light they had been wholly invisible; but in the whiter illumination of the match they were distinctly pink!

"It would be safer to leave them on until to-morrow," called Madame, rapping on the window. "Wait—my cigarettes—oh, here they are—please hold the match, strangler. . . ."

"Madame," said Bouron tonelessly, leaning into the car, "'strangler' I may be—but I noticed that the detective at the gate was more interested in finding a . . . blonde."

In the flickering light she raised her eyes to his.

"You are keenly observant—and damned impudent," she said. But just the same it was the last time she called him "strangler." . . .

He had forgotten about such things, however, as early on the fourth day they wound down the mountains into a fair land where the breeze, sea-sweetened, blew softly from Africa—a land of palm trees, roulette, pretty ladies, leisure and liquor.

He knew that she gambled, but to his surprise she gave no particular encouragement to any of the numerous Messieurs who paid her court.

Young Lieutenant Maginot seemed deeply in love with her. He was a pleasant fellow who took a friendly and expert interest in Lulu. Late one afternoon Madame ordered Lulu around, and shortly appeared in an evening gown. "To Monte Carlo," she directed. "But, first, stop at the naval landing and pick up the Lieutenant."

The Lieutenant was waiting near the tram station beyond the bend of the Promenade des Anglaises. He was in civilian dinner clothes, and bore a bouquet of white flowers. In the mirror, Bouron saw them embrace. "Ah, ha!" he chuckled. "Romance at last!"

They drove on to Monaco, where Madame and the Lieutenant descended at the Hotel de l'Europe, and it was well after midnight when the hotel *chasseur* whistled Bouron's call number. As he drove Lulu around the great circular flower-bed, Madame was beckoning to him from the head of the steps, and he saw that she needed assistance with the Lieutenant. The young chap was quite drunk and Madame herself seemed rather merrier than usual.

ONCE in the car the Lieutenant went to sleep with his head on Madame's shoulder. Forty minutes later they reached the naval landing. It was with great difficulty that they aroused him.

Madame now was tense, worried. "Quick, Bouron, quick—get him out," she whispered.

A sentinel ambled over. "Here," came Madame's voice, "give him this!" And Bouron slipped the banknote into the sailor's hand.

"Give me a lift, comrade," he said. "It's one of your officers."

"I've been putting them to bed all evening," chuckled the sentinel. "Come, come, *mon Lieutenant*—to walk, one must use one's feet. . . ."

Two other figures moved in the gloom. "Quick!" gasped Madame, stark terror in her voice. "Drive like the devil, Bouron!"

Lulu leaped down the road as lithely as Mistinguett. Madame slid open the glass, knelt upon the floor, and screamed in Bouron's ear.

"Quick—they're following—oh, faster, faster!"

He heard sounds of pursuit. There was the roar of an open cut-out—hoarse shouts. He pressed the accelerator to the floor and laughed. The laugh turned to a scream as a white-hot something tore through his shoulder and shattered the windshield in front of him.

Lulu swerved to the right, struck the curb, and rolled over on her side. Bouron, thrown clear, lay dazed upon the sidewalk. He saw the other car stop. From it jumped three men with pistols.

"Don't mind him!" shouted one. "Get the woman, the woman! Here—shine the headlights on their car!"

Suddenly the scene became brilliant with the twin beams. "Now, Amelie," ordered a cold voice, "if you're alive, come out—with your hands up."

Slowly, from Lulu's shattered window, came the head of Madame.

"Oh, God pity me—oh, mercy, mercy, mercy!" she wailed.

The man said nothing. Instead, he raised his pistol, took steady aim, and shot Madame squarely between the eyes.

As Bouron lost consciousness, he remembered. . . . He remembered the night they left Paris, the Porte d'Ivry, and the slim-waisted one who had said, "I am not a mere policeman. . . ."

WHEN Bouron was awakened by the throbbing of his shoulder he found himself in a cell. "So!" said the guard. "you are just in time. At nine o'clock the Chief will see you. Get up."

The Chief, though present, was a minor figure in the proceedings. As soon as Bouron entered the gloomy office he saw the man with the slim waist. And he saw that this man was very much in charge.

"Bouron," said the cold voice, "it was I who shot you. Also, I believe that you saw me, er—execute Amelie Rommeyer last night?"

" . . . Yes," said Bouron, covering his eyes and swaying.

"Good! . . . Now, look at me, Bouron! See, I point that very same pistol at you. Do you doubt that I will kill you without compunction if you don't tell the truth?"

"No!" moaned Bouron. "Don't shoot, monsieur—I will tell the truth."

"Very well, Bouron—expert mechanician, drunkard, strangler, and chauffeur of spies . . ."

He stalked over to the table and picked up a bloodstained card.

"Did you ever see this before?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bouron. "It is Madame's visiting card."

"Hold it up to the light."

Bouron raised the card to the window and started. There, showing plainly beneath the engraving, was a water-marked coat of arms—an eagle and the number 61.

"Why," he exclaimed in genuine surprise, "it's—it's the German arms!"

"You're right, Bouron," said his inquisitor in a more kindly tone. Then, tucking his pistol into the waistband of his trousers, "You were only her dupe, of course; but it's a serious thing to mix with the enemies of France. Let this be a lesson to choose better company."

Bouron's shoulder took the better part of five weeks to heal. Lulu, meanwhile, had been recuperating in a garage. The repairs consumed all of Bouron's money, and even so, she was far from looking her old sleek self. What she really needed was a brand new body. She didn't run smoothly, either.

Well, he promised her, when they earned the money she would go to the shop. Meanwhile, they hired out by the day to tourists making trips along the Riviera.

With the waning of spring the tourist trade fell away. The season was over. Bouron was actually hungry as, one lovely June morning, he headed Lulu down the coast towards Cannes and started the long trip home to Paris. It had been a tragic honeymoon!

AT last, one evening, just as the street lights were blinking and the scent

(Continued on page 156)

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of many millions of suppers hung sweetly upon the air, they came to Paris. Here, again, was the Porte d'Ivry; here, again, the gendarme and the *octroi* guard. "Well, chérie," he said with a wan smile, "we've won through!" And though gently he applied the brakes, the rear tyre blew out with a whistling wail.

They bumped across the Avenue Massena and into a garage, when the crankshaft snapped. Here, indeed, was calamity! Bouron sagged forward on the wheel and wept.

The proprietor, though sympathetic, was first of all a business man. He agreed to supply crankshaft, tyres and other necessary parts. He would permit Bouron to work on Lulu and sleep in the garage. He would even arrange a small credit at a neighbouring restaurant. His only stipulation was that when repairs were done a taximeter be installed upon Lulu, and that half her earnings be paid to him until the debt was discharged.

Lulu bore up bravely under her humiliation. Her fortitude was an inspiration to Bouron, and by cutting down on his liquor allowance Bouron was able to pay within six weeks.

But he couldn't remove the hated taximeter just yet. Lulu was in no condition for genteel service. At least fifteen hundred francs were needed to restore her to visual and mechanical respectability.

And so for months he drove her night and day, fair weather and foul. Somehow, though, the harder he worked the more minor repairs she needed and the farther away became the fifteen hundred francs and the thorough overhauling. It was all most discouraging—so discouraging that he took once more to alcoholic solace.

One night he drove Lulu into the black shadows beneath a railway arch and drunkenly prepared for slumber. He turned off her lights, whispered a few words to St. Christopher, and tucked his wallet under the cushions of the rear seat.

Two young men slid out of the shadows, jumped upon him, beat him with sand-bags, and stole his wallet.

WHEN he came out of the hospital he spent his earnings of the first three days upon a nickel-plated .30 calibre revolver.

And simultaneously Lulu became an Apache's goose. Her shabby respectability gave place to a flaunted squalor. Her original lustrous maroon was covered by a coat of red in which were the marks of a hasty unskilled brush.

In the daytime people would look at her, laugh, and hail a *de Dion*, a *Renault*, or even a *Series 9 Herault*. But after dusk her defects were not so obvious, and in consequence she became a night hawk. Bouron took to cruising in furtive neighbourhoods, and conspiring with porters, guides and *maquereaux*.

Certain establishments in the Rue St. Augustin, the Rue Brey and the Rue Chabanaise paid him commissions for delivering well-wined guests at their portals. It was a sordid business. But he needed those fifteen hundred francs.

Actually, now, he needed rather more than fifteen hundred. There were some who laughed at the very idea of his ever restoring Lulu to private service. *C'est vieille bagnolle!* The advent of the *Series 10 Herault*, too, definitely dated her as an antique! Still, little by little, franc by franc, Bouron's savings grew

again. Several hundred francs, nine-fifty, a thousand. . . .

The weather was extremely warm for May, and so, one evening, a fare insisted upon removing his dinner-jacket, sticking his feet out of the window, and singing "*Rule, Britannia*." Arrived at the Rue Brey, the Monsieur could not find his wallet. He accused Bouron of theft and raised loud outcry.

Bouron was groping in Lulu's shadowy interior when a gendarme arrived, swift and silent on his rubber heels. He spotted the nickel-plated revolver in Bouron's sock, and forthwith cleared for action.

Bouron emerged, wallet in hand, and bowingly restored it to the Monsieur. As he did so, the *Sergo* announced his presence with the *deuxième coup du talon*—which is to say, he kicked Bouron in the stomach with that force and accuracy which are to be acquired only through years of diligent application in the Academy of Savate of the Paris Sureté.

Bouron went down like an empty sack. Three days later he opened his eyes and asked where he was.

"Saint-Lazare Prison," said a voice from the cot on the right. "And now that you know, for God's sake stop jawing about your Lulu."

DISCHARGED from the prison infirmary, he found that he had two months more to go—and two months in Saint-Lazare are as a year in any other prison. He was a broken man when, one sultry summer morning, they gave him back his clothes, handed him five francs and a receipt for Lulu, and jeered him from the gates. His thousand francs were not accounted for. The receipt said something about "Held in custody at the Mairie of the 18th Arrondissement"—the district of Bouron's official residence.

It was so long since he had seen the city that everything seemed strange. There was so much hustle and bustle—so many crowds—such shouting. He had always felt himself in tune with Paris; but to-day he was an outcast. The city throbbed to an emotion which he did not share. He crossed over toward a group which stood in the roadway. Perhaps, he thought, if he mingled with people, he could get into the spirit of things and shake off this aching loneliness. . . .

They were reading a notice on the side of the kiosk. Wet paste was running down the green-painted iron.

"*Ordre de la Mobilisation*," he read. "To the Armies of the Land, the Sea, and the Air. . . ."

"*Vive la France! Vive la guerre!*" shouted the man next to him. "*Mort aux Allemandes!*" and Bouron, cowering, licked his lips and hunched his shoulders. War!

Bouron was no coward; but, well, if France wanted to go to war it wasn't any of his business! He'd had the patriotism beaten out of him. He wanted to start life anew—just he and Lulu. He turned the corner and scurried down the steps of the Metro.

In the hallway a white-haired sergeant of gendarmes sat at a table.

"Monsieur," said Bouron, saluting respectfully, "please direct me to one in authority. I. . . ."

"... But surely!" beamed the ancient one. "Follow me, my boy—Monsieur le Maire has just arrived and the Commandant is with him. . . ." He bowed

Bouron through a doorway. "Monsieur le Maire—here is the first!" he announced, in the voice of a herald proclaiming a king.

The Mayor—a thin little man with gold-rimmed glasses and a trim imperial—arose, walked from behind his desk, and kissed Bouron upon both cheeks. The Commandant came to attention and saluted.

"My son—my dear son," said the Mayor, "France is proud of you!"

Bouron gulped twice and fingered his receipt. "My name is Bouron," he began awkwardly. "I have come here because. . . ."

"Attendez!" said the Commandant, leafing through a huge ledger-like book: "B—Barraille—Bernard—Boncour—Bouron—Achille Jean Baptiste Bouron—Military Class of 1899. . . it is you, my son?"

"Oui, mon Commandant—only now, I am a chauffeur. I. . . ."

"... Not another word!" interrupted the Commandant, raising his hand. "Men like you are blood in the veins of France. Return at noon, Soldat Bouron—I'll have you transferred to a Motor Transport Regiment, and you'll be in uniform by sundown!"

Bouron saluted as one stunned. "*Quelle jolie paco, ça!*" he muttered, as he staggered to the door.

The white-haired *Sergo* on the hall told him that all motor vehicles in municipal custody had been commandeered by the Government. And so, though his soul ached for Lulu, all he had was another receipt.

This one was stamped "*L'Armée de la République Française*."

CORPORAL BOURON!

They had made him a corporal when they found that he knew a monkey-wrench from a screwdriver—a knowledge almost unique among the twelve hundred men comprising 16th Motor Transport Regiment.

At three o'clock one morning he was aroused from his slumbers by the blare of a bugle and the ring of hobnails on the courtyard pavement. The officers were turning out the regiment. Growling to himself he pulled on his uniform and fell in with his company.

The broad road was seething with traffic—with wagons, trucks; artillery, ambulances, infantry. The mighty stream was divided in halves, one flowing to Paris and the other toward the front.

Just as dawn was breaking they passed through the fortifications of Paris and under the Porte de Vincennes. Footsore, cigaretteless and surly, they marched through the echoing streets to the Place de la Nation. In the streets which led to the square Bouron saw endless lines of motor-buses—nothing but hated motor-buses—hundreds of them.

"... There will be two men to each bus," the Captain was saying, "a chauffeur and a mechanic. Corporals will lead the sections. The lieutenants and sergeants will now assign their men to the buses."

So, crowning ignominy! Bouron had fallen to the lowest of all estates—a bus driver! As Sergeant Darche waved him to his bus and chalked a number on the side of it; he spat thrice upon the vehicle and savagely kicked its solid rubber tire.

(Continued on page 158)

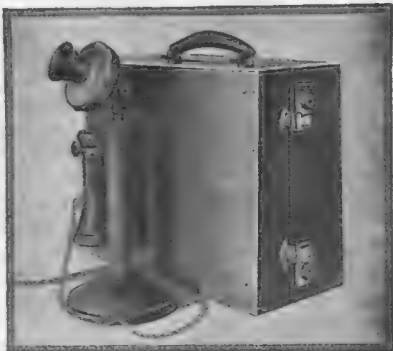


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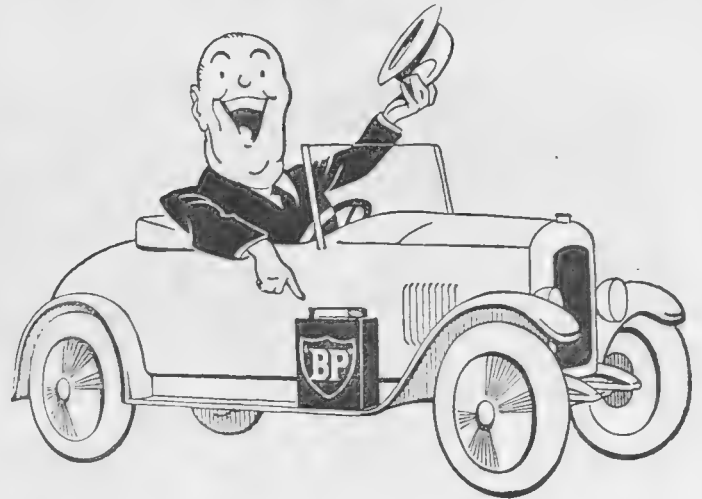
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THE soldiers piled in—forty to the bus. They behaved like children going to a picnic. They sang, they shouted, they threw kisses to the girls, and they said things so funny that despite himself Bouron's shoulders shook.

Every time they came to a town they slowed down; and as they passed the *estaminets* bottles were extended to the eagerly outstretched hands. By noon, every man in Bouron's bus was roaring drunk, and Bouron himself—he chuckled happily—had felt more sober in his day!

... It was, after all, a pretty good war! Once, on a road which paralleled theirs, he saw a long line of troop-filled taxis in silhouette along the skyline—Renaults, Peugeots, de Dions they were, and here and there a Herault. They stirred up a towering dust-cloud. Perhaps—his heart leaped!—perhaps one of them was Lulu! How he longed to clasp her wheel again! His eyes drifted towards the dash and St. Christopher—and all he saw was an ugly dial which read "*Litres d'huile*." Then the roads diverged, and soon even the dust-cloud sank down behind the trees. . . .

They came to a village half of which lay in smoking ruins. Three dead men sprawled in the street, and wounded were being carried, screaming, into the houses. As his section rumbled through the street and once more took the highway, Bouron saw puffs of black and saffron yellow in the fields along the river.

Ahead of them the Colonel's car had halted. The Colonel was standing on the roof of it, peering through his binoculars.

FROM somewhere not far away came the brittle sound of rifle fire, and then the rhythmic bark of a Hotchkiss mitrail-leuse—then another—and another. The infantrymen grasped their rifles, slung on their packs, sprang from the buses and cheered wildly. The officers shouted orders, formed the columns, blew their whistles, and started the regiment across the fields at the *pas gymnastique*. . . .

"I left the full bottle in the rear seat—don't drink it all, Grandpapa!" shouted a soldier as he trotted past.

"See you in Berlin!" called another.

Bouron sat on the step of his bus and lighted a cigarette. Nothing to do now but wait for orders.

"*Pfuit!*" Something lashed through the leaves above Bouron's bus. Bouron retracted his head, like a basking turtle suddenly disturbed.

Three buses away a man who was lighting a cigarette screamed and fell upon his face. Another ran to his aid, sprang into the air, and came down flat upon his back.

Bouron rose hastily, entered his bus, and retrieved the bottle from the rear seat. Then he sprang into the ditch and hugged the moist earth. The leaden shower turned into a withering storm. From all along the bus train he heard the smack, smack of bullets and the constant thin tinkle of breaking glass.

The ditch, now, was filled with men—some of them laughing nervously, but most of them ashen-faced and silent.

A shell exploded in the field. Cautiously Bouron peered over the edge of the ditch and saw a cloud of yellow smoke arising from the wheat. As he looked, another shell came hurtling noisily and burst some fifty metres nearer. A third still further reduced the gap. . . .

"Dieu!" he grunted, "they're feeling for us. Two more shots will give them the range, and they'll let go with everything they've got: 'Come on!' he shouted, braving the bullets and springing from the ditch. 'Get out of here before they blow us out!'"

Somebody grasped his foot. "You're mad, Bouron—duck down, duck down!"

"Whoo-AM!" said a shell—so close that he could feel the percussion in the pit of his stomach.

He had the road to himself—and he needed it! Leaves, bits of bark, pebbles, stung his face. Bullets struck the surface of the highway and ricocheted, moaning, on their way. But still he ran.

Breathless, he reached the end of the line of trees and stepped out of the zone of fire.

He turned down the highway and headed towards a village which clustered black against the sunset. Just as he entered the single street three or four houses staggered out to the centre of the road and collapsed in a huge pile of stone.

SOLDIERS were scurrying this way and that in their search for shelter more secure. A grey car containing an elderly general and his aide emerged from a courtyard, sped down the street and halted helplessly before the barricade. The chauffeur dismounted and attacked the stone pile vigorously. "You, *soldat*—get to work!" he snapped.

"As well try to remove the Alps!" thought Bouron, as obediently he clambered up the pile and grasped a stone.

"Whoom!" said a shell, and another house became a heap of road filling rubbish.

"Bah!" growled Bouron, "it's useless! One cannot move mountains, and . . . Lulu!"

Beyond the barrier, Lulu stood—hood upraised, and frantic driver tinkering with her sulky engine! Despite her coat of battleship grey and the white numbers which were stencilled on her side, there was no mistaking her!

"*Mon Général—come!*" shouted Bouron, running to the staff car and literally dragging the elderly one to the road. "Over the stone-pile, *mon Général*, follow me!"

How good that dear door-handle felt in his grasp as in his best old time manner he bowed General and aide into the car. "In just a moment, *mon Général*. . . ."

The tinkering one stood erect and shrugged. "It is useless!" he groaned; "she will not go!"

"*Va t'en!*" ordered Bouron, sizing things up at a glance. "So: it is the old trouble, eh, *chérie*? When will they learn that in emergencies thy taste runs to cognac? . . . Here, try this!"

It was five years since Lulu had tasted cognac, but she responded gratefully and at once. Bouron sprang to the seat, opened her wide and smiled at St. Christopher (there he was!) as they sped down the road.

Bouron was in ecstasy! So, too, was Lulu; and she showed it by her pace. Her motor was in beautiful shape. Whoever had overhauled her had certainly known his job!

From a side-road appeared a score of horsemen who shouted gutturally and discharged futile carbines.

Bouron laughed.

Then he heard that old familiar sound of bullets. The General whistled in the speaking-tube.

"They're chasing us," he said. "Drive faster. Just glance behind us!"

Bouron removed both hands from the wheel in a gesture of remonstrance.

"Monsieur!" he protested, "when one goes as only one can go—can one go faster?"

"Perhaps not," admitted the General. "But—and please, *mon gar*, put your hands upon the wheel!—just glance behind us!"

Bouron looked and saw a ferocious bug-like vehicle which sped in hot pursuit, machine guns spitting bullets from a turret on its roof.

He sneered. No Boche voiture, especially one loaded down with armour, could catch up with Lulu! He advanced the spark a trifle, and thrilled to the race.

Kilometres slid by—most of them punctuated with shells. At length the fire slackened. Even the armoured car was no longer in sight. A French battery of '75's was unlimbering in a field to the left. Soldiers were waving their *kepis* and cheering the General. The aide rapped on the window. "We are safe," he called. "For the love of *le bon Dieu*, slow down!"

THEY stopped at a farm-house above which the tricolor flapped wearily in the twilight. The place was humming with activity, and Bouron saw that it was a headquarters. A group of officers sprang to attention as he helped the General descend. To his astonishment, the elderly one embraced him warmly.

"*Caporal*," he said, "to-day you have served France well—and France does not forget! You will find sleeping-quarters in the camp down the road. Return to me in the morning."

A jet of steam arose like a white plume from Lulu's radiator cap.

"Wear it proudly!" chuckled Bouron, swinging her into the road. "Jeanne d'Arc herself had no better right!"

They had almost reached the camp when he sensed that something—something—was missing. Glancing about him he saw with a surge of joy that the taximeter was gone. Lulu was a lady!

Jamming down the brake, he produced the bottle of cognac. It was a night to celebrate!

There came a blinding flash, a shattering roar, and Lulu was blown high into the air. . . .

Now of course it is well known that whatever goes up must surely come down. But Lulu's return to this earth was not to be explained by hackneyed axioms or the mere laws of physics. The truth of the matter, if you haven't already guessed it, is that Lulu was born to be immortal. And if you doubt it, you can see her in the shadow of the great dome of the Invalides, among the tattered flags of Austerlitz, the *petits chapeaux* of Napoleon and all of France's sacred treasures of war and glory.

At first she yearned for the carefree life of the Boulevard; but soon she became very friendly with Captain Guynemer's fighting plane, Old Charles. They spend whole nights talking of the years when the mad world warred. And by day, of course, she gossips with the lame, bemuddled, and (after lunch) slightly tipsy old guide who will tell you how he, Lulu, St. Christopher, and Maréchal Joffre won the Battle of the Marne.

THE END.

"Rejuvenating the Eyes, Face and Neck"

by Lady Maud Warrender



Authentic photograph of a lady's eyes, after she had the loose and wrinkled skin removed from under and above them. The result is guaranteed for life.

There is no greater tragedy for a woman, once beautiful, than losing the contour of her face and neck, and whose eyes are losing their natural expression, by the formation of loose and wrinkled skin. In the case of those who depend on their looks for their wage earning, these marks of age are fatal.

Innumerable systems of skin manipulation, appliances, and preparations have been invented to remove such marks of age, but anyone who has tried them sooner or later realises how impossible the task is. I am, therefore, glad to find that the mental suffering of those women who have tried in vain to eradicate the wrinkles and signs of old age, is totally unnecessary.

They can regain their lost looks. I have just investigated the latest scientific method, practised by Mr. C. H. Willi, Fellow of the College of Physiology (London), F.R.S.A., at his consulting room, 40, Baker Street, W.1, and am completely astonished at the results. I interviewed the specialist with the wonder-working hands, and he introduced to me cases actually under treatment, and also others he had treated some considerable time ago. I found that deep-seated furrows be-

tween the eyes, crowsfeet under the eyes, wrinkles on the forehead, lines from nose to mouth, and loose skin on the neck, had all been banished, and the soft rounded contours of youth restored. What surprised me equally, was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured, it remains.

This treatment is so simple and so safe that I can foresee the time coming soon, when a visit to Mr. Willi's consulting room will be as much a part of life as going to the dentist, except that it is quite simple and pleasant.



The appearance of age on the face is purely a matter of loose skin on the face and neck.



As soon as the looseness of the skin is adjusted the perfect facial contour is restored.

One thing should be noted, said the specialist: Although deep, age-old furrows are removed at any age, it is better for every woman to go at once for treatment, as soon as the skin shows the least crease or slackness. I am certain that she will be overjoyed at the result.

Lady Maud Warrender

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King Henry: by EDEN PHILLPOTTS

(Continued from page 40)

trouble, not running away from it. And if it will comfort you to know what I think, I hold you quite blameless in the matter. Such a thing might have happened to your aunt herself.

"No, I'm going away to think and, meantime, you keep a stiff upper lip, and put 'King Henry' in a cool place, and don't say a word to a living soul about his fatal accident till you see me again."

"When will that be?"

"You'll see me to-morrow. Cheerio!"

With that I left her and went down to the "Three Horseshoes," which is the only inn in Waterbrook. Ernest Hody used to keep it, but since he left sudden—with Alfred Madge's wife—the place have gone down and Jack Portle, the new publican, is not half the host that Hody was, though a better man in every other respect. And there, with my mind full of Minnie's trouble, as I ordered an unsweetened and filled my pipe, if I didn't find the ram caught in the thicket and waiting for me! Providence never acted quicker, and among my many experiences of its workings, I can't call home one more amazing than its operation at the "Three Horseshoes."

A good few was in there, for it had passed the hour of five, and I got a friendly welcome here and there; and then I forgot my surroundings and rubbed my eyes and stared till they very near bulged out of my head, for on the counter alongside the beer-pull stood a cage, and in the cage was a grey and rose parrot the living image of "King Henry."

I thought my wits was playing me false for a minute and it might be some trick of nature; but the bird was real and a minute later Jack Portle introduced me to the owner of the bird. He was a returned native, back from China, and I astonished him a good bit by knowing his name afore I heard it. A soldier to the tip of his little moustache and a very handsome, upstanding man with an English look about him and a broad spread of shoulder.

"Glad to meet you, Sergeant Owlet," I said, and shook his hand, much to his surprise. But I kept my secret for the minute and turned my attention to the bird. He'd brought it home, same as hundreds of other soldiers had brought pets home from China, and he granted that it was an Australian fashion of parrot, and he'd fetched it to show his friends at the pub.

Needless to say my mind was running on by now and I wanted to get the man alone and do some soundings. For I felt that if ever a ram had been caught in a thicket, it was this parrot. In fact it looked almost too easy, for Providence ain't above setting a trap sometimes; and when I actually heard he'd got the creature for a present for a girl, then I began to fear there must be a catch in it.

WE went out together and I asked him who the lucky maiden might be; and he said it was a toss up between two, and then asked me what the devil business it was of mine, anyway.

"A very natural question, sergeant, I replied to the man; "but take my tip and let it be Minnie Yard; because, firstly, she's the queen of this parish and

the most beautiful and stately creature ever I set eyes on; and secondly, she's very addicted to you; and thirdly and lastly, she's in a terrible cruel position, and her rich old aunt's away, and it's a fine opportunity for you to get on with it."

I then threw a little light on myself, for, of course, Owlet knew nothing about me, and I left him at Mrs. Haycraft's cottage door with a few well-chosen words.

"What you may be going to say ain't for my ears," I told the man, "but what you are going to hear I know already. You'll be faced with a nice problem, and my opinion of you is that you'll see a way out. And Minnie will be only too terrible willing to pleasure you in all things if you can do so. I shall blow in to-morrow afternoon and hear how it is. And one thing I do beg. Say not a word about your parrot to a living soul; and when those who have already seen it, ask after it, tell 'em you are sorry to report it died suddenly, owing to change of climate. Just say it got pneumonia and was gone in an hour. You'll know why I tell you this when you see Minnie. So long till to-morrow."

THE next afternoon I looked 'em up and found all going amazing well; but, in their excitement, both man and woman wanted a guiding hand and very thankful for me to put myself in command of them.

To begin with, Nicholas hadn't left Minnie overnight till he'd offered for her and been accepted. But there was method in their madness and, of course, a man with his wits sharpened by living in the East saw in a moment what to do. In a word, when he left her that night, full of joy and tokened to wed, the sergeant had took the dead parrot along with him in his cage and left the live one in "King Henry's" cage.

He just told his mother how his bird had fallen ill all of a sudden with the night air on his chest and dropped dead, as parrots will sometimes do; but he didn't say where he'd been, or how he'd got engaged to Minnie Yard, leaving that for a later occasion. Then he buried "King Henry" in his mother's garden under a blue lupin bush and pretended to be a lot cast down.

Then I went into details for their better security.

"Do the bird resemble 'King Henry' in every particular?" I asked Minnie; and she said he did. There was a notch in one of the King's tail feathers, but that happened to be the only difference. So I held the bird while Minnie made the notch with a pair of scissors.

"He's spryer and travels up and down his cage a lot quicker," she explained, "but otherwise, he might be 'King Henry' come to life again."

"You must think and speak of him as 'King Henry' and nobody else," I told her. "You must dismiss the fate of the other bird as a bad dream, Minnie, and get into the frame of mind to make this the one and only parrot in your experience. And now to the creature himself. Do he talk?"

"Not a syllable," answered Nicholas. "You see I was a thought divided in my

mind coming home between Minnie and —another as shall be nameless now. So the bird haven't started on her name yet."

"And he mustn't," I explained. "It's in little details like that we shall stand or fall. The thing you two have got to teach him before all else in the language is to say, 'Good morning, Susan,' afore Mrs. Haycraft comes home. That will be the backbone of your salvation if you can accomplish it. Nothing else matters, and he can pick up other things and his grace before meals and so on later. But rub that into him morning, noon an' night. Keep a dark hood over the cage and say nought but 'Good morning, Susan,' to him thousands of times a day, till he grasps it. In his general habits he won't make her suspicious, but his silence will. And for the rest, Minnie can write to Mrs. Haycraft that you have come home and offered and been accepted. That will fill her aunt's mind. She must be kept from concentrating too much on the bird. Of course she'll expect to hear how he is every time you write, and you can just put him in a P.S. and say he's fine, but not talking so much as usual."

They took me, and I will say both was amazing grateful for young people in love; because, at that time, it don't often happen a pair have any thought for their neighbours. But Minnie's future meant a lot to 'em, and they put in a power of work on the parrot; and two days afore Susan came home from her holiday, I heard the bright news that he'd picked up the speech and was repeating it over thoughtful to himself. Another good point was that he loved to have his head scratched by anybody who'd spare the time, so there was no danger of his failing Susan when she caressed him, as I feared he might.

THEN she came home from her holiday full of good spirits and browner than ever. She was anxious at first that Nicholas would want to marry instanter and drag Minnie away to barracks; but when she heard that they meant to wait a year or two before marriage on her account, her fears gave over and she accepted the engagement. And she took to Nicholas from the first, for he showed great skill in his treatment of her. But, of course, more turned on the parrot than him, and it almost looked as if the bird understood his task and felt on his mettle to carry it off.

He made a slip here and there, of course, and Susan wondered why he didn't talk freer; but I helped the good cause and explained how an aged parrot was like an aged man, and was sure to think more and talk less as he waxed in years. I said it was no astonishment to me.

Once I found her uncommon silent, and could see with half an eye that something was biting her. The inner voice told me it was her parrot; but I left her to touch on the subject, which she presently did.

"I've had a shock, Albert," she said, for so friendly was I become that she'd call me by my given name now.

"'Tis 'King Henry,'" she went on.
(Continued on page 162)

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for their recognition, and, whilst it is impossible to reply individually to the praise of thousands we can assure all from whom we have heard of our appreciation of their tributes, and shall conscientiously strive to continue to live up to the high standard of the *New Aladdin Instant Light*.



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"Yesterday, all of a sudden, without a shadow of warning, he said something I won't pain your ears to repeat; but it's a word no decent man, nor decent parrot neither, would ever use before a decent woman."

"Dear me!" I answered. "What they'll pick up! You'd best to tell me, Mrs. Haycraft, for, unless I know, it may be beyond my power to explain."

"I won't say it, but I'll write it," she replied, "though I blush to do even that; but you're a man of the world. My terror is he'll fall in the way of saying it; and if he does then I shan't dare ask any respectable person in my house. And if I thought Nicholas Owlet had taught him, I'd break off his match with Minnie."

WELL she wrote it down, and she spelled it wrong; but there weren't no manner of doubt what the bird had said, and I couldn't trust myself

to catch poor Susan's eye, though I made so light of it ever I could and not lose my own credit.

"Horrible, sure enough," I said, tearing up the paper; "but think nothing of it, Mrs. Haycraft. What have happened is this. No doubt—perhaps half a century or more ago—the bird travelled from Australia to England with the baser sort of sailor men; and he heard that disgraceful remark only too often, and picked it up, and stored it in his little mind, same as he stores a lot of other things. And you know how the past will come up to your memory when you grow old; and so, just by some unfortunate accident, 'King Henry' thought upon that outrageous expression. Of course, it means nothing to him, so you mustn't set it down to bad manners, or a lewd turn of mind. In fact, 'twas just a breath from the far past," I assured her, "and I don't suppose you'll ever hear it again."

The Liar: by THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN

(Continued from page 83)

as a citizen, Archibald Hood is a poor creature; an unreliable, self-indulgent, unclean-living man. The residue of my old—my *only* love, remember—makes me sorry for him. That's the truth, Bob."

"An astounding, and, to me most distressing, truth."

"I know. But you'll admit I was bound to tell it to you."

FOR a long minute he gazed into her worn, brave face, and then he said, clearing his throat. "Enid, never mind all that, dear—you *will* marry me?"

"I will, but do you realise that I am marrying you because I am half afraid of being persuaded to marry this man who is a liar, who has no honour?"

"Yes."

Drawing a deep breath, she held out her hand; as he took it the door opened behind her, and Archie Hood came in unannounced.

There was a little pause, and she turned, offering her hand to him.

"How do you do, Archie," she said quietly.

"How are you, Enid? Hullo, Ellis."

The Bishop bowed with a touch of pomposity. "How do you do, Hood?"

A moment later he had gone, and Archie Hood turned angrily to his hostess.

"What was that fellow up to, kissing your hand?" he demanded, ridiculously.

"Don't be silly," she returned. "Sit down. Some tea?"

"No thanks."

He was a heavily built man, with a superbly fine head and dark eyes. His face was an arrestingly beautiful one, and he knew it.

"Enid," he began suddenly. "Kit's sacking me."

"I know. I'm very sorry."

"You needn't be, for—I'm glad!"

"That is detestable of you," was her cold reply. "Crumpet told me, and I think you have behaved disgracefully."

"Crumpet told you?" His surprise was sincere. "How the deuce did she know?"

"Kitty told her."

"Then Kitty is a little beast," that's all I've got to say."

"She was wrong to tell Crumpet, of

course," Enid agreed, "but less wrong than—you have been—"

He gave a grunt.

"Oh, I know! I'm always to blame, always revolting. Damn it!"

"Swear as much as you like. I know you are trying to shock me, but when you try to you never can!"

His magnificent gloomy eyes glowered at her. "Oh! I see. Well, I'm going to shock you now. I'm doing it on purpose, and I'm going to succeed. Listen, Enid. Kitty is *all* wrong."

"For heaven's sake," she broke in icily, "don't go on. No doubt you have prepared some excellent—story, but I won't listen to it."

Over his lowering face there crept a deep flush.

"But you *shall* listen to me, my girl, you shall. Kitty found a—a letter—"

"And it, of course, was written to someone else!"

"Well, it *was* written to someone else!"

"I don't believe you."

"But you *shall* believe it," he persisted. And then went on very quietly, "The letter was written to a friend—of mine, who dropped it in my study. It began with a pet-name, and my wife assumed it to have been written to me."

She laughed. "You aren't very inventive, are you! Now please don't lie to me any more. You forget that I know. I also know, through your twelve-year-old daughter, that the letter was written by—Inez Aubrey."

"She told Crumpet her name?" he gasped. "By God, that's too much! Oh, damn her! Damn her for telling the kid! What a beastly thing to do!"

"Kitty is nervous and very unhappy, thanks to you, and I suppose she just blurted it out in her misery. The beastliness is all on your side. Aren't you ashamed to have kept on knowing Inez Aubrey all these years? You vowed that once you were married you would give that—that woman up!"

"Oh hell! I did give her up. The letter was *not* written to me! Oh, I shan't tell Kitty! I shall be only too glad to be rid of her. But you, Enid! You must know that since my marriage

"If I do," she promised me, "I'll whip him till he screams—old as he is."

But, by the mercy of chance and owing to the other fresh sounds and experiences that his new life brought him, the bird never was heard to forget himself no more; and there came bright news from Minnie only a fortnight later, for then she was able to whisper to me how the clever bird had caught her aunt's snore to a marvel and done it even better than "King Henry" used to.

Of course, Owlet, Minnie and myself kept secret as the tomb till old Susan went home rather unexpected two years later, leaving her cottage and one hundred and fifty a year to her niece. Then the young people married and Minnie left Waterbrook, and handed over the parrot to an asylum for unwanted little boys—to cheer 'em. But whether the children laughed to hear that famous imitation of a dead woman's snore, who can say?

I've not even *seen* Inez Aubrey. On my word of honour."

"Your what?" she asked slowly, "your word of—*what*?"

HE stared at her for a moment, and then to her horror covered his face with his hands, and gave a hard, dry sob.

When he dropped his hands his eyes were wet.

"Well, my dear, that's done it. I love you. I always have loved you. I was glad about this divorce business, for I hoped you might marry me, at last. But—you refuse to accept my word of honour, and that's the end. Good-bye." He went towards the door, but stopped there. "Wait," he cried, suddenly turning, "I'm going to tell you the *truth*!"

"No, no," she protested, "I don't want to know. Don't tell me!"

"Ah, but I will tell you! Oh, yes, that's my revenge; you've *got* to know. You won't tell, and for once you'll see me as the innocent party! That letter was written to Jack Thetford."

Her own laugh struck her as rasping and hideous.

"Jack Thetford! Oh, this is beneath contempt. Jack adores Barbara. Why they have only been married a year!"

"What idiots women are!" he laughed roughly. "Of course he adores Barbara, but—he met Inez at Maidenhead last summer, and—well, fell for her, if you like. She—"

"Never mind, Archie," she said wearily. "Please go now. I'm sorry I was fierce with you. And—Kitty will forgive you, for Crumpet's sake."

"I don't want her to forgive me. Besides—"

"Please go," she said dully. "I am very tired—"

"All right then," he returned, sullenly. "I'll go. But I have told you the truth, if only for once. G'bye."

* * *

"I thank my God," her father announced that evening at dinner, "that you don't paint your face."

"But I do, dear, sometimes—"

"At all events," he countered dexter-

(Continued on page 164)



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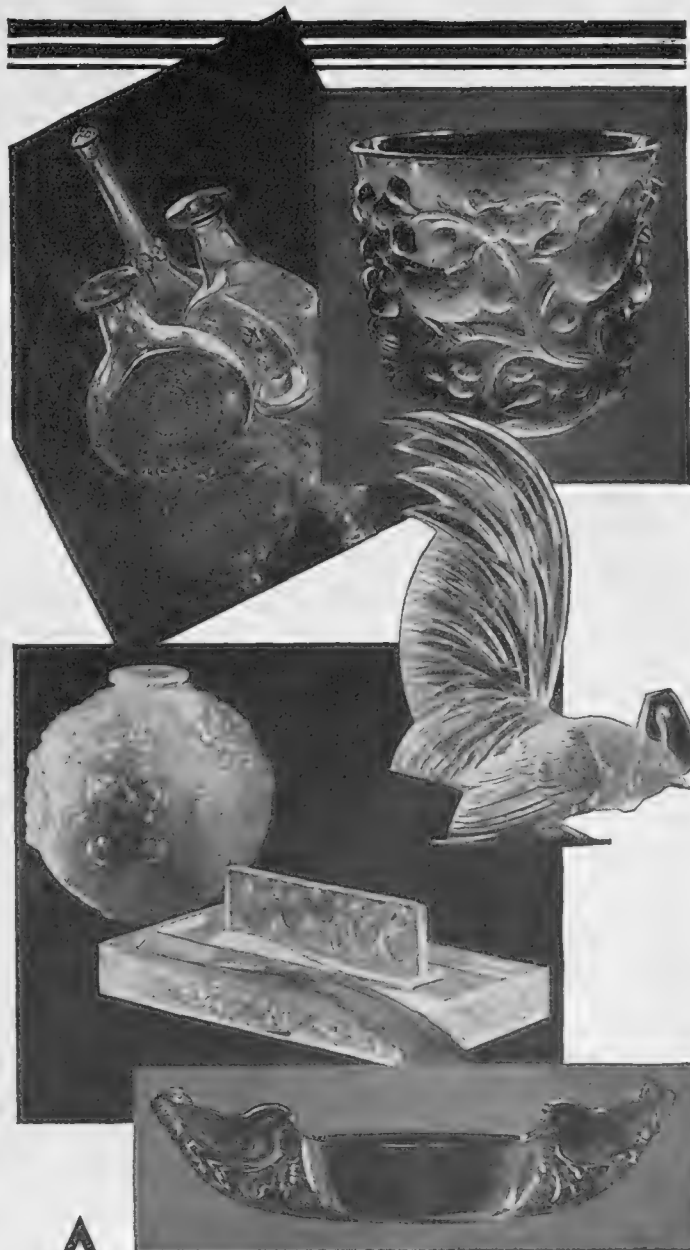
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ously, "it never shows! Cora Crowsbay's face looks awful!"

After a minute he went on. "By the way, Cora told me to-day that the letter poor Kitty found was—well, *very* racy indeed and full of most amusin' sketches!"

Enid sighed, and said no more, and before they had left the table Mrs. Hood was announced.

"Good. Father, did you hear? Kitty is upstairs."

"Bless my soul, is she? Poor child, poor child! I'll come up in half-an-hour." The old man scuttled as fast as he could to his study.

Enid, with a sigh, went upstairs.

Kitty Hood was sitting near the fire.

"Oh, my dear," she began, "it is *too* terrible! I'll never forgive him, *never*! Aunt Cora says I'm perfectly right, and I know you and Uncle Freddy will stand by me, too——"

"Yes, of course, dear, but what about Crummet?"

"Oh, she's all right. She sees *through* Archie——"

"Poor little soul—at twelve!"

Kitty Hood shrugged her thin shoulders. "Of course it's sad, but—I can't bear any more and I won't. And once I've divorced him, I can be happy, and then I'll be a good mother to the poor kid. I do love her, you know, and I want her to be *good*. Like you."

"Kitty!"

"Yes, I do. You *are* good, Enid. Why, even Archie admires your—honourableness——"

Enid, deeply touched, kissed her worn face. "Kit," she said, "You are tired out, and I'm going to send you home to bed. Try to rest, and—not to think——"

* * *

THE next afternoon it happened. The Liar told the Great Lie.

They had all met in Bruton Street, quite by chance.

At three o'clock Beeman announced Lady John Thetford, who, as the door closed, burst into wild sobbing.

"Babs darling," cried the elder woman, cold with premonition, "what is it—stop crying, and tell me!"

"I—I met Archie Hood just now, and—and he told me that that awful letter was written to Jack! Oh, Enid, it can't be true, can it? If it's true I'll kill myself—I can't bear it."

Enid drew a deep breath. It seemed that she, too, could not bear this.

"Sit down, Barbara, and explain to me. Jack *loves* you, you know he does."

Lady John obeyed, still sobbing.

"I met Archie," she explained brokenly, "and—just to *tease* him—you know, darling—I asked him how Mrs. Aubrey was——"

"Oh, Barbara!"

"It was only a joke! And he flew into one of his green rages and—and told me to ask Jack! I laughed, and he got perfectly wild, and said the letter was written to Jack!"

Enid Bosworth stared into the fire, death in her heart.

"Barbara dear," she said slowly, "don't you know that Archie is—not truthful?"

"Of course, I know it—everyone knows he's a damned liar, but—he's a gentleman—by birth at least—and surely he *couldn't* lie about a friend like Jack?"

"I think," said Miss Bosworth faintly, "that he—*could*."

Lady John looked up, hope in her wet eyes. "If you say so, Enid, of course, I'll believe you. Who wouldn't? Oh, thank God I came here. You see," she went on hurriedly, "I *adore* Jack! I love him terribly. He has turned the world into Heaven for me, and, and—we are going to have a baby, too——"

"Oh, Babs, how splendid! But about Archie, don't you see? You exasperated him, and he—just hit out at you like a naughty child."

"Of course, of course! I was a fool to believe him. But to say such a thing about *Jack*! He is so happy about the baby, too," she added. "Oh, I do thank God I came straight to you, Enid darling——"

"I am glad, too—yes, Beeman?"

"It's His Lordship the Bishop of Frassiter, Miss, and this note 'as just come by hand."

Lady John rose, grabbing her bag. "Old Bob! May I rush up to your room and repair damages, darling?"

"Of course, Babs dear."

As the one door closed the other opened, and Bob Ellis came in, and almost before his greetings were over Barbara Thetford came back, rosy and gay, her troubles forgotten. Enid had convinced her. She and Bob Ellis were cousins, and good friends, and presently Enid, who did not recognise the writing on the mauve envelope she held, asked their leave to open it, and did so.

For a long time she stood by the electric lamp, poring over the large writing. A boy went by whistling "Dance, Little Lady," a footman came in and mended the fire, and Barbara and Bob were laughing over some childish reminiscence.

Finally Enid put her letter into an ivory box on a table, and returned to the others just as the door again opened.

It was Lord John, come, as he declared, to fetch his wife.

"Morning, Enid. How d'you do, Bishop? Babs, come along. I've got a fiendish headache and want to go home," he said.

"Try to put up with Enid and me for a few minutes, can't you?" laughed the Bishop.

Enid never was able, subsequently, to recollect quite clearly what had been the sequence of the next arrivals, but suddenly there they were, all of them—Archie, Kitty, Lady Crowsbay, her lined old face more clumsily painted than ever.

"You look ill, Enid," Lady Crowsbay was saying. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I feel cold." But Enid was not cold. She was stiff with terror, and afraid of fainting, she who had fainted only once in her life.

Luckily she was sitting in a wing-chair, and could draw back into the shadow.

"Where's Freddy?" Again it was Lady Crowsbay's voice.

"Here I am, dear Cora."

Old Freddy Bosworth shot across the carpet, and fell into a chair.

"This is—very jolly," he said absurdly, and Archie Hood laughed harshly.

"But what's the matter?" broke in Lady John. "It's like something on the stage—Shall we join the Ladies?' or something——"

THERE was a pause, and then Kitty Hood, very pale, but with resolution in her aspect and voice, rose.

"I don't understand how you all

happen to be here," she said quietly, "but as you *are* here, and all friends, I'll take the opportunity of repeating that I'm going to divorce Archie."

"Tut, tut!"

"Be quiet, Freddy——"

"You are quite right, my dear," said Lady Crowsbay.

"I beg you not to be too hasty, Kitty," said the Bishop of Frassiter. "Archie may have an explanation, or——"

"I have no explanation," Archie growled.

"You're *right*, Archie," said Miss Bosworth, quietly, "you must let her divorce you."

Everyone stared at her in amazement, Archie himself looking actually aghast.

"Well, I'll be——"

"Don't swear, Archie," corrected Lady Crowsbay with a glance at the Bishop.

John Thetford gave a helpless giggle. "Oh, Aunt Cora!" he cried, for Lady Crowsbay's vocabulary was as variegated as her facial colours.

Everyone in the room felt extraordinarily nervous. They seemed like people or animals—caught unawares in a quite new kind of trap.

"Come along, Barbara," Lord John murmured after a pause, "my headache's *awful*. I want to go home, darling——"

"I *won't* go. What does it all mean? Uncle Freddy," Barbara went on, "it's your house, and you're the oldest——"

"I'm not. Your Aunt Cora's a year older than me," protested the old man.

KITTY HOOD cleared her throat. "Listen, all of you," she began, "this is—pretty bad, so let's end it. All I've got to say is this—Archie is unbearable. His morals are foul, but his *taste* is even more putrid, and I'm fed up, and I'm going. As for—*ahem*—the lady—Mrs. Inez Aubrey of Half Moon Street. So far as I know she is *en disponibilité* at present—and as Archie has been touchingly faithful to her, since, I'm told, *before he married me*, I should suggest his asking her to make an honest man of him!"

"Kitty, Kitty," Enid cried, wild with horror, "*don't* be like this! You were so different last night——"

"My *dear* child," murmured old Freddy.

"Shut up, Kitty." Lady Crowsbay rose, and went to her niece. "Don't behave like a—*a* fishwife," she said with authority, going on to the others. "Listen, everybody. Kitty is perfectly right to divorce Archie and——"

"She is indeed——"

"Hold your tongue, Barbara," interrupted Lord John. "Keep *out* of it. What's the use of hitting a fellow when he's down?"

Hood glanced at him. "Thanks, Jack," he said drily, and then turned to his wife.

"You are, I understand, Kitty, divorcing me because of Inez Aubrey?"

"Yes."

"Of course she is, Archie," broke in Sir Frederick fussily. "No woman could stand such a—such a rival!"

Kitty burst into a single peal of shrill laughter like a crow. "Isn't he priceless?" she gasped.

Hood rose, his hands in his trousers pockets, and leaning against the carved mantelpiece turned to Thetford. "And you, Jack, Prince Hal to my Falstaff, what have *you* to say about this divorce?"

(Continued on page 166)

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"Damn it! it's none of my business, is it?"

There was a pause, during which Hood laughed. Then Lady Crowsbay again spoke.

"Well, that's that," she said briskly. "We all agree that Kitty is right; and, of course, you, Archie, won't contest the divorce. There's no more to be said, I take it?"

"That's all right," returned Hood sullenly.

Enid drew a deep sigh of relief.

"It is much better to do it this way," observed the Bishop. "Bitterness only hurts everyone."

"Quite so, quite so. I thank my God that there has never been a divorce in my family——"

Someone tried to stifle a laugh, and as Enid was about to speak, the Bishop laid his hand on her arm.

"Don't, dear," he said quietly.

Hood jumped as if he'd been stung by a wasp.

"What's that you said?" he asked angrily.

"I?" Ellis was surprised. "I—said nothing."

"You did! You *did*, you damned parson!" Hood's splendid wreck of a face was distorted with rage, and he came a step forward, snapping his fingers in a way they all knew and dreaded. "Why did you call Miss Bosworth 'dear'?"

"What right have you——"

"Hold your tongue, Hood," protested Sir Frederick, with a nervous little backward glance, "the matter's settled, and you'd better go home."

Enid left the Bishop's side and went towards the furious man. "Archie," she said gently, "they are all going now, but I want you to stay with me for a little while. Will you?"

Her face was white as paper; but she was calm. "I have something to—tell you——"

Then Bob Ellis made his fatal mistake. "Enid," he said, "I beg you to let Archie go. He is excited and angry, and I'd much prefer you didn't see him alone to-day."

At that, Hood's last bit of self-control went by the board, and he gave a kind of inarticulate roar. "Damn you, Ellis," he bellowed, "what's it got to do with you? Mind your own business if you can——"

"Archie, Archie——"

"Hood, for God's sake——"

"Please, Archie——"

"I am," returned the Bishop, "minding my own business. Miss Bosworth has promised to marry me."

"By Jove, Ellis——" Lord John sprang forward, holding out his hand—"that is good news! May I——"

But Archibald Hood raised his hand, and there was a pause. "Enid," he asked slowly, "is——this true?"

"Yes, Archie."

Hood burst out laughing.

"And I am to allow my wife to divorce me, and you are to marry that damned prig of a parson? Oh no! Oh no, dear friends, not at all! Kitty, there will be no divorce. You can leave me if you like, but I will not allow you to divorce me."

"Archie, Archie!" Old Freddy's voice was suddenly shrill in his chicken-skinned scranell pipe. "Don't be a fool! You can't stop the divorce."

"Can't I? Can't I indeed, Sir

Frederick? That is your little mistake. Now listen, the whole pack of you! Dog doesn't eat dog; but I'm at the end of my tether. Inez Aubrey did not write that letter to me. I have not set eyes on the woman since the day I married my wife. These two things on my sacred word of honour."

Everyone in the room save one drew away from him. Perjury is an ugly thing.

"You don't believe me?"

There was a dead silence.

The dark brownish-red drained rapidly from the man's face, and he stared, his head lowered like a charging bull's, glaring from one face to another.

"Not one of you believe me?"

Again no one spoke, and again his angry, hopeless eyes scorched their countenances.

"Enid," he said gently, "you know me. Bad as I am, surely you——"

She turned away.

"Say something, Enid," he persisted. "You are absolutely truthful, they will believe you——"

"I know," she said slowly, "that you are a liar." Then she turned and went to the nearest window.

FOR a moment the room was full of a soft hubbub. Then it was still, and when the Bishop came to her she turned, and saw they were alone.

"You are brave, my darling. It was dreadful for you."

"Very dreadful," she answered, dry-lipped.

"You shall never see him again. Thank God, I now have the right to protect you."

"Bob," she said quietly, "would you mind going now? I—am 'all in,' as Kitty says. Please——"

When he had gone she sat down by the fire, shuddering from head to foot. She looked unspeakably sad, and she looked an old woman.

"Oh, God," she whispered over and over again.

Then out from behind the Coromandel screen stepped Archie Hood.

She gave a little cry as she saw him, but he held up his hand. "Don't be frightened," he said quietly. "I'm going in a minute."

"Please go now."

"No. Listen to me, Enid," he went on, biting his lips fiercely. "Why did you do that? Call me a liar, I mean?"

"You are one."

"Yes. Often. Nearly always. But you knew that this time I was telling the truth. Or rather suppressing the truth."

"Please go, Archie. I—I feel really ill."

"Bob will comfort you!" he sneered.

Then: "Tell me, you had *her* letter?"

"Yes."

"You believe what she wrote you?"

"Yes."

"She wrote you the truth. Because I insisted that you should know it."

"I see," she answered wearily.

"I rang her up and told her. 'Pon my soul," he added, "she is not all bad. Who is? Even I did not save myself at the expense of Barbara's happiness."

"No."

"Where is the letter?"

She handed it to him, and he read it through.

"Dear Miss Bosworth,"

Colonel Hood has just rung me up

and told me about the mess you are all in.

Here is the truth. I have not set eyes on Archie since his marriage, and you can believe me, for I've got nothing to lose. I met Jack Thetford last year on the river. He loves his wife all right, and I fell for him, and he's weak. It didn't last long. Then I saw him at the theatre and wrote to him. He came to see me, but he said he wasn't coming any more—you probably know why. And I wouldn't give in, and wrote him that letter. You are shocked, of course, but then you are like a gold-fish in a bowl, and I'm a shark, I suppose. Anyhow, he did *not* come back. There's the whole truth. And what's more, I know quite well that Archie has never loved anyone but you. We often get to know these things about them and you.

Yours sincerely,

INEZ AUBREY."

"I think," observed Hood, "that we'd better burn this document."

She nodded, and he threw it into the fire.

"I couldn't give Jack away—not really," he went on. "I lost my temper with that prize imbecile Barbara, but she'll find a letter at her house denying it—and apologising. Jack cares no more for Inez Aubrey than—I did, and he is fond of Barbara. And even I," he added drearily, "have my limits of beastliness."

"Please don't, Archie." Her voice was broken and hoarse.

"Righto. I won't, poor Enid."

Suddenly his face changed and softened, and there was true merriment in his burst of laughter.

"Like everything else, this has its funny side, too, hasn't it, my dear?"

"I suppose so, but—I can't see it."

"You will by to-morrow morning! Listen. Kitty will divorce me, and you're going to marry that (very decent) pompous ass, Bob Ellis, and Jack and Barbara will succeed to the title and have 'Sturdy Sons,' and I, the villain of the piece, will grow old alone, and spend my time in a club window. Damn funny!"

She rose. "Please go now, Archie. I'm glad you were decent at the end——"

"Could I do anything else? I don't care a damn about Kitty, and you are lost to me in any case, and what good should I have done by ruining Jack and Barbara's lives?"

"None, of course. Oh, Archie——"

She broke down and cried, without drying her tears, without grimaces. Never had he thought her more beautiful.

"There, there," he said awkwardly, "don't cry, dear. Anyhow you'll have one bearable memory of me, scoundrel though I am." At the door he turned, irrepressibly swaggering a little. "The joke, after all, isn't on me at all," he cried, with a grin. "It's on them, and on you, Enid!"

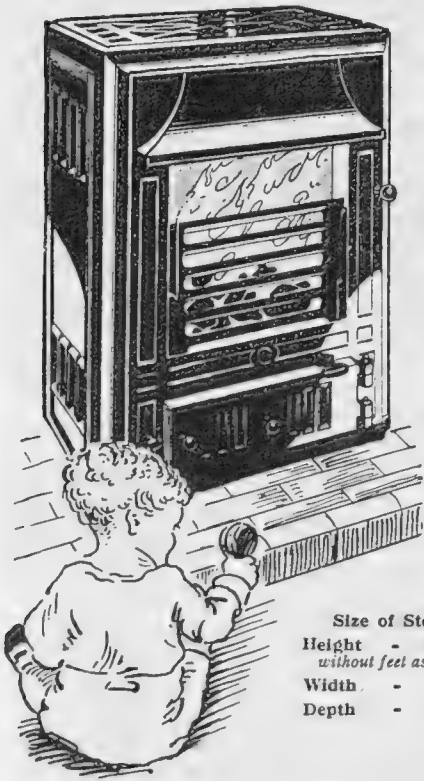
"How—how do you mean?"

"But, of course, don't you see? The devil's worst liar for once spoke the truth, and was disbelieved, and you, the most truthful woman in the world, lied, and were believed! I told the truth and you—lied!"

Miss Bosworth gazed at him through tear-veiled eyes.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "it was I who was the Liar."

THE END.



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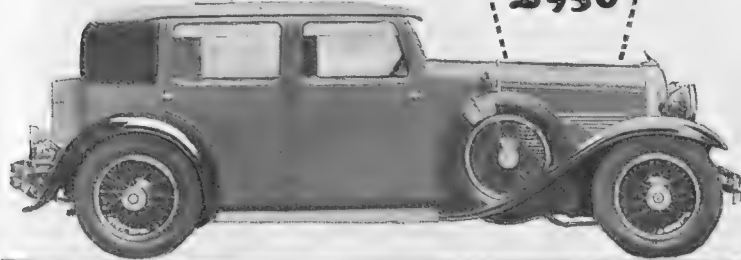
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Why the Prince does not Marry: by EVELYN GRAHAM

(Continued from page 21)

And now we have probably summarised those qualities that we need for a successful Princess of Wales, and we can put them in one sentence. She must have sympathy, she must have understanding, and she must have the same interests as her husband. Yet we have probably left out the greatest thing of the lot, and that is that the Prince of Wales and his wife must be deeply in love with one another. Nothing short of that will do.

HAD there been no war, it might have been done. Princes were expected to make marriages of convenience in those days. But there has been a war, and the Prince of Wales has been through it. He has seen life in the raw. He has had all the old standards of value upset, until there are left only the big permanent things of life, the things that can endure through Armageddon, and will be left unscathed upon the other side. And if there is one thing that he has learned is permanent it is love, the love of a mother for her child, the love of a man for his friend, the love of a husband for his wife.

That is why he is still a bachelor. There are plenty of women who have most of the qualities that he requires. There are plenty whom it would be politic for him to marry. There is none with whom he has yet fallen in love.

And for him a marriage without love would spell disaster. It might provide him with a wife who could be regal, who could be unconventional, and at the same time prudent, who could be a good sportswoman. But unless she loved him and he loved her, there could not be that sympathy and understanding between them, and in her presence he would not be himself.

"If I married, I should have to spend the rest of my time being what my wife wanted me to be." That is the Prince's own objection to marriage, and only when love is there will that objection be removed.

There are five women whom I could choose as suitable for the Prince of Wales. I do not intend to name them, but they would be suitable in every way that I have mentioned. I hope that H.R.H. will fall in love with one of them. But if he does not, I for one am fully content to see him a bachelor for the rest of his days.

The Men We Women Want: by ROSITA FORBES

(Continued from page 29)

finally, the Gothic mansion on the local Fifth Avenue.

A gigantic proportion of our fellow people are still in want, if not of bread and bedding, of training, opportunity and knowledge. How can anyone attempt to legislate for them, unless he belongs to those who have wanted the same things, and who have satisfied those wants, one by one, by their own personal initiative?

Of course, one can't generalise about what women want, or what men want, and there is no possibility of judging what qualities in the various political or muni-

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[Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844]

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cipal candidates influence the feminine vote, but one thing was noticeable at the last General Election. A number of the most brilliant and good-looking young men were thrown out. It was said that every woman in their respective constituencies would fall for them. Well, they didn't. They voted for the older men with more practical experience.

PERSONALLY, I don't believe any grown woman is influenced by a man's good looks, except, of course, in marriage, and that's because it pleases her vanity to go about with a good-looking creature.

Business women want their chiefs to have a sense of proportion and a sense of fair play. They don't mind how many demands are made of them, providing such demands are productive. I believe they appreciate the personal note, and, by this, I do not mean the sexual one, which, in shop or office, is abhorrent. The ideal employer, to my mind, is the one who asks a great deal and sees that he gets it by direct personal interest and supervision, and makes reasonable but not excessive allowances, and who praises as justly as he blames. In addition, I should like to be conscious that he was out for big things, and, in their pursuit, was as unsparing of himself as of his staff.

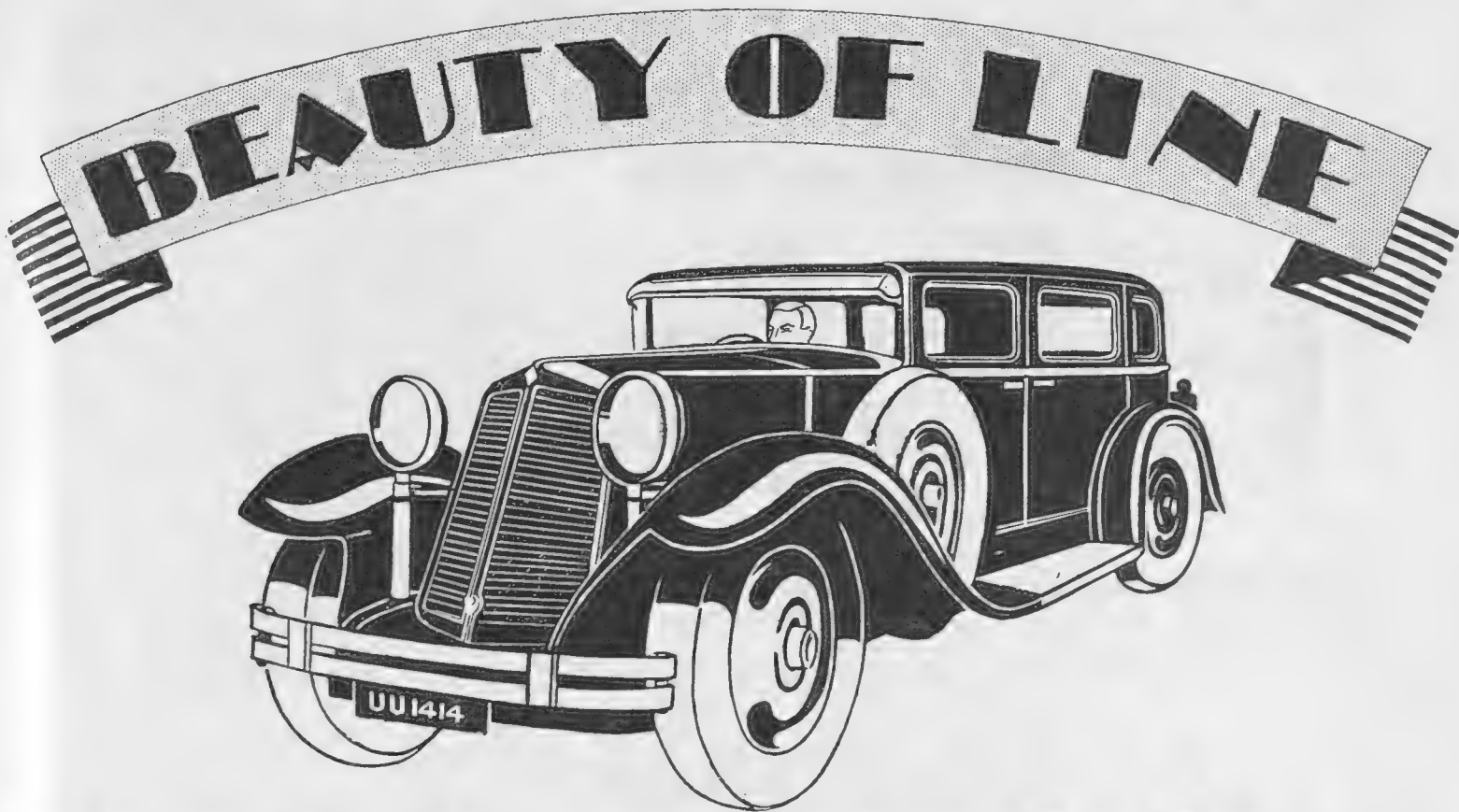
As lovers, women still want the men who carry them off their feet. A woman in love is a creature whose personality is, for the moment, submerged. She wants to let herself go. She wants everything to be decided for her. As it is generally the least imaginative man who plays up to this desire, for the male with brains probably prefers the free reasoned gifts of a woman's mind and heart rather than the drugged acceptance of her senses, the majority of Main Street femininity finds itself rudely awakened. The cave man may be stimulating as a lover. It's a change to get out of one's too persistent self and to lose it altogether, but this unthinking state is apt to be cut short with the honeymoon.

The cave man is exceedingly trying about the house, and however much a woman likes to be ordered about before marriage she can't endure it afterwards.

Women want husbands on whom they can rely and whose practical abilities they can admire.

At heart we want successful husbands, but we don't in the least mind what form is taken by that success. You see, we are most of us rather successful ourselves in our different lines, and we want our men to go one better. The springs of our sympathy are not entirely dried up, but we would rather not have to expend the last drop of them on our belongings.

We want men who take an intelligent interest in the rather difficult job of making and running a home, and who are willing to share with us their interests and ambitions. We want husbands who will allow us to be their colleagues as well as their wives, and I don't believe the majority of us mind what they do when they spend a night on the tiles! We don't want to own the men we marry, and, after the first year, we certainly don't want to be owned by them. But we want them to play the game of marriage as well and as sportingly as they do all the other less important games. In fact, we want our husbands to be friends with us.



The latest models of a famous range

PRICES IN THE RENAULT RANGE

9/15 h.p. De Luxe Four Door
Saloon - £199

14/45 h.p. Four Door Saloons
with standard Radiator
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Beauty of line has always been associated with the Renault, and the latest models conform with this Renault tradition. Examine the Renault models. Examine them critically for workmanship, clean design, sturdy build, and handsome appearance. Then, considering the prices of the cars in their various classes, ask yourself whether car values to equal these can be found.

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To wives who unknowingly



drug their husbands

Hidden in the depths of ordinary Tea and Coffee is the harmful drug Caffein, which often injuriously affects the heart, the nervous system and digestion, and is frequently responsible for sleeplessness, gout and Rheumatism.

Professor Dixon addressing the British Association Conference at Capetown on July 24th, said:—

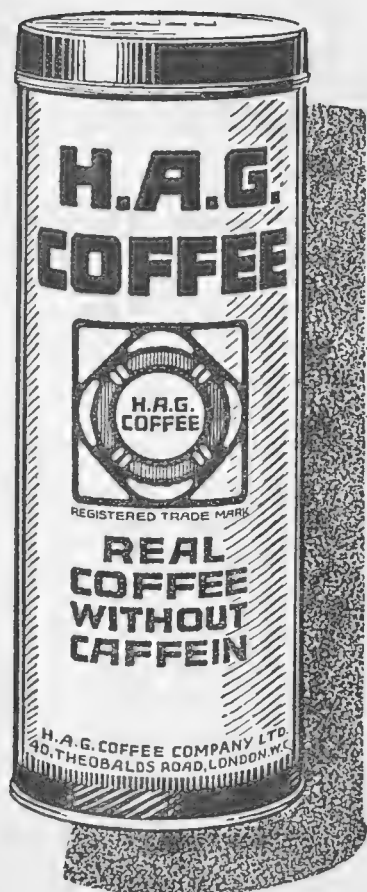
"In large doses the caffein beverages induce restlessness and nervous excitability, and they may produce disturbed sleep, headache and confusion . . . to me it seems not unlikely that tea drinking is not wholly unconnected with the tendency of highly civilized nations to become super-sensitive and neurotic, for this is the groundwork upon which drug addiction is built."

H.A.G. Coffee can, however, be taken without the slightest fear of ill-effects because in H.A.G. Coffee the Caffein has been removed, which means that everything that can possibly do harm has been taken out, and it is real coffee too, not a substitute or extract.

The removal of the Caffein has not impaired the delicious flavour and aroma in the slightest degree.

Give H.A.G. Coffee a trial and you will never drink any other Coffee in future.

H.A.G. Coffee can be obtained in two sizes. 3/2 and 1/8, either ground or in the bean. If your grocer has no stock, we will supply post free on receipt of your remittance.



To H.A.G. COFFEE COMPANY, LTD., 40, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.1

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a generous sample of Caffein-free H.A.G. Coffee for comparison with ordinary coffee, for which I enclose 3d. to cover postage.

FREE
SAMPLE

Name.....

Address.....

Streets

I ENCLOSE 3d. TO COVER POSTAGE.

B.E.4.

Do Let us Enjoy Life:

by MAY EDGINTON

(Continued from page 50)

like, because you are still living at other people's expense, in a house planned for your father and myself. The greatest joy in life is freedom, if you can get it even for a short while. When you stand on your own feet, you will taste that joy. It will be wonderful. Guard it very, very carefully. Life is really magnificent. . . . " I do not tell him yet about the myriad tyrannies that will prick him and hedge him about by and by, if he is not very clever indeed.

He will have to find them for himself.

It is indeed the young for whom my heart most aches over this question of enjoyment. One is tired of reading the complaints of the elderly and the aged about youth. The truth is that the youth of to-day is splendid. It works, and it intends to play. How often is its joy questioned, its hilarity frowned upon, and its sensible intention to have as much freedom as possible, and to learn therefrom its own lessons, cried against from pulpits, right down to what should be the happy circle of the home!

ONE of the most charming sights I used to see when I was in California recently, near the coast, was the cars packed with jolly girls and boys in bathing kit driving off for a swim. I have seen a lovely young film star driving her car from home ready dressed—or undressed—for a swim in Tom Mix's garden pool some miles away. And, after the plunge, she just dried in the sun, and put a blazer over her little suit, and drove off again to dress when she pleased. The same joys are enjoyed at Deauville and the Lido—but they are expensive. At more modestly priced English seaside resorts they are usually forbidden.

The eternal "don't!" The eternal "ought!" How I hate them! They are words used by those least qualified to dictate or to preach, too. The big people use these arrogant words sparingly.

Ah! but how many little people there are! And how they do love dictating, advising, frustrating, ruling!

DO let us enjoy ourselves. Do let us refrain from interfering with each other. Whenever I see a young mother who would enjoy her young baby deliriously if it were not for grandma in the background, and Aunt Jane running alongside the perambulator, I do want to say to her:

"My dear, enjoy yourself! The baby is fine! To hell with Grannie and Aunt Jane! Do not read the Baby Page in Totties' Weekly! Let your little animal grow! If at the mature age of eleven months he is not a perfect advertisement for modern hygiene, why, neither was Queen Victoria, nor Disraeli, nor Gladstone, nor even Lord Birkenhead! Don't bother, my dear. Enjoy yourself!"

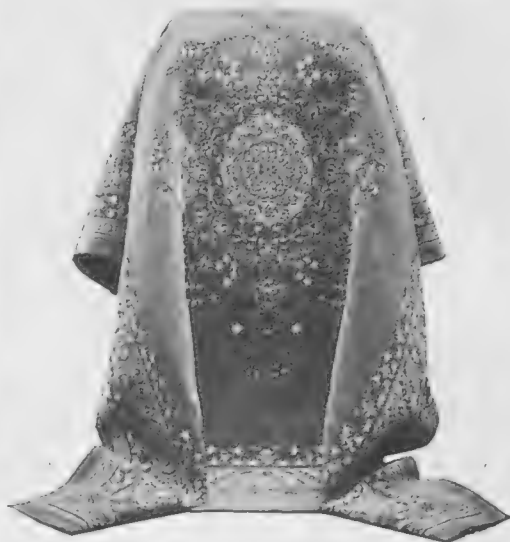
But all over the world, all through life, are people interfering with our private lives, stirring up trouble, disapproving of us, until . . .

Oh, that's sad! Until we reach the crabbed age when we shall scold, penalise, trouble, handicap, and disapprove of all those younger, more eager people who would be so happy if only they could bury us!

(Continued on page 174)

HAMPTONS' VALUES IN CARPETS

secure to every purchaser the maximum value for money. For example:



HAMPTONS' SEAMLESS AXMINSTER CARPETS

are, without exception, the products of the BEST BRITISH MANUFACTURERS only. The selection embraces an extensive range of choice designs and includes the most recent productions, of which the illustration is a typical example. The range of sizes is exceptionally great, and, in addition to those specified, many others can be supplied at proportionate prices.

ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.
7 6	6 0	3 17 6	12 0	7 6	7 15 0	*15 0	12 0	15 10 0
7 6	7 6	4 17 0	*12 0	9 0	9 6 0	15 0	13 6	17 8 9
9 0	6 0	4 13 0	*12 0	10 6	10 17 0	16 6	10 6	14 18 6
9 0	7 6	5 16 3	12 0	12 0	12 8 0	16 6	12 0	17 1 0
9 0	9 0	6 19 6	13 6	9 0	10 9 3	16 6	13 6	19 3 9
10 6	6 0	5 8 6	*13 6	10 6	12 4 3	18 0	10 6	16 5 6
10 6	7 6	6 15 9	13 6	12 0	13 19 0	18 0	12 0	18 12 0
*10 6	9 0	8 2 9	15 0	9 0	11 12 6	18 0	13 6	20 18 6
10 6	10 6	9 10 0	15 0	10 6	13 11 3	19 6	12 0	20 3 0

The medallion carpet illustrated, which is made with a blue and a soft beige ground, is only available in the sizes marked with an asterisk.

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How useful to yourself!



3/6

AN intriguing little novelty by Ever Ready. Closed, it is an ever-handly flash-lamp. Raise the lid, and you have a mirror, with pleasing illumination. A boon when theatre-going, visiting or at a dance. As small as a matchbox. Nickel-plated. Complete with famous Ever Ready bulb and battery. Post free, 3/6. (Quote No. 2054.)

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The actual testimony of the Mothers is available to all who are interested.

Of all Chemists at Home and Abroad
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"NO NEED TO ADD VITAMIN 'D' TO FOOD AS RICH AS C. & G."

I am going to cling to my motto. "Do let us enjoy ourselves!" But only when I am quite an old lady whose enjoyments are limited painfully by Nature, shall I ever be forgiven for it, and allowed to "enjoy" myself in peace.

Well, it will still be fun. A most incorrigible old lady I will be; and the young shall love me as I love them.

Marriage—the Failure

By COSMO HAMILTON

(Continued from page 51)

This, in addition to heavy legal expenses and the loss of self-respect.

But if she were unfaithful why should she be caught? Why should she be such a fool, from a sense of Quixotic decency, as to permit him to break away when he was compelled by Law to provide her with a roof as well as the run of her teeth? Church and Law were in league with women in those amazing days, and this in spite of the fact that, to the alarm of Church and Law, they had won the suffrage, had broken into Parliament and were on equal terms with men.

THESE facts of recent history as they came out bit by bit are eyebrow raising and lamentable to these Bright Young People, so healthy, so frank, and so honest, of 1934. Marriage? A Chaucerian word to them, an insult to their intelligence as well as to their pride. As good as men and better, far more athletic and self-providing than the modern race of males, workers every one, they choose a man if they want one as a hobby from time to time. Do they share the same rooms? Oh, no. They can't be bothered with his clothes and moods, his inhibitions and complexes, his love of the gramophone, his general untidiness. There are no fusty conventions and Mrs. Grundies in these good days, of course.

And as to Church and Law, except on one essential and proper point in which the latter is concerned, they have been utterly swept aside. They do not look to their "friend" for money. That they earn for themselves. He is merely a week-end companion so long as he's merry and bright, plays a good game of tennis and golf and can keep an engine right. Otherwise—good-bye.

If, of course, there's a child, mutually agreed upon—sentiment never dies even when there are Moths—it is his and bears his name, and the Law has been rearranged to see to it that he is wholly responsible—unless by mutual consent. And what charming children they are these! No longer poor little accidents struggling through early years in an atmosphere of enforced unhappiness, rows and wrangles, scenes of painful recrimination, legalised cruelty. Children of joy, little sunbeams, eager to welcome their parents, together or separately, at the lovely State-built crèches near the wide and sweeping landing places of the innumerable aero-clubs. From these the healthy and happy youngsters of '34 (and on) pass out to preparatory schools and universities, where useful trades are taught, among them politics—games for the sake of morale and muscle duly insisted upon—to become the Bright Young People in their inevitable turn. State-built and State-supported—I mean, of course, the schools. Glory be, Glory be, Glory be to the sun!

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Are Made—Not Born

Do you wish to look your very best this autumn? To efface the last unbecoming relics of summer sun? To turn an uninteresting complexion into a finely textured skin? To add the most subtle finishing touches? It is entirely a question of knowing how.

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Does Your Skin Need Freshening?

Cleanse and mould with Valaze Pasteurized Cream. Soothes, refreshes and revitalizes—lifts away the tired drawn look, restores silken smoothness to the weathered skin . . . also benefits oily, disturbed skin. 3/-, 5/-.

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Clear and animate your skin with Valaze Beautifying Skin Food. Purifies, refines, and bleaches mildly, correcting light tan or freckles and sallowness. Creates an exquisite transparency. 4/6, 9/6.

Tone and brace with stimulating Valaze Skin Toning Lotion. Erases fine lines, uplifts fatigued tissues. 5/-, 9/6.

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Wash with Beauty Grains. Removes blackheads. Tightens pores, normalizes coarsened or oily skin. Use instead of soap. 4/-, 7/6.

Are You Tanned or Freckled?

Cleanse with Valaze Bleaching Cream to whiten and clear the skin. 4/6, 7/6. Remove freckles and a heavy coat of tan by using Valaze Freckle Cream. 5/6.

Have You Squint Lines, Crow's Feet, or Wrinkles?

Correct and prevent all fine lines, crow's feet or wrinkles with Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream (anthosoros). Excellent also for dry, wrinkled hands, thin, undernourished throat. 5/6, 10/6.

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Madame Helena Rubinstein cordially invites you to visit her Salon de Beauté—if unable to call, and the question uppermost in your mind is not answered here, write her personally at the address below.

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. . . never mind, send the outgrown garments to the Mills and you will receive them expertly enlarged and perfectly restored. Only Chilprufe affords children such health and ease, and is so merciful to your purse. Prices are slightly lower this year.



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The Chilprufe Fabric with its soft caressing texture, the skilful cut of the garments and perfect fit unite to make this range of Pure Wool Lingerie the perfect basis of modern fashions.

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Ladies' and Children's footwear made from the finest skins on the latest lasts, with the all-important addition of the Chilprufe lining for comfort and protection.

Ask your Draper or write direct for a copy of the

NEW ILLUS. PRICE LIST

If unable to obtain, write addressed to the firm for name of nearest agent.

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(JOHN A. BOLTON, Proprietor)
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You need pines!

To comfort, soothe
and refresh you
in your bath!



On returning from
a long drive!

"Marvellously refreshing and health giving"—that is the unanimous verdict of thousands of men and women now using these remarkable Tonic Pine Bath Tablets.

And, the fact is, that until you have actually tried them you simply cannot believe how soothing and invigorating they are.

Novopine Sparkling Tonic Pine Bath Tablets are not bath salts in the ordinary sense at all—they contain all the wonderful properties of the oils extracted from the Austrian Tyrol Pines.

For ragged nerves, tired limbs, rheumatic stiffness, after a tiring day's work or play, or any strenuous exercise—just try the effect in your bath to-night or to-morrow morning. Just see what you think yourself!

Boots the Chemists, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all good chemists can supply you, or 4d. in stamps will bring you, post free, a sample direct. Order a carton to-day, or fill in the coupon below for sample. Natural Products, Ltd., London and Glasgow.

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.....Send this coupon to-day!

Cooking Pots and Cannibals:

by THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

(Continued from page 53)

communications, and correspondence, the new contract was finally drawn up, it appeared that the syndicate had not the right to import goods direct from abroad. This right was withdrawn from the syndicate just at the moment when our negotiations were concluded. ... About Christmas the unexpected news was spread in Petrograd that the whole tanning trust and the whole board of the tanning syndicate had been arrested by the Cheka in consequence of the discovery of extensive defalcations, corruption and extravagance. The number of persons arrested was over four hundred, for the Cheka, as its custom is, arrested not only the Soviet officials who had been privy to the scandal, but their relations, friends and acquaintances as well.

Disconcerting as this was, M. Cederholm remained in Russia in the hope that his principals' expectations would be fulfilled. There were plenty of Bolsheviks left from whom a new Tanning Syndicate could be formed; technical experience, he already knew, plays no part in Soviet appointments to such posts.

Instead of a new syndicate being formed, however, he himself was suddenly arrested by the Cheka and sent to gaol. His real offence was that one of his subordinates, tempted by an *agent provocateur*, had surreptitiously engaged in speculation; as soon as M. Cederholm had heard of this, he had instructed the man to cease. The Soviet authorities claimed that, having become aware of the man's "crime," M. Cederholm ought at once to have brought it to their attention. Tale-bearing, it must be remembered, is considered the highest form of social service in Bolshevik Russia.

AFTER a series of interrogations, M. Cederholm was informed that he was to be charged with three additional crimes: (1) Secret relations with the international *bourgeoisie*—this because he had prudently written to his firm in South America through the Finnish Consulate-General's bag instead of through the public post, where all letters are delayed and examined; (2) discrediting the Soviet power; and (3) economic espionage. He comments grimly that he was now charged under six clauses of the Bolshevik criminal code, five of which were punishable by death.

He protested at the absurdity of the whole affair; the Finnish Consul added his protests, and the Cheka, aware that it had no case against him, suddenly showed its hand. One of his "judges" explained that

"It all depends on you. Would you be willing, when set at liberty, to give us information about your fellow-countrymen and Russian émigrés? We will give you instructions. You will be excellently provided for from a material point of view, and we will allow you to carry on commercial business, in the place where your office used to be, if you like. You can write to your family. When you make a trip abroad we will allow you as much as your firm did."

At the same time, M. Cederholm afterwards discovered, two attempts were

SHE ENJOYS IT—WHY NOT YOU? WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY



GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

Sweet or Dry

In bottles, half-bottles, quarter-bottles,
flasks, and "Baby Grants" (miniatures).

Most licensed houses keep it—all
can get it. If any difficulty, write
Grant's, Maidstone.

BRITAIN'S SUPREME LIQUEUR

This most amazing RANGE

*is one of the greatest boons of
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Many thousands of Kooksjoies have been installed in houses of all sizes and everywhere their owners are delighted with them.

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| (1) KEEPS ALIGHT ALL NIGHT, therefore does not need relaying from the beginning of winter to the end of spring. | (4) SAVES ON FUEL—average cost for family of five is less than 9d. a day. |
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| | (7) EASILY FITTED. |

Write for particulars of this perfectly amazing range to-day.

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The **KOOKSJOIE** ANTHRACITE RANGE



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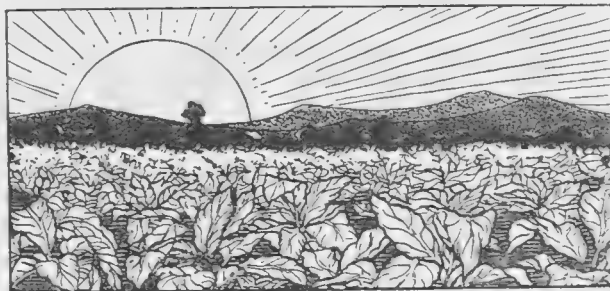


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The Best.

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To a discriminating smoker this fineness of flavour and smooth smoking are at once apparent—a combination obtainable only from the finest grade leaf.

To-day there is a general similarity in many of the standard brands of Cigarettes, but a trial of "SUNRIPE" will convince you that they are entirely different as regards blend, quality and flavour, satisfying and remarkably free from throat irritation.

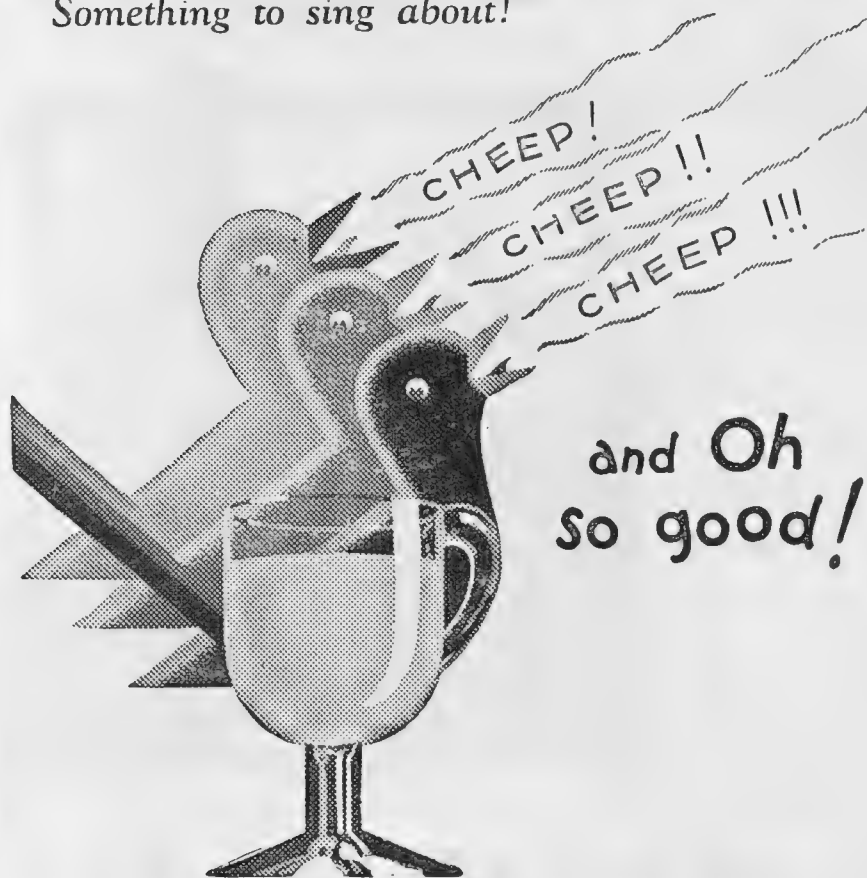
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10 for 6^p 20 for 1^s Also in 50's & 100's

R. & J. HILL LTD Estd 154 years LONDON.

Something to sing about!



and Oh
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More for your money
BIRD'S Custard
no change in quality

Packets 1½d. 6½d. 10½d. Family Tins 1/3½d.

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EDMONDS, ORR & CO., LTD.,
Ladies' and Children's Outfitters
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Boy's Suit—
Heavy Crêpe-de-Chine blouse, 29/6
Fawn Flannel knickers, 19/9

Boy's Fawn Fancy Velour Coat,
Leather collar and buttons.
Size for 5 years, 5½ Gns.
Hat to Match, 31/6

A selection sent on approval upon receipt of
London Trade Reference.



made in Helsingfors to lure his wife to Russia, in order that she might be held there as a hostage for his good behaviour as an *agent provocateur*. He refused the Cheka's offers, and was thrown, still without trial, into solitary confinement and afforded a sight of the execution chamber, stained with blood and smelling of carbolic acid, as further hints to moderate his stubbornness.

I do not propose to give details here of the abominable filth and agony of the prisons in which he was confined. I will merely say that the keenest advocate of trade with Russia would hardly care to visit, far less to inhabit, them.

Finally M. Cederholm was sent to the Solovetsky Islands, in the White Sea, a notorious concentration camp for the Cheka's victims.

There he was set to work, without food or sleep, for thirty-six hours. The cold, dirt, hunger and exhaustion of the prisoners are graphically described in his pages. Every evening a list is read out of the people who have been shot during the day.

IN advising perusal of his book by all who consider that trade with Russia at the present moment is possible to such an extent as might relieve our own economic problems, I especially recommend it to business men who are thinking of visiting Russia in person to open up trade. I do not suggest that a large proportion of them will necessarily be as unfortunate as M. Cederholm; but, while the possibility exists, they would be wise to make themselves familiar with the nature of the risks they will run. They may well decide that commercial travel is safer among cannibals than among the Bolsheviks.

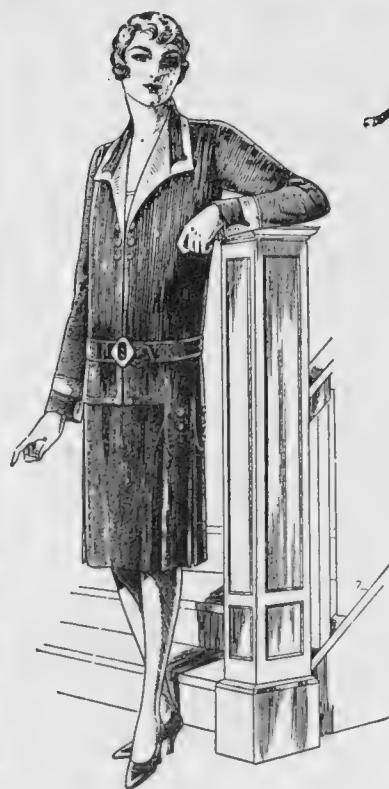
Michael Angelo :

by EMIL LUDWIG

(Continued from page 57)

San Gallo had discarded the drawings with the definite statement that Michael Angelo was a painter and a sculptor, but not an architect of fortresses. And it is just this, replied the other, that he had studied for years in Florence! And the two got so heated that the Pope, sitting between them, had to order both the old men to keep silence. Who should now dare to attempt the gigantic proportions of this dome, the plans for which were not even completed on paper! The Pope summoned Michael Angelo. He refused, on the grounds that architecture was not his profession. Actually he was now 73 years old, and stood on the scaffolding to finish the painting of the Pauline Chapel. Neither time, nor inclination nor invitation could make him go to St. Peter's.

THERE remained for the Pope, therefore, nothing but to command him. He did so in a very tactful manner, in that by an edict he nominated him to be the architect of St. Peter's for the duration of his life; he then gave him the right to alter any of the plans at will, and, if necessary, to demolish anything which displeased him, to be independent of any manager and not to have to account to anyone. Unconditionally one great power gave its work to another one. But the Master added one condition, that he



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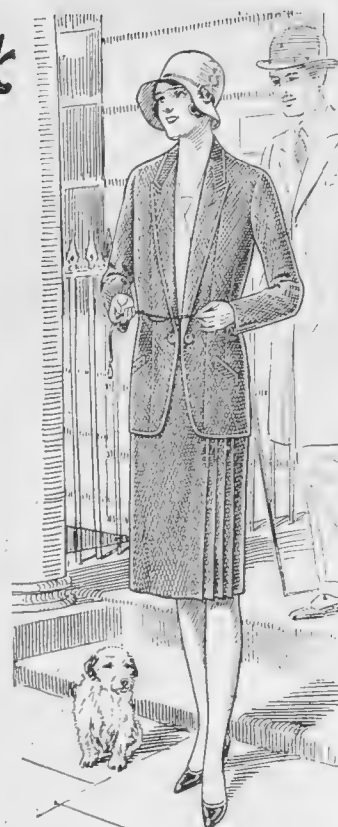
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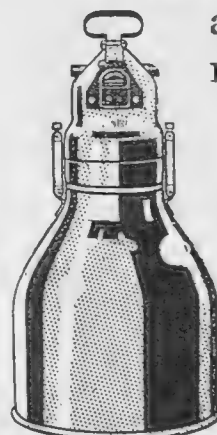
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was to receive no money. The wearing battles about the money of the former Popes had taught him to prize the peace of his days more highly than ducats.

Again finding himself in favour, Michael Angelo disclosed without discrimination all the swindles of those who supplied him, of which there were so many that it was written later: "Michael Angelo had liberated St. Peter from the hands of the thieves."

Michael Angelo seemed to have become a builder. At the same time he completed the Palazzo Farnese according to new plans, made designs for the fortification of the Borgo, turned the antique baths of Diocletian into a church, designed a villa for the worldly Pope, built in Belvedere a new staircase and a well, and began to create a new square at the Capitol. This for the city of Rome, which had conferred on him civic rights and had turned him from a Florentine into a Roman.

Fame had carried his name far beyond the boundaries of Italy. Vasari began his series of biographies with Dante, and finished with Michael Angelo. A second biography by a pupil, which also appeared in print and was dedicated to the Pope, was to a great extent inspired by himself. Love episodes of which people spoke were exaggerated lies. Everywhere his picture was engraved and distributed; dialogues with him appeared in print in a style which emulated the Platonic. In the Academy in Florence an historian gave two lectures, one about the competition between painting and sculpture, and the other about his sonnets, in which one sonnet was taken as an example, and he was praised as a student of Plato and his passions celebrated as Greek love Cavalieri, who was openly mentioned as the recipient of that sonnet, received his property in print, and returned in confirmation another sonnet of the Master's.

AT that time he abandoned his intention of writing a sort of anatomical handbook about the human body and its movements, after Dürer's teaching of proportion had disillusioned him, but at 75 years of age completed those frescoes in the Paolina; then he again took up the chisel. What was he chiselling at last?

His own tomb. There neither Fame nor Beauty mourns, there sit neither genii nor river-gods, neither prophets nor allegories. Only the super-life-size has he retained. It was intended to be a group of four enormous figures who would be standing at his coffin; Christ taken from the Cross is being held by the Madonna; Nicodemus and the other Mary are supporting it, because she cannot hold the corpse for weariness. Slowly the work progressed through the years. Nicodemus, however, although formalised and changed through a broad, heavy cowl, had the features of the Master. Thus in his eighth decade he broke the great symbolic resolve of never portraying what he called his pain-ravaged features. He did it for his tomb, and he did it at the end of his life. And as he had painted his features on the skin of a flayed man, he gave them here to a fellow-sufferer of Christ, and on both occasions in a general form. This group, chiselled from the capital of a huge antique pillar of the Forum,



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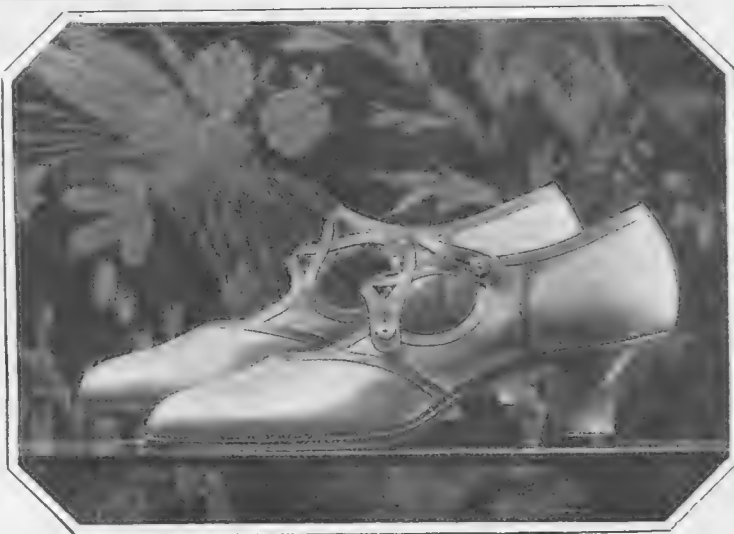
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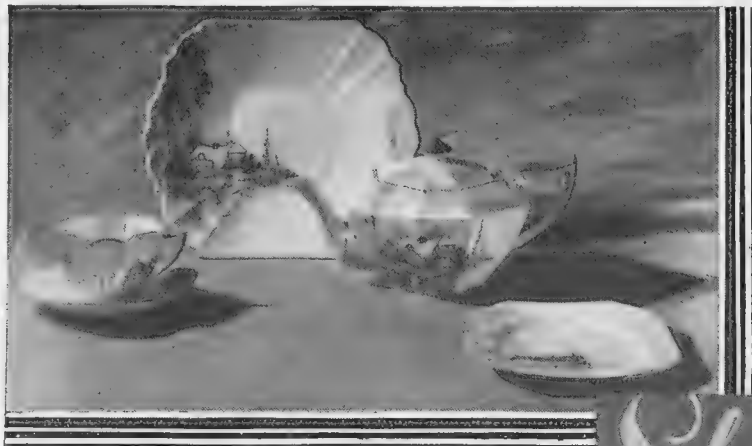
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he thought of presenting to a church, and he wished to be buried at its feet.

IN his nature grew faith and doubt. Vittoria's influence had made him more Christian in expression. "A good picture," he had once said, "is nothing but a reflection of God's perfect works. It is a copy of his way of painting." When the last of his brothers died, he asked whether he had received the holy sacrament and absolution, for "if I knew this I would be much calmer." And when he inquires after some poor man whom he wants to help, he says he wants to do something for his soul.

But between his religiously inclined verses he writes parodies of poems which praise the beauty of the loved one, and with colossal cynicism he paints in verses the sufferings of old age. Not for nothing had he as a boy begun his artistic life with a parody of the Grecian masks. At the same time his distrust is as wakeful as ever, and when his nephew warns him about a new law of the Medici, because he lay ill in the house of the Strozzi, he who had just asked the King of France to liberate Florence writes back very excitedly "I have nothing to do with the opponents of the Medici, and will not greet anybody whom I knew before, particularly since I have so many other ideas that it is difficult for me to live." So great is still the almighty master's fear of the mighty.

FOR years the uncle and nephew had discussed the question of the latter's marriage, and he advised him not to seek for money, beauty or nobility, for "all the world knows that we are old Florentine citizens, and as noble as any other family. . . .

When at last the wedding took place, the old man was as much moved as if it had been his daughter, gave them the rings, which he gets his nephew to get valued in Florence, and then is "pleased because I am now certain that I was not deceived."

All thoughts of descent and nobility fill him with sadness. He, who dies without heirs of his body, who has never thought of creating live figures beside his marble ones, increases the proud bearing of his life to a state of unrest. For years he had signed his letters: "Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, sculptor, in Rome." Now for the first time he abandons this, and writes to his nephew: "Tell the priest he should no longer address me as 'the sculptor Michael Angelo,' for here I am only known as Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, and when a Florentine citizen wants to have his coat-of-arms painted, he should seek a painter. I have never been a painter or a sculptor like one who makes a business of it. I have always preserved myself from that, for the sake of my father and my brothers, even though I have served the Pope because I had to." He was to tell that to the priest, "for I want to act as if I had never received his letter."

At the same time he forced his nephew to sign himself "Leonardo di Buonarrotto Buonarrotti," for he had discovered in a chronicle that 200 years previously a man of that name had been a senator of Florence. He also instructed him to buy a house in Florence for 2,000 ducats, "if possible, in our quarter, because a nice house in the city makes great honour, since it is more seen than an

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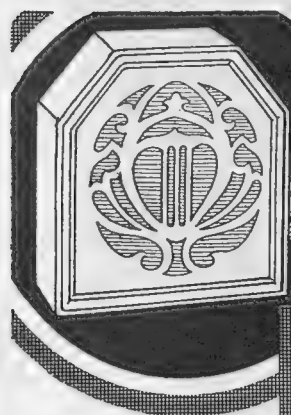
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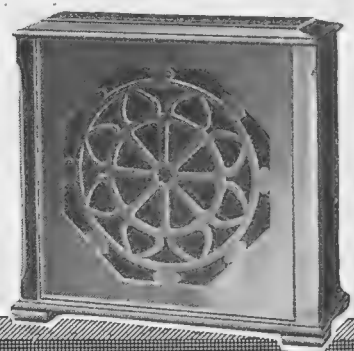
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estate in the country; and because we are citizens, and descendants of a noble family, I have always tried to raise our house high, but unfortunately I had no brothers to help in this . . . Gismondo shall come and live in Florence so that they will not be able here to say, to my shame, that I have a brother in Settignano who walks behind the oxen."

IN vain did Florence try to win him back. Here is his field in Rome; over there, on the other side of the river, stands the great dome.

And he becomes eighty, and stands unbroken. But again Fate strikes in his circle, and robs him of his last friend, Urbino; servant, assistant, friend, harmed by no insult, shadowed by no unfaithfulness, falls ill and seems to abandon his so much older master. "It hurts me as if it were my son," writes the Master, "for he has been very true to me for twenty-five years. I have no more time at my age to educate another to my satisfaction."

However, life was not over, and the stormy power of the creator shows itself again. One day, shortly before Urbino's death, he again stood before the Pietà and chiselled at the marble. He had, as he said later, already a disinclination to it, because Urbino had always been insisting that he ought to finish the group. To-day, however, a crack appeared in the block, which spoilt one of the heads. Suddenly the inspired wrath, with which he has frightened the mightiest Popes and conquered the mightiest blocks, falls upon him, and grasping the hammer he attacks the enemy before him, and smashes his work with the strength of a youth. Had not Urbino arrived in despair, and begged for the pieces, nothing would have remained of that which was later put together and erected in the cathedral in Florence.

AND now Michael Angelo was passing into his ninth decade, and lived to see his ninth Pope. When the Master was 80, Pius IV wanted to have the whole of "The Last Judgment" painted out. It was only the fact that the old artist was indispensable that seems to have kept him to the half-measure of painting over the most shocking nudities; and now Pius V completed this piece of barbarian prudity. This caused no worry to the Master, who went on working at his Dome and thought about his cupola.

The old intrigues increased; the younger architects wanted him out of the way. At last, after three years, things got to such a pitch that on hearing of the Pope's alleged discontent he sent in his resignation between one day and the next without verifying the truth of the rumour. "So soon perhaps as my interest in the building and my own age begin to deceive me and may unintentionally bring shame and risk to my work, I am determined to ask His Holiness for my release, to free myself with full gladness from this burden, which at the Pope's behest I have borne almost unaided for seventeen years. What has been created in this building by my hands during those years stands for every eye to see." A new Papal brief, on which he had reckoned, established his authority afresh, and led him to change his mind. Once again he was stronger than his enemies.

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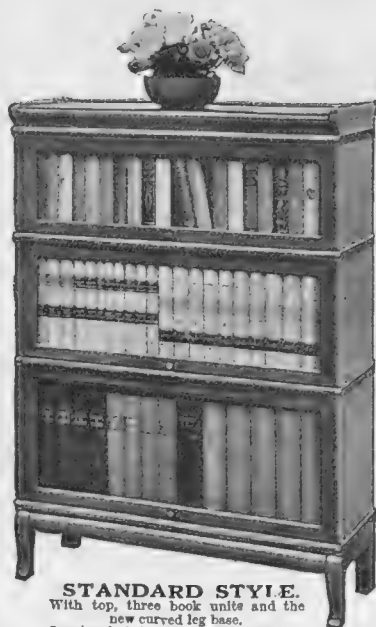
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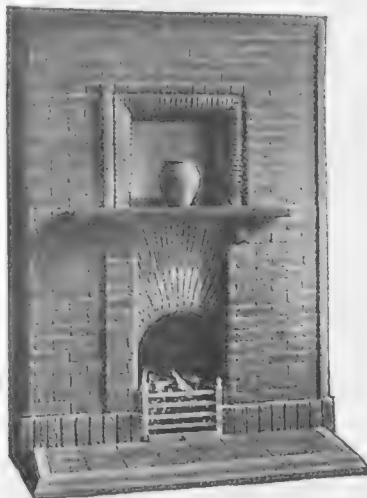
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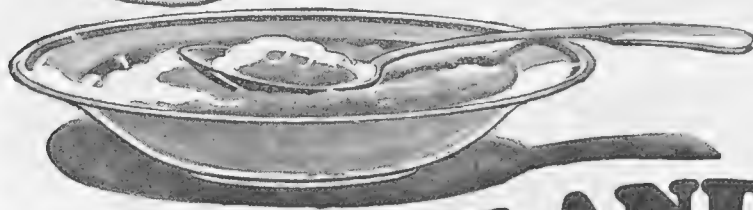
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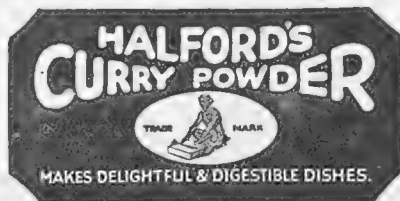
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caprice prevents him from drawing, Michael Angelo writes verses; in latter years, when the arm has become too weak for the chisel and the pencil of the architect has also become a sort of abandonment, he writes a great deal of poetry: songs to Vittoria, whom he transfigures still in death. Or he speaks of his ugliness, and praises it, for thereby he had received less homage in life, and in this good school had elevated his soul.

Then again the Titan breaks out in him. He calls himself the son of darkness: "and as darkness copies itself and makes night still deeper, so do I heap up the thoughts of darkness, and groan."

And although he had written in a letter the wonderful sentence, "No thought lives in me into which death had not been chiselled," he now adds thereto: "God give that I can still let him wait a few years!" The will to live and the will to die have always been equally strong in him, and therefore he reflects himself in day and night.

With every year writing becomes more difficult, as he says, for his hand, for his eyes and for his memory; he calls himself "an old, blind and deaf man, badly endowed of body and hand." When, however, he sees a masterpiece, he becomes young, and writes suddenly to Cellini, with whom for decades there had been no bond: "My Benvenuto! For ages I have acknowledged you as the greatest of goldsmiths, and now I must also acknowledge you as an equally great sculptor."

Then again he is ill-humoured, and distrustful even of those nearest to him, but when he feels the cold loneliness around him, he gets the idea of taking his godson, Urbino's son, into his house. Then again he is afraid that something might happen to him, here with no women, and he will soon return to Florence.

Softly some of his old works reappear. When his biographer showed him the drawing of the boy on which he had corrected Ghirlandajo his master, he was astonished and said that he understood it better then than to-day. Suddenly he remembered Siena, and the Cardinal Piccolomini, one of his unfulfilled contracts, and the 86-year-old man writes in 1561 that he would like to have the contract of 1501 regarding the statues for the cathedral of Siena, for he thought of carrying out this work which he had left lying at that time when he was chiselling the giant David. And now when his unfinished works pass before him, he says that the reason why he leaves so little behind him is that he always left that in which he found the slightest fault, and started to chisel another stone. "Had I wished to satisfy myself completely, I would have completed still less, or perhaps nothing."

AND Michael Angelo becomes 88. With alarm the younger men saw the old man, whom they wanted to supplant, building and going on for ever, and once again the Commission sought to remove him.

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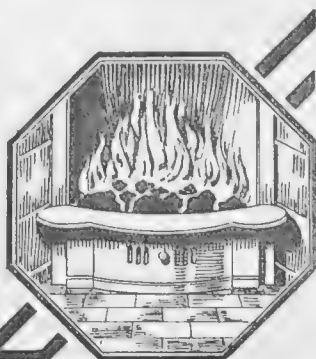
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look into the mistakes. The charge came to nothing, and Michael Angelo was again confirmed in authority, with the highest honours. After this last battle and victory he feels that he will never complete the dome. Cavalieri has understood how to wheedle a will out of him, and so the old man completes a large wooden model of the dome, which shows even the smallest detail. Also in the buildings of the Capitol he makes use of this last friend.

He crosses the threshold of the new year, and enters into his goth year. He is passably well, and has been cured of stone, only often his legs swell. He looks after his own. His one testament, the dome, is ready in unequivocal design ; the other consists of three wonderful sentences : he gives his soul to God, his body to the earth, and his property to his next relations. But there lie in drawers and corners a lot of drawings, cartoons and sketches. The old artist takes all this and throws it in the fire. He does not wish that the evolution of his work should be noted, and formerly he had said, as the quintessence of his method of work : " What one creates with greatest effort should appear as if it had been carried out quickly, almost without effort and with complete ease denying the truth . . . the great rule—use a lot of effort and create that which appears effortless ! "

And still this hand, which can write no more, is a master hand. With perfect steadiness, as in former years, he draws on paper a crouching woman, seen from behind. Yes, the hand can still chisel. After the destruction of the Pietà which he had destined for himself he had begun a second in yellowish marble which also was antique. Here also the last dead Christ was held in the arms of His mother, just as 65 years ago he had made the first, and again it is only the two figures, as in that first work. But it is too late. Too much remains still in the stone. The last waves of an unending melody break over the shore that is this marble, and the last work of the striving artist calls for relief.

On the 12th of February he stood before this work the whole day, and chiselled the features of mother and son more clearly from the stone. On the 14th he fell ill. On the 16th he said : " The body should go to Florence." And when he died on the 18th of February, several artists and doctors were standing by him, and also Cavalieri. He who lit the greatest passion in this heart saw it stop still, and soon pressed his seal on the things which belonged to the nephew. With honour such as had never before surrounded an artist's death, he was buried in Florence like a prince.

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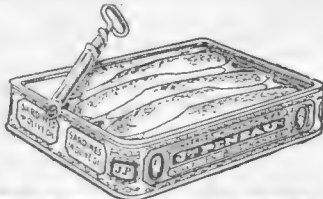


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This Red-haired Girl

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

(Continued from page 67)

the black eyes of Hassan Nasrullah Khan, a great Durani prince whose castle was three days' march the other side of the range called The Wrath of the Thunder Gods.

HE was overlord of all the tribes in this part of the land, and occasionally—as this day—he came to the valley of the Abdalli with a shimmering retinue, to collect taxes, hold court, and speak patronisingly to old and young. It was the duty and privilege of Mustaffa Timoor, the chief, to put his house at the other's disposal; and his daughter's duty and privilege to wait upon him.

She did so to-night. She entered with food and drink and salaamed.

"Stretch your hand and eat your fill, O Prince of Islam," she said.

He ate, and she stood beside him awaiting his orders, and she gave a little start as, suddenly, he exclaimed:

"Allah—there would be daggers out for many a worse-looking maid than you in my own place beyond the mountains!"

He smiled at her. His was the queer, cruel art of the man who has his way with the women, and his voice was low as he continued:

"What say you—you come with me to my castle? Grand it is—gleaming with silver and gold—and the windows opening on scented gardens—and the pick of the world's jewels for your adornment! *Wah*, I am thinking that well indeed your small hand will fit the crook of my arm!"

She blushed scarlet. Her eyes searched the ground, then looked up into his . . . and, strangely, she thought of Attila Hamdi.

"If he could see me now—this storm-man—would not his heart ache!"

She trembled as she heard Hassan Nasrullah Khan's purring words.

He was about to take her into his arms, and, quickly, she ran from the room.

He laughed. He was still laughing when Hydar Bek, his confidential servant, entered, announcing that the taxes had been collected.

"Shall we leave to-morrow, my lord?" he added.

"Not to-morrow, nor the day after. Nor, belike, for a week or so."

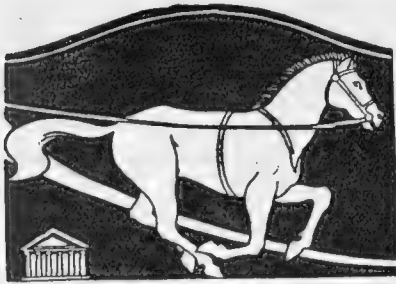
So the week came to its close, and one half of the next. Then, one morning, the prince rode away, followed by his shimmering retinue; and as Gouthia saw the last of the cavalcade gallop out of the valley her soul grew bleak, and a great fear came to her, and she sobbed.

"Ah, I wish my heart would not beat so! I wish—oh—I wish I were in my grave!"

THE days passed. Autumn died. Winter came, piling blue ice and silvered frost. And there was that about Gouthia that she might as well have told the story of her shame at the crossroads for all the world to hear—and there was presently gossip, malicious or pitying, in the Abdalli village!

Her parents loved her dearly. They said never a word. Only at times the mother would sigh; and once the

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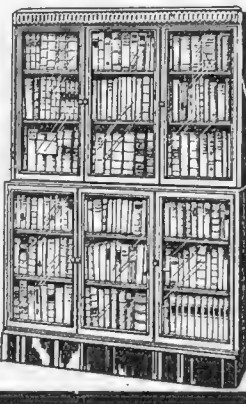
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father, when a tribesman made a slurring allusion in his hearing, replied:

"Be quiet! If grief must happen to me, let it happen with deeds, with death if need be—not with the twisting of unclean words."

He smote the other heavily across the face, and hereafter there was little whispering in the village . . . But how could Gouthia quell the frightened whispering in her own soul . . . ?

WINTER, by this time, lay over the land with a mantle of snow. Few people ventured abroad. Not even the storm-men—except Attila Hamdi.

He kept on haunting the woods near the Abdalli village. He, too, had heard the tale. And—by Allah!—it was the stout heart he had. For he thought as he had thought before:

"Were she the most shameless of all the ogling, painted bazaar women, I would still love her with this amazing love of mine!"

Then, one day, winter was over, and spring came. Again the herbage was rich and sappy, and the young girls of the Abdalli herding the goats on the slopes.

There, on the full of a morning, came Gouthia.

She passed the place where she had seen the storm-man rising from the bracken. She sat down. She wept bitterly. And then, suddenly, she felt an arm about her; heard a voice so soft and gentle:

"Why are you crying, child?"

"Because—oh . . ."

"Is that a reason to cry, small fool? Ah!"—remembering what his mother had told him—"it is the way of nature—the way of fate . . . a life must aye bring forth a life . . . is it not so written? And—by my honour!—is it not a fine and wonderful thing . . . ?"

She was silent, only sobbed; and he went on:

"If you should love me the least little bit . . ."

"I have never been farther away from you than the width of a passing thought," she replied—and, strangely, she spoke the truth as she saw it.

AND the end of the tale?

The end of the tale is not yet.

For up in the hills live a storm-man and his wife, both subject to the mocking gossip of the Abdalli, down in the proper, orderly fields, and neither caring. He is getting on in years, though his back is still straight, not bent with the pull of the plough, and there is silver in her red wanton curls. They have four sons. But their pride is the oldest, a youth with hard hands and loud, reedy laugh, for whom it is ever a snatched meal and hearty, and off to the wilderness, and back from the wilderness at night with fish or venison, and at times—to speak freely—with a chicken that once lived a peaceful life in the Abdalli village.

Attila Hamdi and Gouthia have forgotten the past, have forgotten Hassan Nasrullah Khan—have forgotten him completely.

And Attila Hamdi will point proudly at the first-born and say:

"Is he not a storm-man indeed?"

And Gouthia will agree:

"Aye! Look at him! Look at him!"

It is your eyes he has—and your strength—and your great shining soul, O hero, O king!"

THE END.

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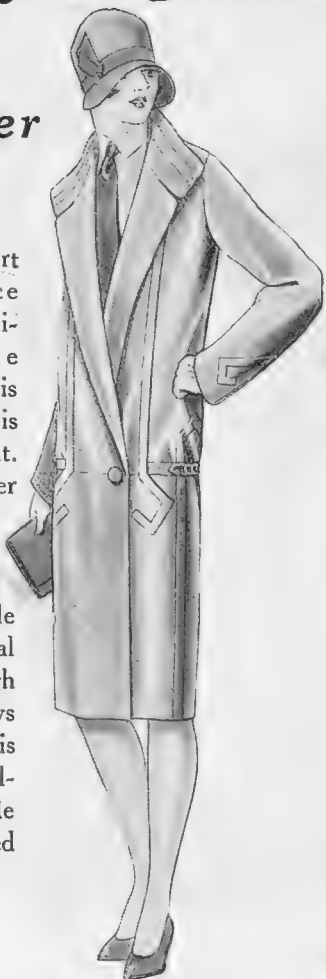
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THIS smart new model is made from soft nappa or chrome leather skins. It has a well cut two-way collar. As a practical coat for outdoor sport it is unsurpassed.

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Send measurements (height and bust) with order.

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Fashions Feminine and Otherwise

(Continued from page 75)

and give an air of elegance, and sophistication which has long been absent from our millinery, but actually they are made of wool, crocheted silk, rainproof velvet, and can be folded up and put in the pocket as if they were handkerchiefs!

The truth is that freedom has become an accepted everyday fact; we have passed the adolescent stage of self-consciousness; so sure are we of our position and our capacity that we can afford to look, when we wish to, as feminine and frivolous as we please.

The increasing difference between our day and evening clothes represents an ingenious solution to the problem of dressing both practically and attractively, and at the same time is a typical example of the diversity which characterises modern life. We appear to lead far more complicated existences than did our parents, and we undoubtedly lead lives of infinitely greater variety, but also—surprising though it may seem on first sight—of greater simplicity.

We have fewer but more adequate clothes; we eat less; we make less fuss over trifles. Gone are our elaborate houses, with their large, draughty rooms, their clutter of bric-a-brac and unhygienic draped curtains and thick carpets. In their place modern architects have given us sensible, comfortable homes, easily kept clean, healthily filled with light and air.

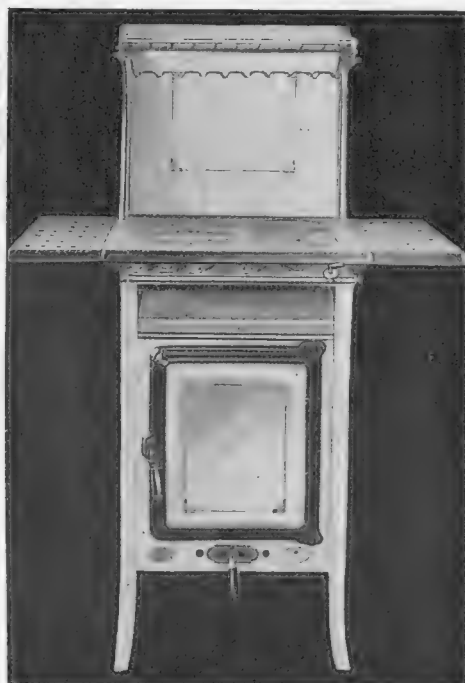
Machinery is becoming more and more the servant in the house, and science aids us in our daily existence to an extent scarcely conceivable even twenty years ago. Electrolux, Hoovers, steel girders, gas stoves, electric fires, permanent waving, dry cleaning, central heating, these are but a few of the myriad miracles which we all accept as part of our daily lives, but which do our most boring tasks for us, leaving us with time to explore the possibilities of life.

Nine New Novels

(Continued from page 86)

reads sturdily, and I hope he may trample on the roses strewn in his path. But they are a bit thick.

His novel is a most unusual one. It tells a story of pirates and children, and is at once a psychological study and a yarn of adventure on the high seas. Primarily, the author seems to have been actuated by a wish to present curious children reacting to curious circumstances; and his work stands or falls according to the reader's estimate of the authenticity of the children. As for my own opinion, I lean to agreement with the pirate captain that children are the very devil. Mr. Hughes is very good with them, or at them; but complete success I believe to be impossible, and he has not shaken my belief. He has, however, written a remarkable and even a memorable novel, and revealed a strong and interesting personality—his own. All who read novels should make a point of securing *A High Wind in Jamaica*. I can promise them that they have never met anything like it before, and I can almost promise them that, whoever they are, they will like and enjoy it.



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£5 will be given every month until January for the best description of how to make any kind of article from Victor Crepe. Do not send the article itself unless asked to do so. No entrance fee, and any number of entries can be sent; provided the picture of St. George, cut from the Victor Carton, accompanies each effort. Each month's competition closes on last day of the month, and envelopes must be marked Comp. B

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Our Literary Competition Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

SEVENTIETH SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post Friday, November 15th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best severe criticism of an imaginary book of indiscreet memoirs.

Literary Competition Circle COUPON—NOV. 15

SEVENTY-FIRST SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post Friday, November 29th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet entitled "Winter."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best ode to a typewriter.

Literary Competition Circle COUPON—NOV. 29

Results of 65th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to F. Marsh.

On a former and similar occasion I ventured to come down as heavily as I dared on poets who could not leave the Spring alone, and to-day I would like to be forgiven for directing a barb at those whose muse entangles itself overmuch with fairy lore. Even the appearance of the more select "faery" might well be given a miss for a time. Honourably mentioned: Gertrude Pitt, May Belben, "Aurore," "Firelight," "A. J. W.," "Bwlch," G. Mann, B. Hillyard, M. R. M. Bone, Mary Redmayne, D. Fielding, D. M. Burt, D. Seth-Smith, Mabel Asher, "Nae Luck Ava," May W. Harrison, Gwendolen Whitcombe, Sylvia Allen, Peter Williams, "Han," Blanche Jones, M. Tomlins, "Ann Heather," Margaret Huxtable, Margaret Metherell.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for a nonsense verse.

Awarded to "Han."

Not to be too severe on several competent versifiers, honourable mention falls to: J. N. Boyd, "Bwlch," Myra Kendrick, Beatrice Voole, "P. Q.," Blanche Jones, Alice Trotter, May W. Harrison, "Firelight," "Charles Constant," G. Mann.



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We have no shop—Showrooms First Floor.

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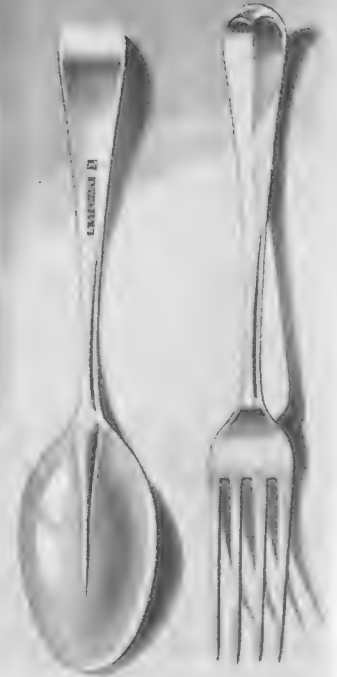
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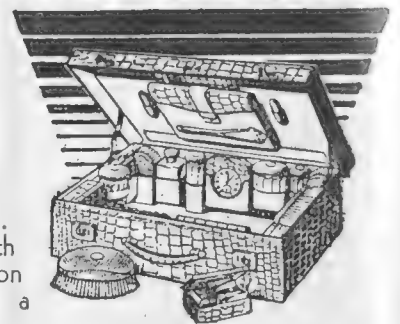
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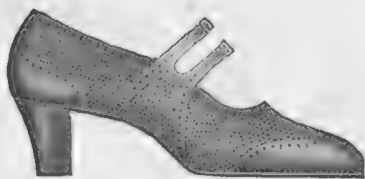
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3 whole skins of fine quality, hard-wearing and very smart	Gns.
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clear grey skins, well made, hand-somely lined and reliable	Gns.
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perfectly worked, like genuine mink in appearance	Gns.
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fine quality selected skins trimmed Lynx or Sable Squirrel	Gns.

Furs Gladly Sent On Approval

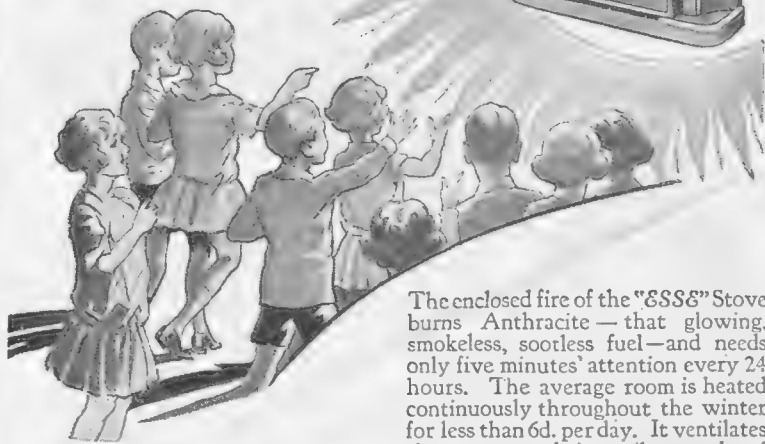
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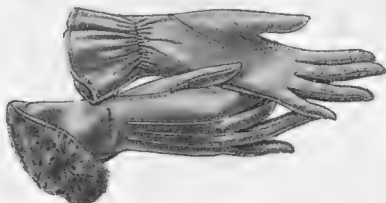
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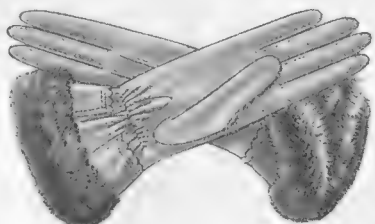
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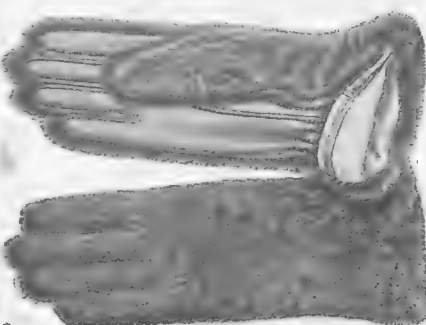
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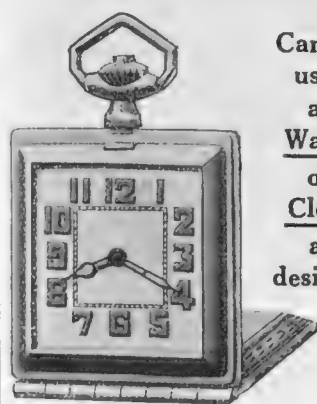
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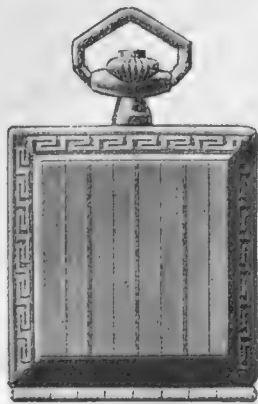
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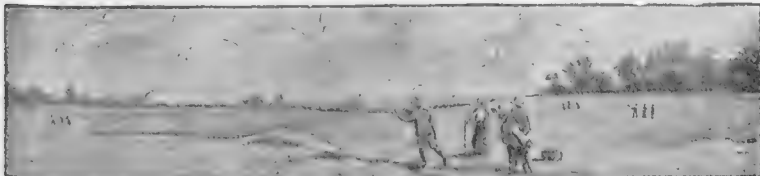
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How Society Men & Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour.

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How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

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Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

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Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of scurf or dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong and luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger, and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

THE ONE METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

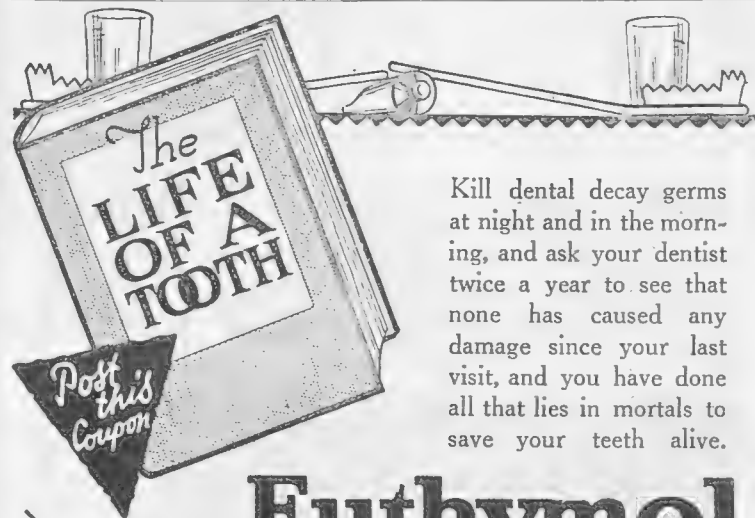
"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use." "There are other points which commend it, its admirable effects upon the general health and condition of the hair, and so on; but it is in its wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour to the hair that its chief interest lies."

"SUNDAY TIMES" says: "'Facktative' is Nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise. ... I have personally used this restorative ... I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGEIA (Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty").

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony, which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to THE FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 79), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.

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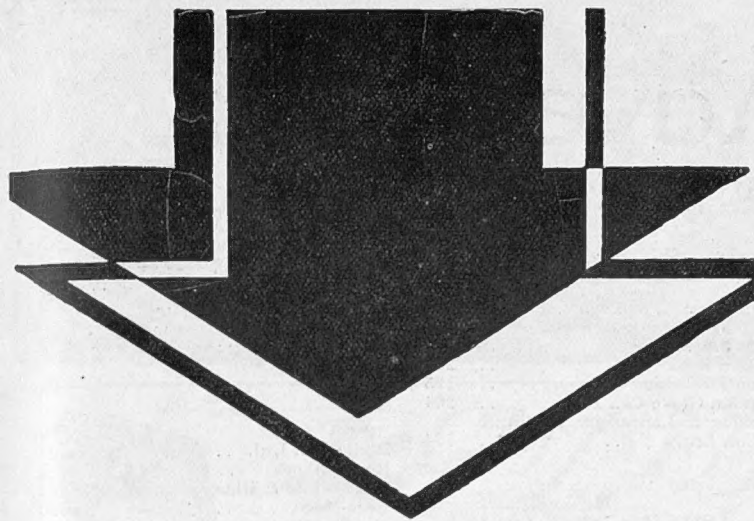
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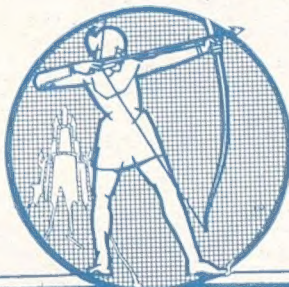
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